

VOGUE

v. 15

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VOGUE'S OWN CAR CONTEST

FOR WOMEN...

THE PRIZE: A 1962 CAR

HOW TO LIVE WITH

...ONE BLACK SWEATER

...ONE FUR BERET

WHERE TO PUT THE GLITTER

IN YOUR LATE-DAY LIFE

...Fake jewels to wear or give

MONEY ADVICE FOR WOMEN

WHO THINK LIKE WOMEN

THIS YEAR'S PRESENTS

FOR THE HOUSE



Here's
that
woman
again...
in a

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printed cashmere





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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

NOVEMBER 15, 1961

ON THE COVER

Gala red brocade dress and coat,
one evening look that is sensational
for repeat performances—here glittered
by a vine-y tangle of sapphire-blue stones.
The airy toque of black tulle could,
incidentally, stand in for a coiffure.
Costume by Gustave Tassell.
Hat by Emme. The make-up has a high
warm clarity undimmed by strong colours
or the glitter of jewellery: an exuberant
fresh pink lipstick, Cerisienne,
and heather-hued powder, Mauvesse,
both new, both by Revlon from their
Ultima collection. At Altman's.
Cover photograph by Horst.

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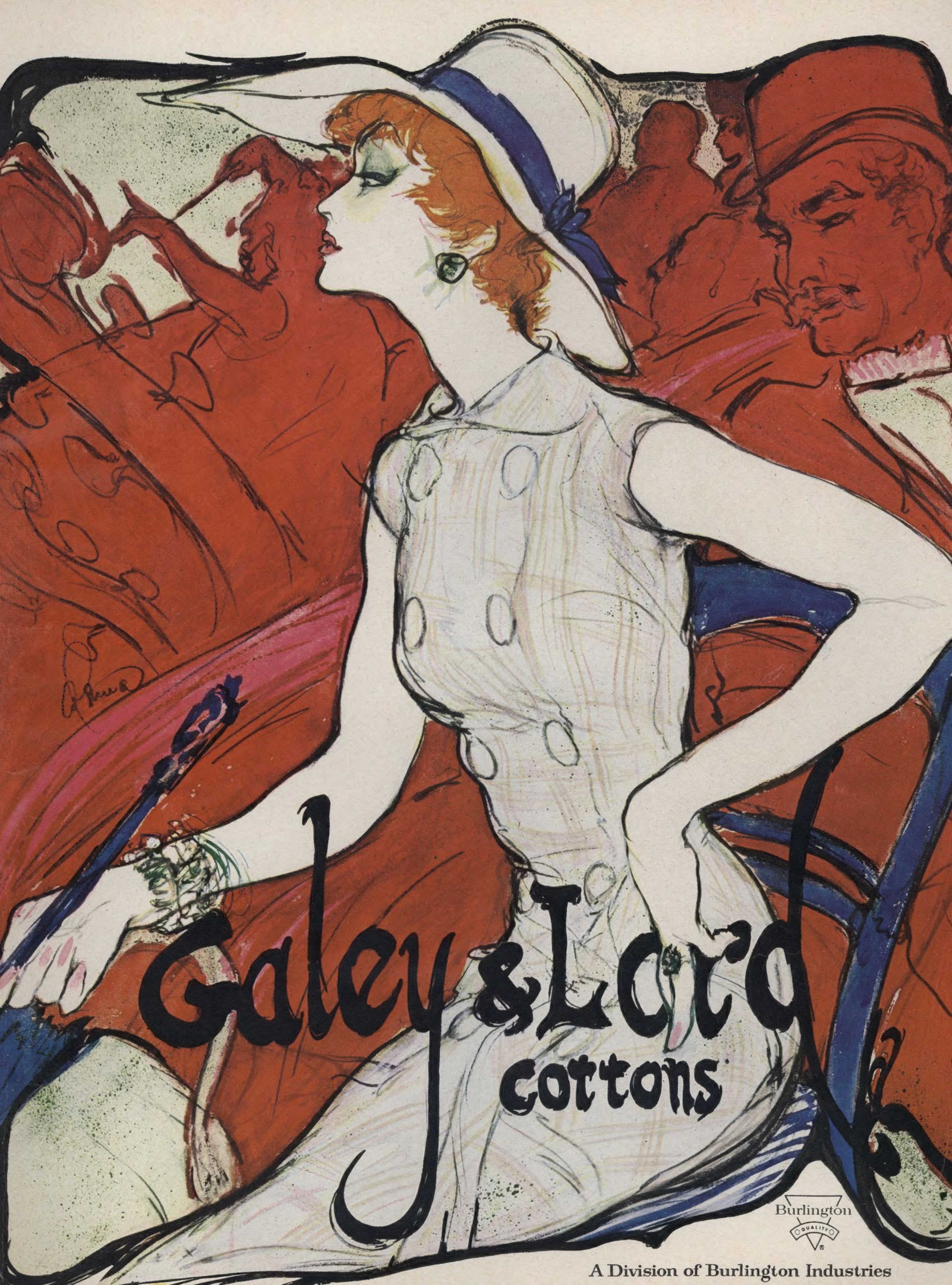
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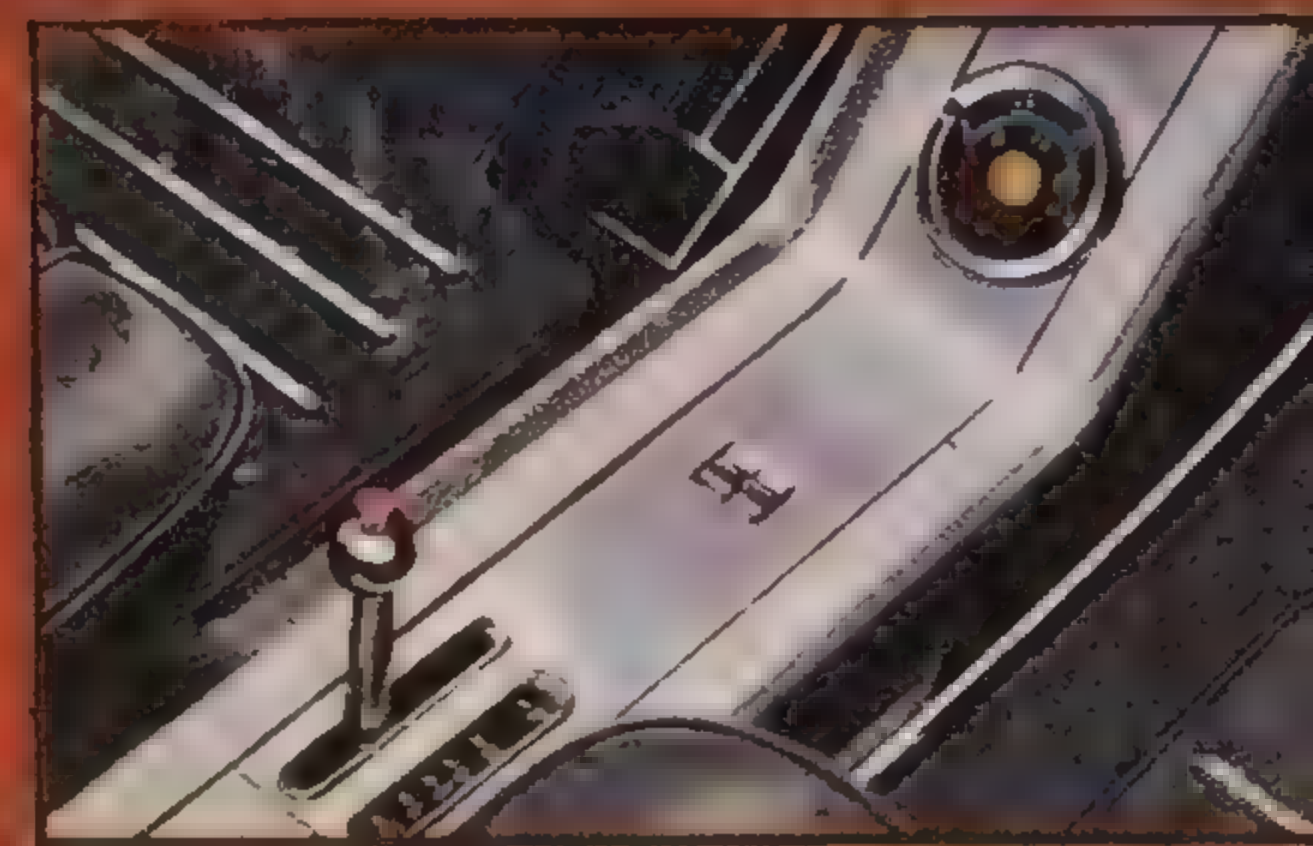
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*Specialists in little girls sizes up to 3.

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AT THE FAIR

BY MARY BOLTÉ

"Hold on a moment," called his grandmother. "Got to run upstairs to make sure they haven't left their heads behind." She laughed aloud. "Terrible responsibility—family reunions. You'll find out. Doubtless someday you'll have to arrange 'em."

From his chair in the great, cool drawing room David watched her round the newel-post, her wild, beautiful hair flying, sifted through by afternoon sunlight.

"Shan't be but a moment," she shouted from the top of the stairs. "And then we'll do something together."

He sat waiting. Under the chandelier, beneath the porcelain-pale water colours of Italian hill towns, the scent of scores of cigarettes inhaled an hour ago by dozens of aunts and uncles mingled with the bittersweet odour of marigolds and sweet William. On the surfaces of small polished tables wet glass rings still showed, and from a rocker one of David's cousins (he could never have named which one) had left a Pooh bear dangling.

"It will be fun," his mother had told him. "Visiting with Grandma. Just you two, alone." He had believed her and could hardly wait for the hordes of nameless, nattering relations to leave this Labor Day reunion. Yet now that they were gone he wished them back, for he did not know his grandmother any better than he knew the others, and she, a stranger, brisk and full of expectancy, frightened him more than those smiling, nodding, uncaring relatives.

He heard her descending.

"No heads, after all," she said, sitting down, too near him, David felt. "Now then, what would you like to do?"

"Well—" he glanced out the window, saw a hummingbird hovering in the hollyhock border, and beyond, the river deep in the mountain's shadow. *Go home, oh, only to go home.* Tears lay in little spoonfuls just inside his eyelids.

His grandmother lifted her face, closed her eyes, and clapped her hands sharply together. "Wait! Hold on! Whatever you were going to suggest we can do tomorrow. But today—today we go to the fair."

"Fair?" he questioned softly.

"Yes, fair. You'll see. Hurry along. Bathroom. Pair of sneakers. Sweater maybe. Weather can change quick as a wink in New England."


His grandmother, he noted, drove her car quite speedily, and this pleased him. He said shyly, admiringly, "Mom would never drive this fast."

"Daresay that's true enough." His grandmother took a cigarette from her purse. "Nobody approves of my driving. Too late. Can't teach an old mare new tricks. Here, light this for me, will you? Won't hurt you, as long as you don't suck in."

The mill town fell away behind them. They reached open country where the swelling farmland sloped down steeply to the river's edge; green hills met the dark, tumbling waters. His grandmother began to sing:

Once I slid to the river's edge
So fast the wind lost me,
But it was really no surprise
For I was on a sled, you see.
Sometimes I've gone to catch
a fish,
This is in summer, though,
It's harder now to go so fast,
In fact, to roll in grass is slow.

(Continued on page 36)



*There's
one stocking
that fits so well
it almost stays up
without garters.
Its name is
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You just can't walk up to a counter and buy them. First a Round-the-Clock salesgirl (trained in the stocking Sorbonne) records a card full of facts about you and your legs. Next, she prescribes the one stocking that fits from ankle to thigh as well as toe to heel. In width as well as in length. Then you can buy them.

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THE GERWIN SHOE CO.
626 Broadway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

AT THE FAIR (Continued from page 34)

"Are there fish here?" David asked.

"Lots," replied his grandmother. "If you ever came to visit me in spring you'd catch a dozen. Maybe more."

They came to a fork in the road, with signs crisscrossed on a post. His grandmother read them aloud.

"Flowerville, Canterbury, Little Snake, Bluetown, Old Hundred, Paris Real—still, after sixty years those names make me fall in love with this country all over again."

A covered bridge loomed up ahead and she swerved toward it. "Make your wish," she told him.

"Wish?"

The brakes slammed on. "Wish? You mean to tell me you don't know about wishing when you go through covered bridges? Mercy me and heaven rescue you. Grandson, close your eyes, take a deep breath, and when we enter that bridge wish; wish hard. Keep your eyes closed and hold your breath 'til we reach the other side." She shook her head. "Imagine a child not knowing about wishing under covered bridges."

Darkness enfolded them. Beneath the car the wooden planks joshed each other with a rumbling sound like the roll of drums down some ruined palace hall. David felt the old bridge sashaying beneath him; little fits of sunshine striking through rents in the shingled roof lit up the membranes of his eyelids. The bridge seemed endless.

"When I was your age," his grandmother was saying, "Grandpa Coles used to slow down at the very end, just so all us children would have to let out our breath before we reached the light. Missed a lot of good wishes that way. Promised myself I'd never do it to my grandchildren. Haven't either, except one time with a couple of your cousins when we got a flat tire."

They emerged into the open

at last, and David's breath came out in a swoosh. His grandmother looked at him with approval.

"You're pretty good. I hope your wish comes true."

Reddening, David turned his face away; in the bridge he had squandered a perfectly good wish by crying out to himself that he wanted to go home. Well, it was too late now, and anyway his grandmother need never find out. Maybe when they returned—but in an instant he forgot about the bridge.

"Look!" he shouted. "Oh, Grandma, look!"

It lay before them, vivid and resplendent. The merry-go-round, the Ferris wheel, the cotton candy stand, the pony ring, and the great swooping stretches of canvas to shade the livestock; high above, garlanding it all, fluttered hundreds and hundreds of little coloured flags.

David, who had never been to a fair, would not have known where to start.

"Come along," his grandmother took him firmly by the hand. "First we supply ourselves with cotton candy and then we board the merry-go-round."

The cotton candy made him giggle. "I take such big bites, but in my mouth it turns to almost nothing."

"That's because it's magic," his grandmother said. In front of them the merry-go-round slowed to a halt, the music wheezed away to silence, and squads of children with mesmerized eyes, dreamily descended from the brightly painted wooden animals.

David advanced eagerly. "Our turn now. Do you mind if I ride the lion?"

"Not at all. I'll take the cow beside you." Nimble his grandmother sprang upon the saddled cow. A loud bell rang, giddy deafening music and children's delighted screaming began. Amid a blaze of colours they spun around, watching the outside

(Continued on page 45)

ON THE FACING PAGE



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BY

Shepardess



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THAT STARTS
THE FIRE

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ONE LOOK at the big shirt on this page—and you can see where we got the colors for all three shirts above. Straight from that soft, shadowy tartan.

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The tartan shirt is about \$22. The solid shades, about \$17. For store names, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

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Look for this emblem

AT THE FAIR
(Continued from page 36)

world revolve like pieces in a kaleidoscope. Three rides they took. On the last one his grandmother caught a brass ring.

"When your arms grow longer you'll be able to reach for one, too," she told him.

They rode the Ferris wheel, bought more cotton candy and, eating it, wandered through the cattle tent, observing the blue-ribboned young steers whose eyes were soft as does' and who dismissed the flies that lit upon their backs with a series of little ripples, as swift and delicate as dipping breezes on a lake.

A horse-drawing contest began, and David and his grandmother sat on a sunny bank amid crowds of farm people to watch the hefty beasts kick and rear, their huge buttocks lifting and shuddering as they struggled to draw the cement stones across the rough dirt.

"Gee, there," David's grandmother called to a team of chestnuts. "Giddap! Ga-a-arn!" and the farmers turned to smile at her. "They'll win," she said. "They'll get the blue. You wait and see." When she was proved right she glanced around to wink at the farmers. "What did I tell you?"

The farmers grinned back at her. "Right you were, ma'am"; "Never known you to be wrong, Mrs. Browning." "I'd wager whichever team you talked to would win, Mrs. Browning."

The crowd began to disperse. Without thinking, David, drowsy and happy, rose and put his hand in his grandmother's.

"One thing more," said his grandmother. "That is if they still have it." She led him across the field to a line of small square tents. At the back of the tents were targets of one sort or another—ducks to shoot, a clown's face to bruise with a tennis ball. Prizes hung in displays at the front of each booth.

"Kewpie dolls," scoffed his grandmother. "Stuffed animals.

Some prizes! When I was a child—" Her eyes lighted up, she tugged David's arm. "There, down at the end. Come along."

In the final booth balloons wafted from strings and there were darts to aim at them. On the counter in a trayful of water lay the prizes; dozens of tiny turtles with flowers painted on their backs.

"Three shots for a dime," announced the proprietor, who was so fat that the words on his shirt—PARIS REAL HOOK AND LADDER—stretched sideways instead of up and down.

"Come on, son, you, too, ma'am. Take a chance and win one of these here little fellas. Longing for a nice home, they are."

David's grandmother said politely, "Well, now, don't mind if I do."

She was a very poor shot. All darts went awry. David felt sorry for her.

"Now you, son," said the fat man. "Just take it slow. Easy does it every time."

On the third try he heard the balloon pop, saw it wilt on the string and subside like a worn out dishrag.

"Nebuchadnezzar! Congratulations, son!"

His grandmother was chuckling, squeezing his shoulder. "Pick out your prize, David. Pick out your turtle."

He chose the one with the biggest flower, a red rose.

"Now," said his grandmother. "Best go home and get that poor creature into water."

In the car David held the turtle carefully in the curled palm of his hand. Then, as they drew near the covered bridge, he heard his grandmother saying that he might wish again if he liked. He looked up, asking hesitantly, "Can you unwish, too?"

His grandmother frowned. "About unwishing I don't know. Perhaps the muses don't approve. Tell you what. Wish for some-

(Continued on page 52)



kiwi-

koala



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and more Her Majesty slips



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ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE AT BIG JIM COLOSIMO'S

BY EDITH HEAL

"What I like is a song that lingers in your mind," the pretty girl said, shrugging away the disappointment of the Big Broadway Musical she'd seen the night before—or perhaps just the disappointment of the night before.

She had that marvellous clear-eyed eighteenth-birthday look, a languid look, a waiting look, and I thought of all the melodies ahead of her and all the poignant associations forever keeping tune.

Too often, I wanted to tell her, the melody that lingers on is the one that skewers the heart, the love me and leave me echo that gives you a turn to your dying day. Like "Whispering." But she wouldn't understand. Her grandmother had probably sung it to her as a lullaby.

The pretty girl, I'm pretty sure, merely taps her foot to the tune of "Melancholy Baby" or "Lover, Come Back to Me." It's my generation that's driven to crocodile tears by that old cheap magic dating back to the Twenties and Thirties.

It may be because we didn't link those songs with Big Broadway Musicals or Television Spectaculars. Today's young thing knows perfectly well that it's Mary Martin's heart (not hers) that belongs to Daddy. It's true that "Falling in Love Again" was irrevocably carved in our envy by the haunting looks and voice of Marlene Dietrich. But it was still our song. She was merely translating our extravagant ways with a foreign accent.

For the most part, we heard our songs at Junior Proms and Winter Carnivals and Country Clubs and Fraternity Houses, and

later, at speakeasies and suspect restaurants and on the Left Bank where an American at a one-man piano brought expatriates to the Dingo in droves. They were tunes that came to us in a little well of intimacy, not like "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" at scalper's prices. They were tunes that crept up on us, insidiously, deliciously, like first, second, and third love.

But like the loves, the music sometimes blurs a little in memory so that the pretty girl, catching me in a nostalgic *faux pas*, laughs and says: "Hey, you're putting the words of 'In the Still of the Night' to the tune of 'Deep Purple'"—and for a moment of awful emptiness there isn't any music or any little bar or any gallant farewell to the important personage who told you he would have to give you up because you had begun to come between him and his evening paper.

In reverse, the fantasy can be so real that the song in your heart or your ears or your psyche conjures up a world that you lay false claim to without meaning to at all. Like the time the pretty girl absentmindedly began to hum "All Alone."

"There was a gangster's moll in Chicago who used to sing that song in the Twenties," I said.

Her reaction was disappointing. Sitting at her typewriter in an air-cooled office in contemporary New York, she couldn't have been more remote from the scene I suggested.

"Really," she said politely, looking at me as if I were something out of an old movie.

I let the subject drop. But what a drop. Straight down
(Continued on page 52)



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ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

AT BIG JIM COLOSIMO'S

(Continued from page 48)

through the decades. Perfect recall. Flashback, distortion, and all. Complete with stand-in emotions, part ecstasy, part pain, touched off by a single tune. "All Alone" had successfully transported me back to a romantic evening nearly forty years ago. What Proust or Freud would have given for this.

Once again I felt rapture like a stomachache at the very thought of going to Big Jim Colosimo's restaurant in Chicago with the Big Name on campus. Once again I felt our derring-do at venturing into the very heart of the South Side's gangland.

"Over at that table's the opera crowd—you know Jim's married to a star, and unless I've got my syndicates mixed, those two you're looking at are probably Torrio and Capone."

Torrio and Capone, my name-dropping hero said, were

trainees of Big Jim. The waiters were whatever the name for hood was in those days (here, perfect recall escapes me), and any women in sight (except me) were, of course, molls. This appeared to include the blues singer. Which explains my remark to the pretty young thing.

"Did you know the girl who sang the song?" she asked, feeling perhaps that she'd cut me short with her "Really."

Did I know her, that sad-singing dame with the madonna hairdo sitting all alone with the dummy telephone at the table at Big Jim Colosimo's?

I gulped at my typewriter, just as I had gulped so long ago over my spaghetti.

"Well, I didn't exactly know her. But I saw her," I said, and purposely let my eyes go dreamy so the pretty girl would discreetly turn her head away.



20

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AT THE FAIR

(Continued from page 45)

thing directly opposite your first wish. That's as good as unwishing. Better maybe." She fell silent, then gave a funny, clucking laugh. "Queer, history repeating itself."

"Recall when I was a child. At a family reunion. Dreadful, just dreadful it was. Didn't know anybody and hated each and every one. There was a fair, this very one. Grandpa Coles, fierce old man, wanted to go. For some reason took me along. Me, I won a turtle, just like you. Painted it gold, I think. Yes, painted it gold to make it mine. Turned out that Grandpa Coles wasn't so bad. Turned out he and I had a lot in common. Of course he never got over being jealous of my winning the turtle. He tried, too, you see."

They entered the bridge. Once again darkness fell, and down below the old planks thundered resoundingly, as though the noise came up from the riverbed itself. David, cradling his pet, squeezing his eyes shut and wishing hard, heard his grandmother begin to sing. "Once I had a turtle, his back was painted gold, and everywhere that turtle went—" They reached the sunlight. "Shoot," she said, "I can't think of any rhyme to end that fool song with."

David opened his eyes. His held-in breath exploded in a laugh. "Neither can I, Grandma. I certainly can't think of any ending to that old song."

In his hand the turtle moved, once, gently.



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COORDINATES

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ICE BLUE PRINT
SHEATH, 35.00
"GINA" (RIGHT),
LIME FREEZE
2-PIECE DRESS WITH
BIAS CUT SKIRT, 35.00
BOTH IN
PURE WOOL.

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never been so*

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INHIBITED

SANS SOUCI impery—this are-you-for-real granny gown in tricot of ANTRON* nylon. It's sentimental, but siren, with black-lace lure. All drape, flowing shape and glowing she-scape. Washes amiably, automatic or not. Seldom sees an iron. Oh, never the charm, the disarm, the subtle five-alarm 'til this bright nighty in punch-bowl pink and aqua. All with black lace. Sizes 32-42. About \$9.00. At Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Company, Buffalo; Godchaux's, New Orleans; The Broadway Department Store, Southern California; Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"Antron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its trilobal multifilament nylon yarn. Du Pont makes fibers, not gown shown here.


'til Tricot
of
ANTRON[®]
NYLON!



*SIMULATED

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so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.



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★ 1781 ★

for Men

Quality at your feet



Twilight

a bit of glitter for
after-five festivities

The look: You're glamorous at a glance in gossamer chiffon sparked by dazzling pumps for that Life Stride look of perfection.

The shoe: Golden kid and pale mesh form the season's most sumptuous combination. Fit for a princess with the luxurious feel of Life Stride's own soft Cuscino construction.

12⁹⁹

Other styles, 6.99 to 12.99
Higher Denver West

life stride®
the young point of view in shoes

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meets the exciting present!



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just can't wait
to wear
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jewelry



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CALIFORNIA CLOTHES

Below is a list of cities and shops
where the fashions, keyed by number on pages 136-145, may be found.

Abilene, Tex.....	Ernest Grissom's	Memphis, Tenn.....	Levy's
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16	
Albany, N. Y.....	Flah's	Modesto, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Anderson, S. C.....	Vogue Shop	Nashville, Tenn.....	Gus Mayer
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16	
Atlanta, Ga.....	Rich's	New Orleans, La.....	Gus Mayer
2, 5, 10, 15		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16	
Atlantic City, N. J.....	Needlecraft	New York, N. Y.....	Bonwit Teller
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	
Bartlesville, N. C.....	Montaldo's	Oakland, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Baton Rouge, La.....	Gus Mayer	Oklahoma City, Okla.....	Al Rosenthals
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16	
Beaumont, Tex.....	Gus Mayer	Omaha, Neb.....	J. L. Brandeis
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16		4, 5, 6, 8, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	
Berkeley, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin	Palm Beach, Fla.....	Bonwit Teller
1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	
Billings, Mont.....	Mildred-Hazel Shop	Palo Alto, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
7, 8, 12, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Birmingham, Ala.....	Odum-Bowers & White	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Nan Duskin
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	
Boston, Mass.....	Bonwit Teller	Phoenix, Ariz.....	Goldwater's
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Buffalo, N. Y.....	L. L. Berger	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Joseph Horne
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16	
Cal-Neva, Nev.....	Joseph Magnin	Poplar Bluff, Mo.....	Chas. Miller
1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 7, 10, 14	
Charlotte, N. C.....	Montaldo's	Portland, Ore.....	Meier & Frank
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 15	
Chicago, Ill.....	Bonwit Teller	Reno, Nev.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Jenny	Richmond, Va.....	Montaldo's
2, 7, 9, 14		1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15	
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Bonwit Teller	Rochester, N. Y.....	B. Forman
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16	
Colorado Springs, Colo.....	Montaldo's	Sacramento, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Columbia, S. C.....	Lisbeth Wolfe	St. Louis, Mo.....	Montaldo's
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15	
Columbus, Ohio.....	Montaldo's	Salem, Ore.....	Meier & Frank
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		3, 4, 5, 7, 15	
Dayton, Ohio.....	Ruth & Virginia	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Makoff
1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 15	
Denver, Colo.....	Montaldo's	San Antonio, Tex.....	Frost Bros.
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		2, 9, 12, 15	
Detroit, Mich.....	Himelhoch's	San Diego, Calif.....	Marston's
3, 4, 6, 8, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16	
Durham, N. C.....	Montaldo's	San Francisco, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
East Orange, N. J.....	Doop's	San Jose, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
El Paso, Tex.....	Popular Dry Goods	San Luis Obispo, Calif.....	Leonore Smith
1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15		1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 13, 14, 15	
Grand Rapids, Mich.....	Alice Jane Dows	San Mateo, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Greensboro, N. C.....	Montaldo's	Scottsdale, Ariz.....	Goldwater's
1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15		1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Hayward, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin	Stockton, Calif.....	The Brown House
1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 14	
Houston, Tex.....	Battelstein's	Stonestown, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 7, 8, 10, 14, 15		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Indianapolis, Ind.....	L. Strauss	Syracuse, N. Y.....	Flah's
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16		1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 15	
Jackson, Miss.....	Gus Mayer	Toronto, Canada.....	Joan Rigby
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16	
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Levy's	Tucson, Ariz.....	Cele Peterson
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15	
Kansas City, Mo.....	Woolf Bros.	Tulsa, Okla.....	Woolf Bros.
1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15		1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15	
La Jolla, Calif.....	John Hogan	Ventura, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Las Vegas, Nev.....	Joseph Magnin	Walnut Creek, Calif.....	Joseph Magnin
1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16	
Lincoln, Neb.....	Hovland-Swanson	Washington, D. C.....	Julius Garfinckel
2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15		1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15	
Longview, Tex.....	Galosys	Wichita, Kans.....	Woolf Bros.
1, 4, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14		1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15	
Los Angeles, Calif.....	J. W. Robinson	Wichita Falls, Tex.....	Reed's-Parisian
3, 5, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15		1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15	
Lubbock, Tex.....	Margaret's	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	Montaldo's
1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16		1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15	



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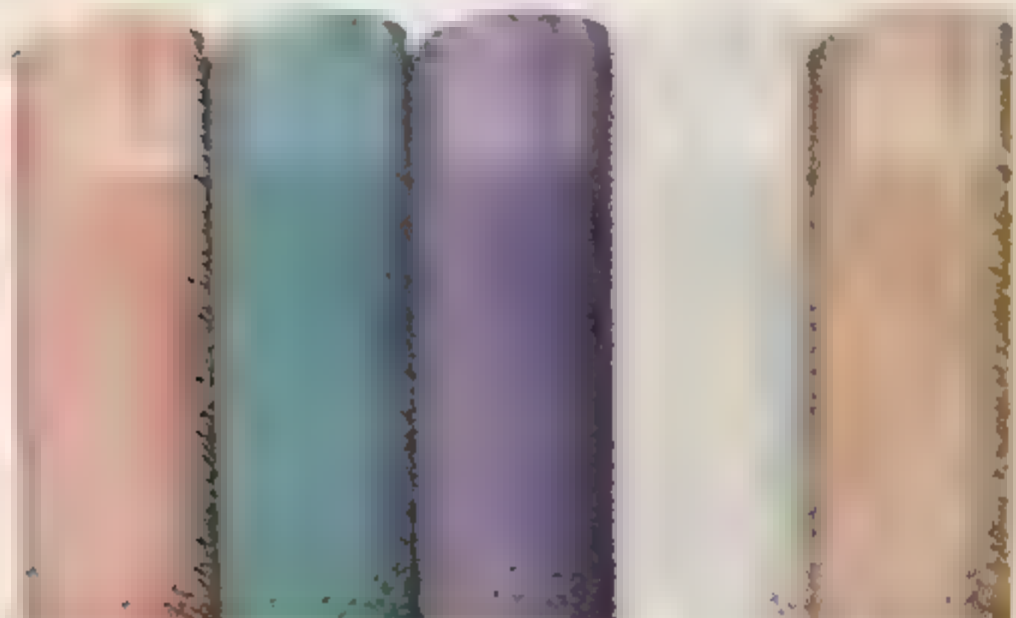
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VESPERA

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Vespera...the first, lovely star of evening...inspires the chaste contemporary line...the utter purity of design in Towle's infinitely beautiful new sterling silver pattern. When you hold it, turn the handle this way and that to reflect each exquisitely sculptured curve. Imagine it as a gleaming background for your very own applied monogram or engraved initials. Lift it lightly...and discover that the mere crescent of silver reinforcing its line creates a wonderfully delicate but well-defined balance of design in Vespera! Then you'll know why it is said that "sterling is always sterling...but sterling by Towle is a treasure." 6-piece place setting: Plain, \$39.75. Engraved, \$44.25. Applied monogram, \$49.95. Fed. tax inc.

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SILVERSMITHS

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"BRIDE OF THE YEAR" CONTEST



**PRIZES: \$12,000 WORTH OF HONEYMOON MONEY
AND LOVELY FURNISHINGS FOR YOUR HOME!**

Imagine! There's nothing to buy, nothing to write! Just by registering your name, along with the Towle silver pattern of your choice, at your Towle dealer's you may become the "Bride of the Year" and win absolutely all of this: \$2,500 for honeymoon and wedding expenses...a 141-piece treasure chest of lovely, lasting sterling silver created by *Towle*...a 60-piece set of fine translucent *Lenox* China, the "superlative" quality china...a 60-piece set of handblown *Fostoria* Crystal, the fine crystal with a fashion flair...a 15-piece *Carvel Hall* Steak Knife and Carving Set in a beautiful walnut "presentation chest."

And there's so much more—actually 1,025 prizes in all including Hostess and Bridal Sets of solid Towle sterling in handsome chests—beautiful luxury serving pieces of Towle silver...a total of \$12,000 in wealth and gifts!

If you start your silver service and then win the contest...Towle will refund double or triple* the money you've spent on Towle silver, complete your service, and give you all the additional prizes too!

So, don't wait a minute. Be sure to see Towle's

exquisitely sculptured new "Vespera" pattern in enduring solid silver...and get complete details on Towle's "Bride of the Year" contest at your Towle dealer's soon. Remember—it could be you!

*Triple for Vespera, double for other Towle patterns.

REGISTER NOW

...1,025 PRIZES WORTH \$12,000 IN ALL!

Contest details and entry blanks for Towle's "Bride of the Year" Contest are available at your jeweler's or the silver department of your local department store. **YOU DO NOT HAVE TO PURCHASE ANYTHING.** Simply select the Towle silver pattern of your choice and register it with your Towle dealer, who will forward it to the company.

All contest entries must be registered with your Towle dealer by December 31, 1961. Contest drawing will be held on February 28, 1962 and all winners will be notified as soon as possible thereafter.

Federal, State and local laws apply. Contest is not open to any employees of Towle, its advertising agency, or their families.



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Munsingwear fashions the peignoir as a priceless look of elegance, inspired by an exclusive Point de Brussels import pattern of embroidered nylon lace. Stroked by satiny French cording at the neckline, then falling into a mantle of splendor over nylon tricot chiffon...black Point de Brussels over pale sienna, tortoise shell over capriblue, white over pink mist, all pale fawn. Peignoir 49.95, matched waltz-gown, not shown, 22.95. *Fashioning the Future 75th year*
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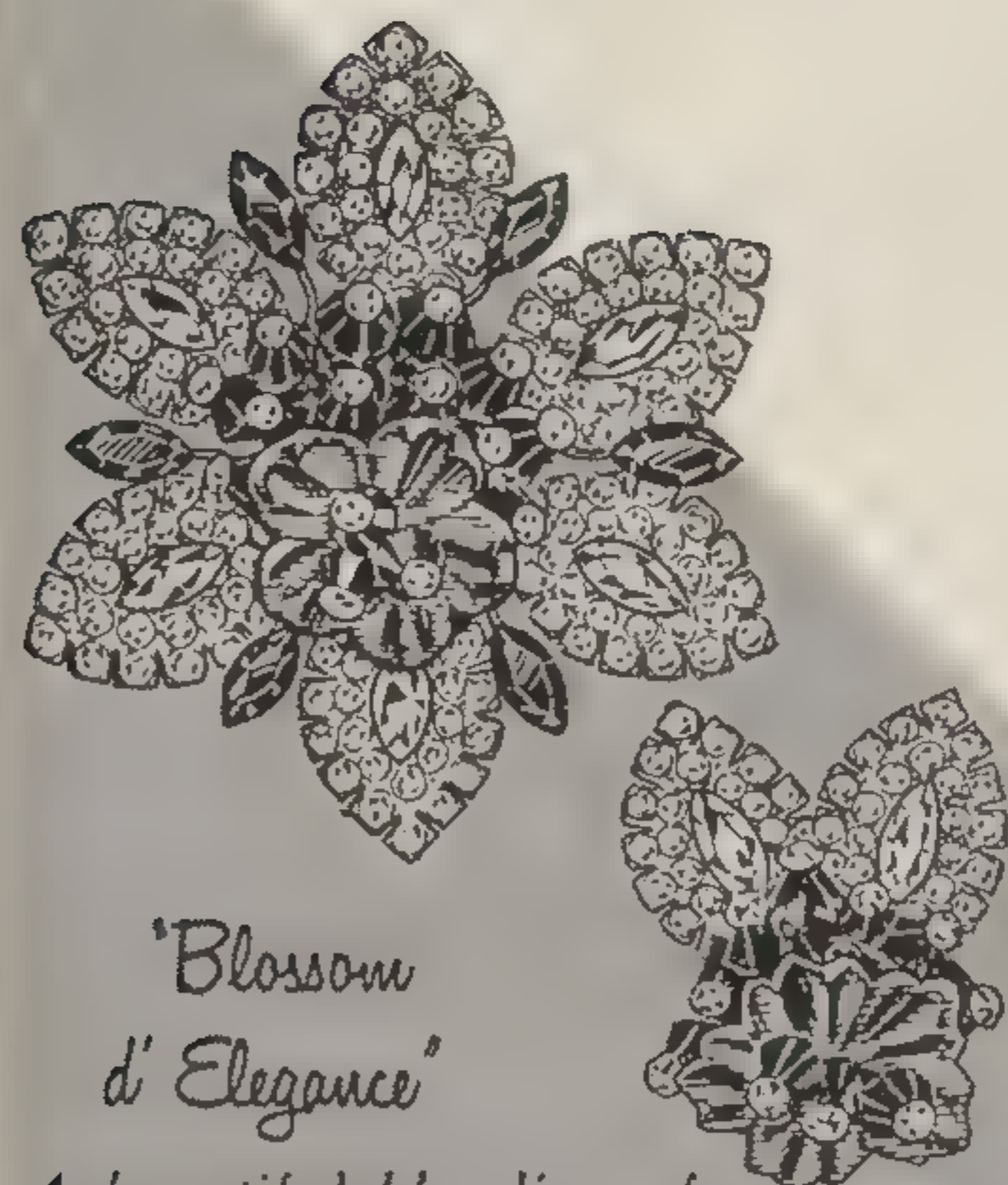
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A sunburst of faceted stones, in warm, muted colors. Matching earrings.*



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Beauty rules: how to keep your hand in

*h*ands can be as telltale as faces—and they lead a rougher life. If a hand-to-hand survey tells you that yours are an underprivileged pair, what's needed is a programme of regular hand care. First consideration, where nails are concerned: diet. To a sound health régime (diet, exercise), add gelatin; it's easily dissolved in your morning glass of orange juice and it does wonders for cracked and splitting nails.

Under non-digestible aids, we'd list (as preventive medicine) work gloves and the lotions and creams that act as invisible gloves. Also, manicure essentials—pumices to smooth away rough spots; Q-tips; an orange stick for cuticles (clipping makes them thicken) an emery board for touch-ups and nail shaping and for smoothing away the cushiony calluses at the nail-sides.

*t*here's a rush of new aids for hands with complexion problems. Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Hand Cream, for instance, to wear for 15 minutes at a time under her tissuey plastic gloves (they're for warmth, to speed absorption). Smoothing, vanishing gelée for the hands: Sans Souci's Hand Creme. For not-so-young skin, Jaquet Hand Creme supplies needed oils.

Besides gelatin, there are numerous nail-strengtheners not meant to be swallowed.

A fast-drying liquid called Point 10 is brushed on, easily absorbed, and nail-colour goes on smoothly over it. Nail Tone, a white powder made from a substance that just happens to be called rare earth, is buffed into the unpolished nails. It strengthens, and helps smooth out ridges, buffs up to a healthy sheen. Strong Nails by Cutex works as a shield, should be applied during a manicure, just before the polish.

TINY TOWN Noel Dresses



**In "Sanforized-Plus"
fine 100% cotton**

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Seattle, Wash. Frederick & Nelson
Sioux Falls, S. D. Burke's
Springfield, Ill. Sampson's
Springfield, Mass. Steiger's
Stockton, Calif. Katten & Marengo
St. Paul, Minn. Dayton's
Toledo, Ohio La Salle's
Trenton, N. J. Nevius Vorhees
Waco, Tex. R. E. Cox
Wilkes Barre, Pa. Isaac Long
Yakima, Wash. Bon Marché
Youngstown, Ohio Livingston's

TINY TOWN TOGS, INC.

1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair

SANFORIZED plus.



No wrinkles! No shrinkage! Noel!

They'll wash without a wrinkle . . . They'll stay smooth while worn . . . They'll never shrink out of fit . . . They'll survive wash after wash . . . all because they bear the "SANFORIZED-PLUS" label. These **TINY TOWN** dresses are in Wampoise and Piquette 100% cottons by WAMSUTTA. Their wash-and-wear performance is assured by "SANFORIZED-PLUS".

Sizes 2-4T about \$8; 3-6x about \$9; 7-14 about \$11.

At BONWIT TELLER (New York and all branches) . . . Famous-Barr . . . Halle Bros . . . The J. L. Hudson Co . . . Jordan Marsh . . . Kaufmann's (Pittsburgh) . . . Strawbridge & Clothier . . . Woodward & Lothrop . . . and the other fine stores listed on the page opposite.

When
the list is
long
and time
is short...
*Don't be
vague...*
give
Haig & Haig



One of the most delightful things about Hawaii is the sincere friendliness of its people. Accept this invitation to come soon and share their lovely land . . . Hawaii is just 4½ smooth hours by jet from the Pacific Coast (\$266 round trip) or a 4½ day vacation cruise by luxury liner (\$380 round trip). Currency and language are pure U.S.A. No passports, visas

or "shots" are needed. Many fine new hotels give you a wide choice of accommodations with assurance of no waiting for rooms—rates from \$5 to \$30 per day. Stay long enough to see all the Islands, Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. The weather is fine any month of the year—about 74° average. Travel light—buy reasonable "Island things" when you arrive . . .

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii



You'll find music and dancing everywhere in Hawaii—Island-style, popular, Dixieland, Oriental and symphony concerts by starlight.



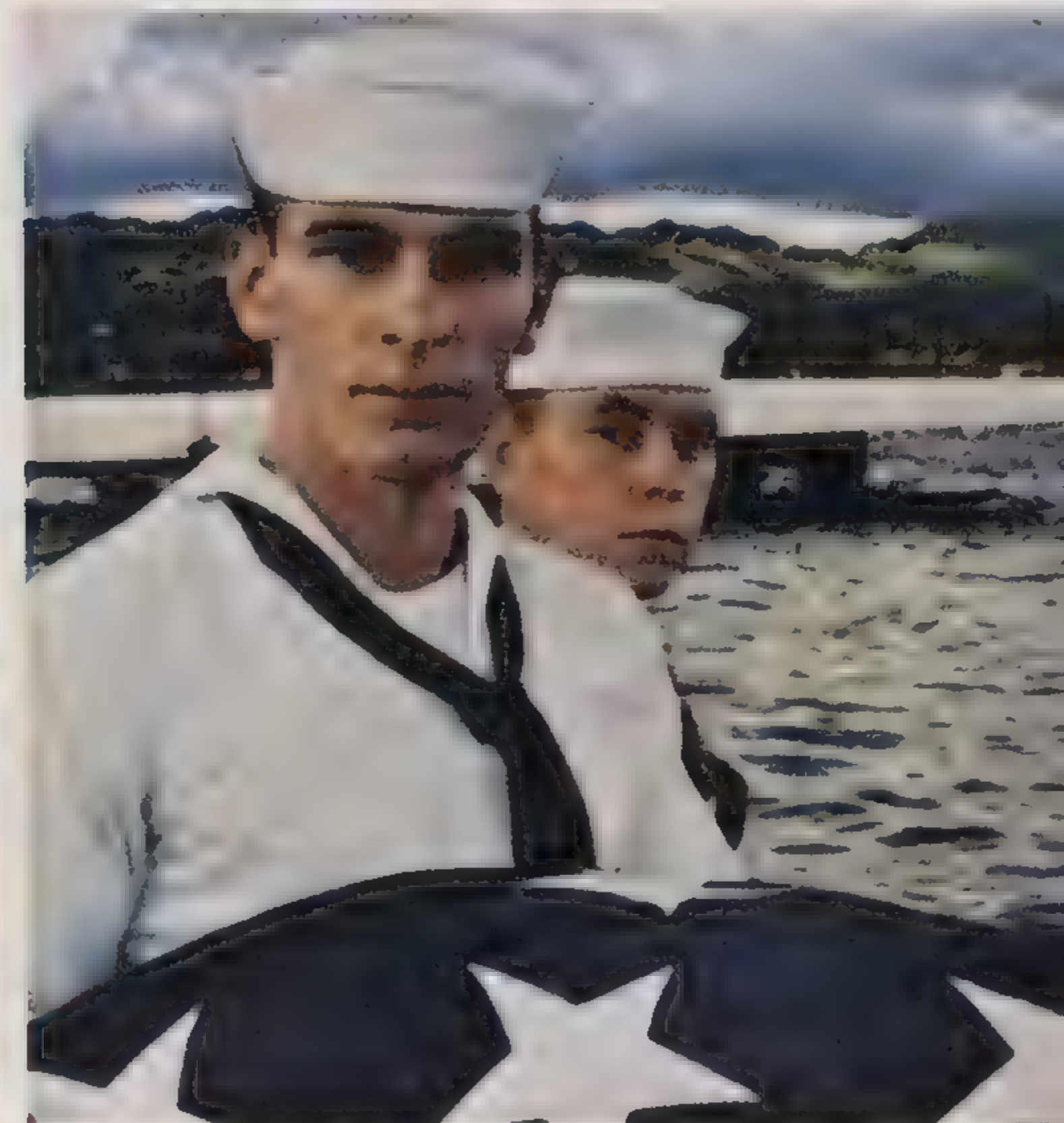
Fishing's great sport on Maui. And don't miss Haleakala National Park, dreamy Hana, historic Lahaina with its splendid beaches.



Join us for an outrigger ride at Waikiki! It's a thrill you'll never forget. And go moonlight sailing in a catamaran. Try a surfboard, too!



Children have real fun in Hawaii! There are fine beaches to play on—parks for picnics—lots of sunshine. We go barefoot and mostly live outdoors!



At Pearl Harbor there are things every American should see. Our most renowned naval base and the immortal *Arizona* shrine.



Watching a colorful Hawaiian *hukilau* on this Kauai beach or rolling along hibiscus-lined highways to Poipu and spectacular Waimea Canyon, beauty is all around you on the Garden Isle.



Can you imagine *acres* of fragile orchids? We have them on Hawaii Island—close by the wonders of Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, black sand beaches, and finest big-game fishing.

WONDERFUL,
WONDERFUL

Lady Manhattan®

The reddest holiday roses of all bloom on this 100% silk "in or outer" shirt...brilliantly accompanied by the trimmest tapered pants of linen-textured 100% silk, fully lined for added shapeliness. Both, 8 to 18. Shirt, about \$13.00. Pants, about \$18.00. Slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, a division of The Manhattan® Shirt Company, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

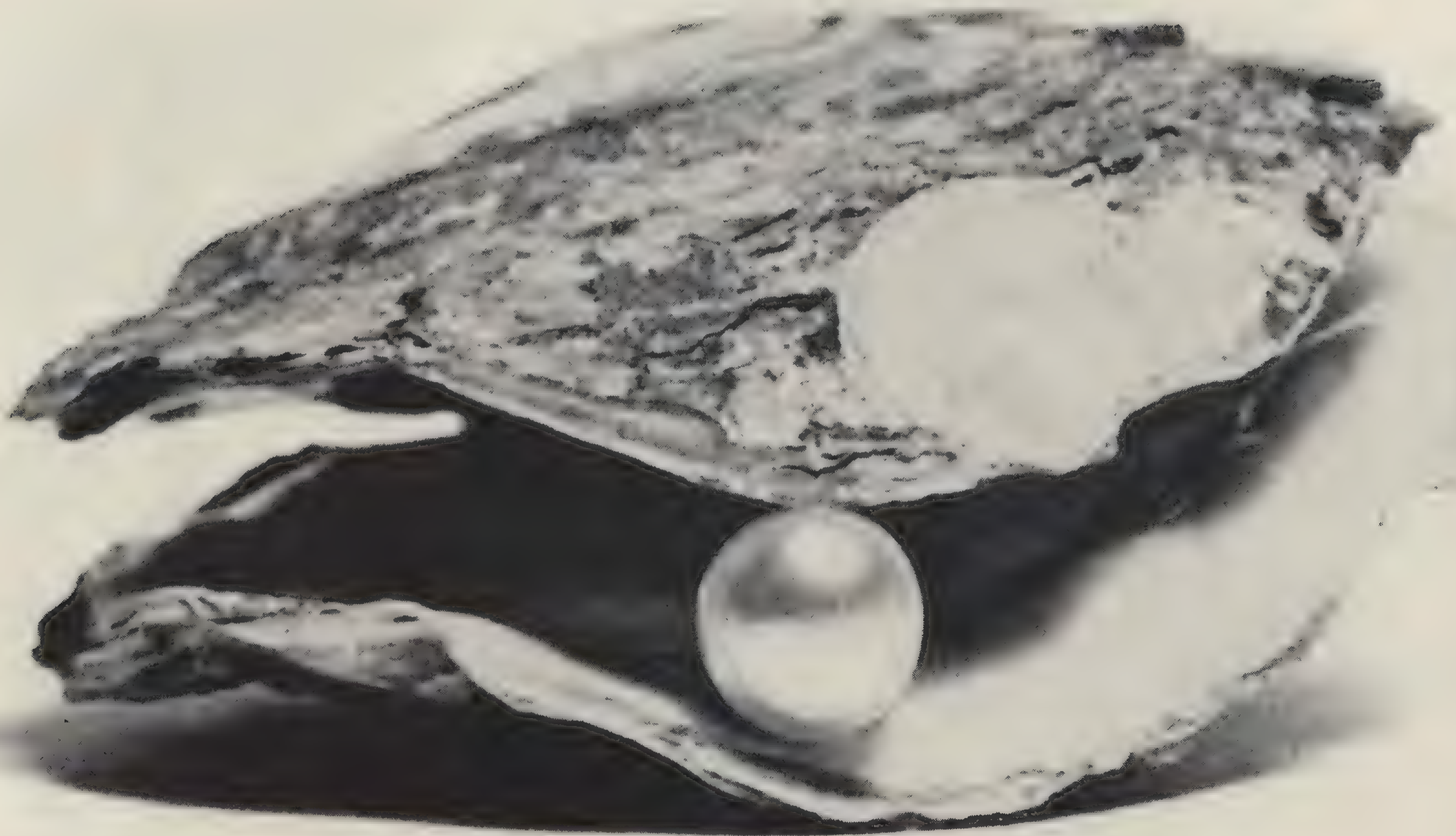
At these and other fine stores:

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK
FLAH'S, SYRACUSE
THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.
HORNE'S, PITTSBURGH
MILLER & RHOADS, RICHMOND
L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND
RICH'S, ATLANTA
JORDAN MARSH, MIAMI
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO
HUDSON'S, DETROIT
FOLEY'S, HOUSTON
E. M. KAHN, DALLAS
MAY D. & F., DENVER
MAY CO., LOS ANGELES
ROOS/ATKINS, SAN FRANCISCO



LADY MANHATTAN ABOARD FLAGSHIP ROTTERDAM / HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

Father of pearl. (Mother, too)



Can you tell us your name, sir...or madam?

Pinctada Martensii. And it's sir...or madam.

You are, are you not, an oyster.

A pearl oyster, sir!

Yes. Now, can you tell us something about your childhood?

It was blissful.

Where did you live?

In luxury. From the time I was a little spat, I was coddled and catered to, kept spotless and spruce, nursed and nurtured, just so I would grow up healthy and strong and produce a cultured pearl. That went on until I was three.

And then?

I had my operation. They put a tiny pellet in my shell so I'd

start making a pearl. Oh, they treated me like royalty. Special meals, elegant living quarters, winter journeys to warmer waters...everything my heart desired.

How long did that last?

About four more years...the best years of my life.

And then?

And then I had my pearl!

Now, we don't want to embarrass you, but can you tell us a little about that?

Of course. What a privilege! You know, even after surgery, only about one-fifth of us Pinctadas can have pearls.

Lucky you!

I'll say! Isn't it a beauty? Not to boast or anything, but you must admit its rich, pure color is incomparably magnificent.

Cultured pearls glow with an inner radiance all their own. So flattering! So luxurious!

How luxurious?

Why, cultured pearl necklaces can cost \$30 . . . \$30,000, or more. Naturally, my pearl is one of the best.

Naturally. Why the wide price range?

Oh, lots of things. Size, shape, luster, cultivation.

We've heard a lot about other "cultured-look" pearls, though, costing much less. What about them?

Frauds! Fakes! Phonies! The only true cultured pearls come from oysters! No oyster, no pearl!

Is it true that women fawn over your offspring?

Mmm. Women of taste know

that pearls are always very smart indeed. Men know it, too. They love to buy girls pearls. Especially at Christmas time.

How do they know which ones to buy?

They ask their jewelers! Jewelers love to help men buy girls pearls.

Do you mind parting with your pearl?

Not a bit. Such beauty should be shared.

You're not so bad yourself, you know.

I'm a cultivated taste.

Cultured Pearl Association of America and Japan

For a complete guide to selecting cultured pearls write Cultured Pearl Association, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 36, New York.



DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THE
HARDWARE OF METAL ZIPPERS

Hardware of metal zippers needn't inhibit (or inhabit) fashion any longer. For the fabric-soft, light and limber Talon Zephyr zipper is made in a revolutionary new way... in a spiral design of DuPont nylon. And Zephyr's color lives forever, can't chip or wear off. So gone are the harsh teeth... the hardware feel and gleam of metal zippers. It's virtually snag-proof, but if something should catch in spiral, it's magically "self-healing." (Bend it in half to open. Release whatever's caught. Then un-zip, re-zip and it "heals" itself!*) Look for fashions flying the Talon Zephyr tag.

Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa. • In Mexico, Talon de Mexico S.A. de C.V. • In Canada, Lightning Fastener Company, Limited.

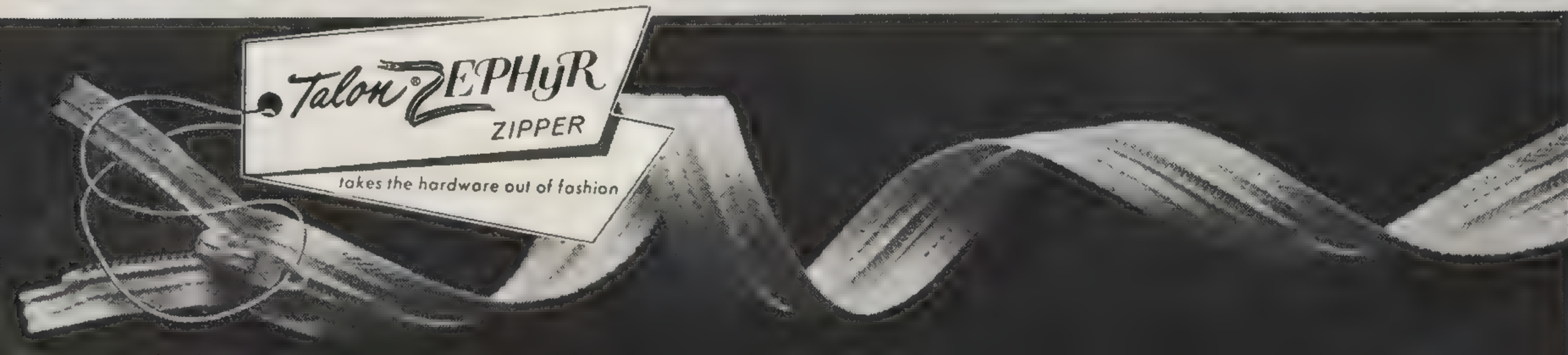
NEW NYLON TALON ZEPHYR TAKES THE HARDWARE OUT OF FASHION

*Bend it in half... re-zip, and it "heals" itself.

The secret's in the nylon spiral.

Talon ZEPHYR
ZIPPER

takes the hardware out of fashion





Enrico Caruso creates fabulous coiffures and colors for many of the world's most fashionable women.

An internationally famous hairdresser tells why you should use a special shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

We asked Enrico Caruso, New York's master hair colorist and hair stylist, why he uses a very special shampoo for women who color or lighten their hair. Here's what he said . . .

"Haircoloring is an art. A *delicate* art. We help the many women who color or lighten their hair find the shade best suited to *their* personality, *their* skin, *their* eyes. When we find the shade just right for them, they want to stay that shade . . . they want the color to stay 'true.' But it can't with just a regular shampoo. I've known this for years but with only ordinary shampoos available, I couldn't do anything about it.

"Now I can, and I do, thanks to two new gentle shampoos made especially for women who color

or lighten their hair. They were developed by Clairol to stop the *color wash-out* caused by ordinary shampoos.

"These days, we use Clairol® Shampoo in our salons for women who color or lighten and tone their hair. Beautiful color work demands it!"

These new colorfast Clairol Shampoos are available in two special formulas—*Clairol Green* for tint and lasting-rinse users—guards all red, brown, black shades . . . *Clairol Blue* for lightened and toned hair—guards all light delicate blonde shades.

Tested and preferred in beauty salons everywhere. Now—and there's reason to be glad—you'll also find them at better cosmetic counters.



© 1961 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.

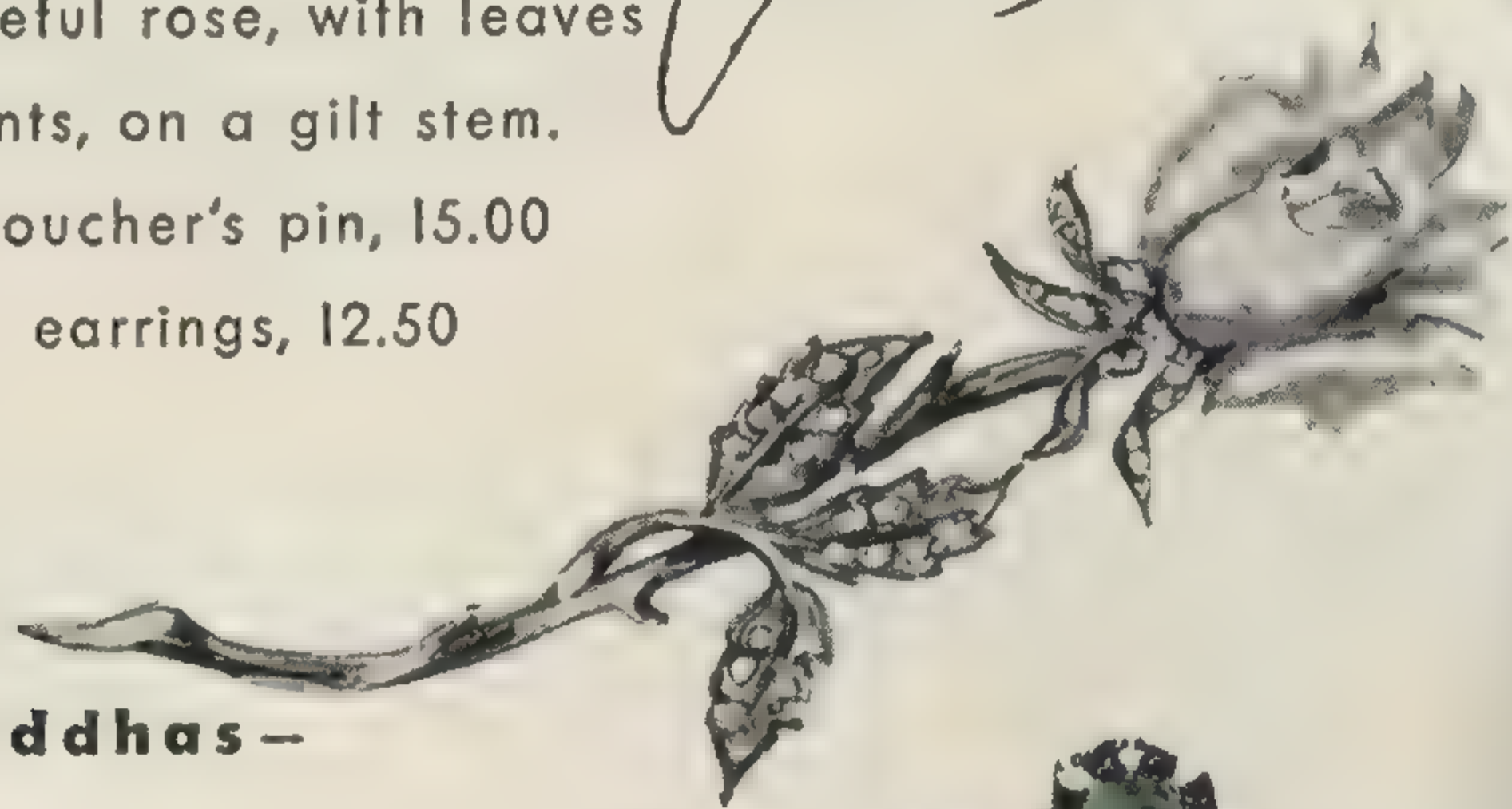
Designed

for each other—Richelieu's make-believe pearls and jade. Opera-length pearls, 12.50, jade, 11.00 Earrings, 5.00

Marcel Boucher

Carved ivory—

one graceful rose, with leaves of brilliants, on a gilt stem. Marcel Boucher's pin, 15.00 Matching earrings, 12.50



Two Buddhas—

pins with the look of rare jade, hand-set with mock sapphire and pearl. Joseph Mazer's, 15.00 the pair



Like diamonds—

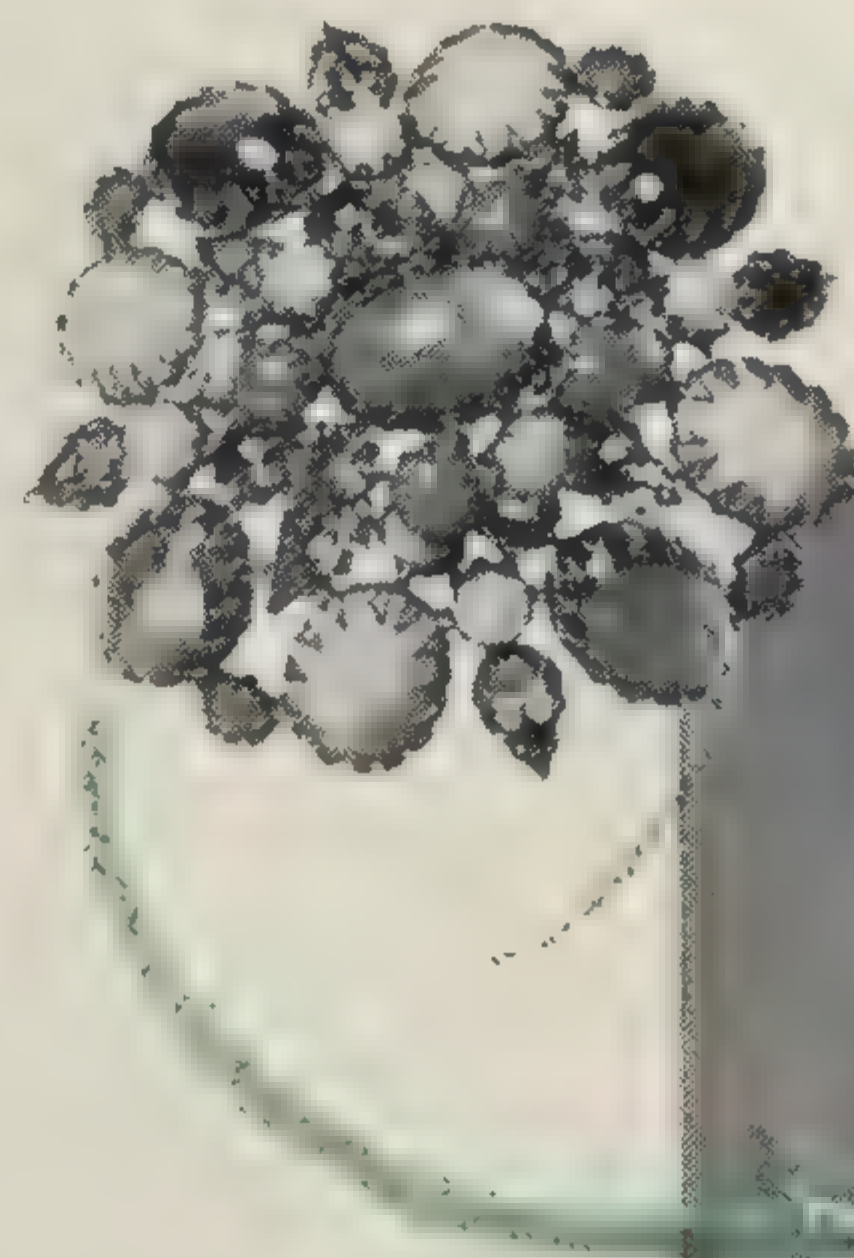
hand-set brilliants in reproduction pieces. Panetta's bracelet, 18.00, earrings with mock pearls, 7.00



All plus Federal tax. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18



SHOP



Daytime dazzle: pin to spot high up and far out on the shoulder of a bland little dress. Domed, snowflake-shaped—blue crystals and stones the colour of old amber and of pink coral, on black. \$16.50 inc. tax, ppd. Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th St., New York 22, N. Y. The dress: knitted beige or black wool, in two parts—casual, timeless; 8 to 16, \$55. Lydia Kessler, 711 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



Diamonds, roped in: ring of 18-k. gold—two bands of diamonds are set between twists of gold rope. Fourteen diamonds totalling over 1 carat. \$440 inc. tax, ppd. Van Cleef & Arpels, 746 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.



Rabbit couchant—actually, a dish made of rabbit-coloured Italian majolica, for stashing cigarettes or mints. With big, black-lashed brown eyes; 6" long. \$9.25 ppd. Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th St., N. Y. 22.

HOUND

...decked for Christmas lists



Beads, practically weightless—they're papier mâché. In tortoise-shell colours, to rope on over an ochre wool dress. Also in mottled greens, magentas, or bronzes; 32" long. \$5.80 tax inc., ppd. By House of Joy, at Pot Pourri, 260 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



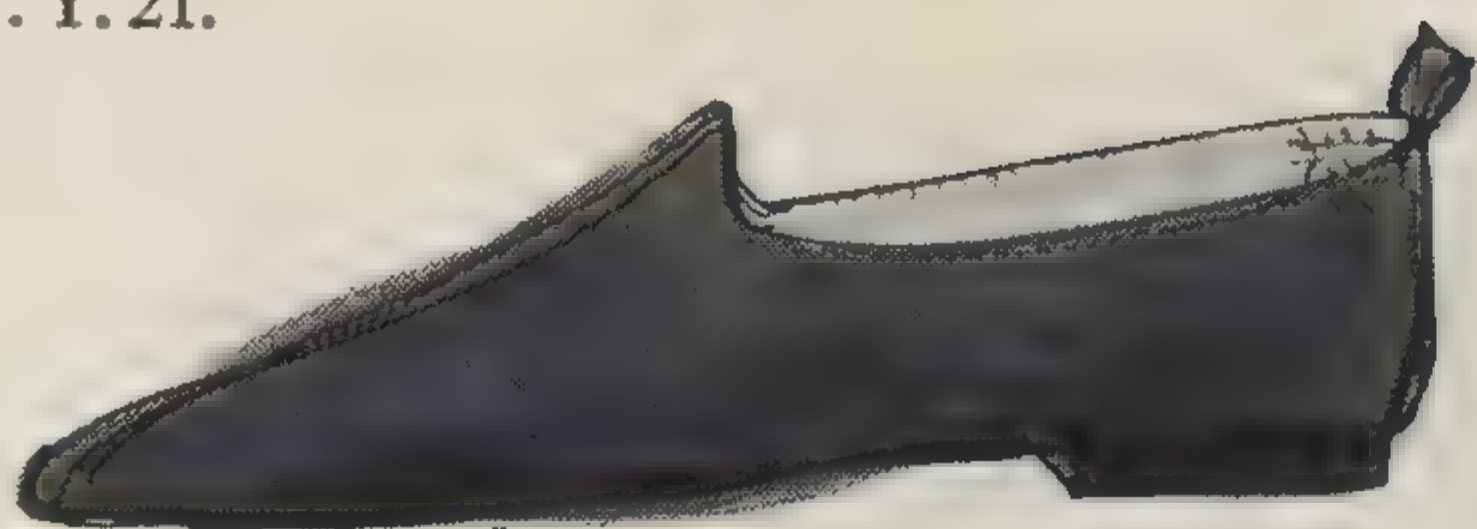
Hand-painted cigarette box and ash tray—an 18th-century French ribbon design; French blue painted on white porcelain. The box, brass-bound, 4" long: \$25.65. Ash tray, 4¾" long, \$10.65 (both ppd.). Black, Starr & Gorham, 594 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Gift for a holiday hostess: stuffing spoon, handmade of sterling silver. It's 13" long, copied from an Early American design (circa 1785 to 1795). \$22.75 inc. tax, ppd. F. J. Cooper, 1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Present for a man: slippers of glove-supple black leather—good ground-support for a smoking jacket. Lined in red grosgrain; sizes 8 to 12. \$11.50 ppd. Vesture, 808 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



EVELYN MARCIL



Costume jewel

—many-faceted pin of would-be emerald, sapphire or carnelian, set in gilt.

Designed by Benedikt, 3.00



Heirloom look

—hand-chased, 12 kt. gold-filled bracelets by Winard. The narrow one, 9.00 Wider one with black enamel, 12.00



Treasure trove

—antique gilt set with close facsimiles of jade, diamonds and pearls. DeNicola's pin, 10.00, earrings, 5.00



Supple chains

—links with polished borders, gold-plated gleam. Monet's necklace, 10.00, bracelet, 6.00 Textured earrings, 5.00

All plus Federal tax. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18

THE CLASSIC TOUCH...



in this handsome 14K white gold cultured pearl and diamond ring will elegantly enhance a pretty finger.

Ring shown—pearl set with 2 small diamonds only \$39.50.

The same ring without diamonds only \$22.50.

All prices include federal tax & postage. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

HENRY B. BALL CO.

Jewelers

251 S. Main Street, Akron 8, Ohio



The Wishing Bell

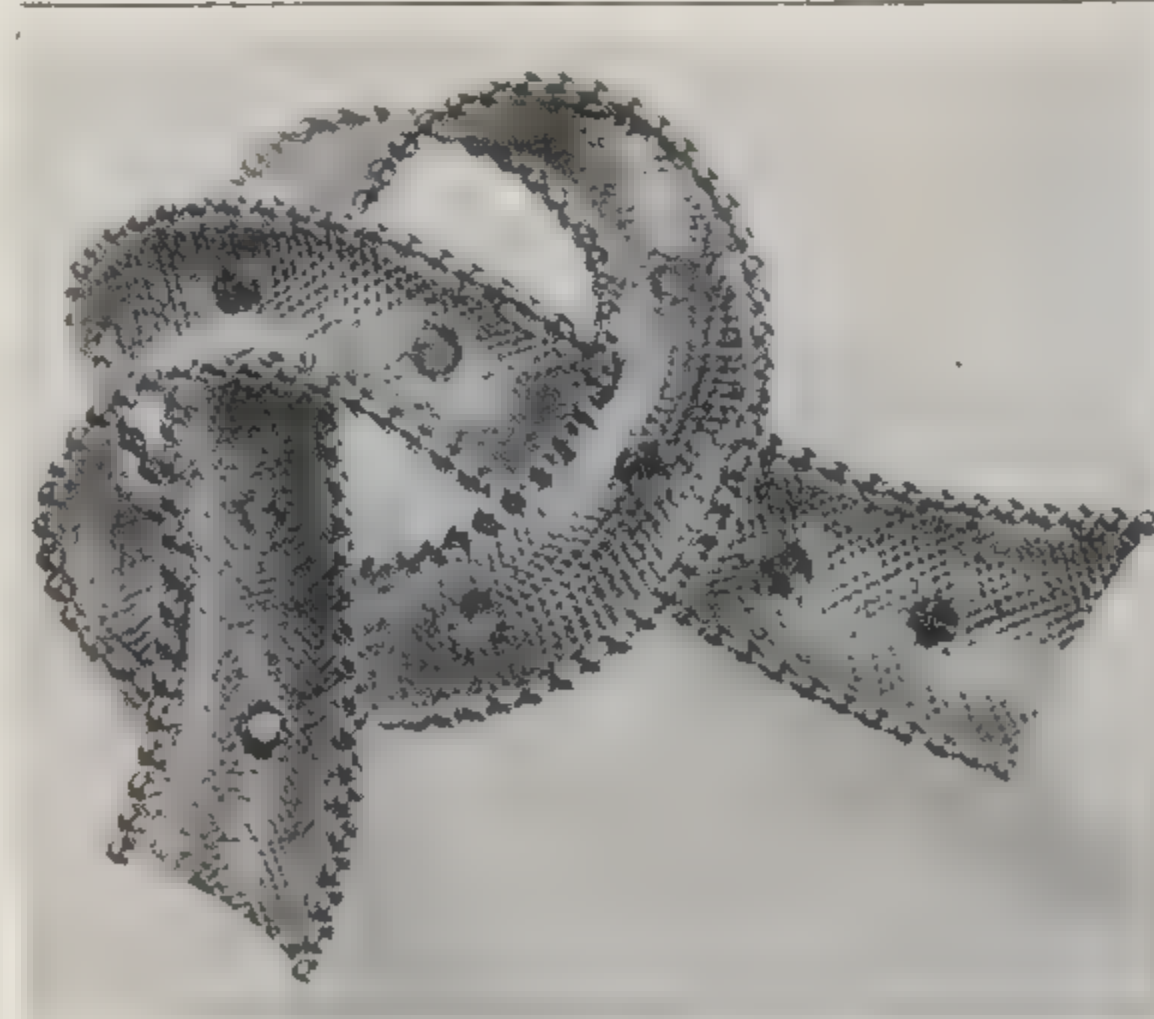
Whimsical charm in a pendant of 14K textured gold with .20 ct. emerald and a .01 ct. diamond on a fine 14K gold chain.

By Verité. (V-6) **35.00** plus tax

BEST & CO.

5th Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Mail orders filled.



Jewels Tailored for your tweeds—rubies, blue sapphires or a combination of both glisten on a ribbon-twist of textured 14 karat gold. The pin, designed by Chesterfield for Bergdorf's, shown actual size. \$59 plus 10% Fed. tax

Precious Jewel Box,
Street Floor
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

SHOP



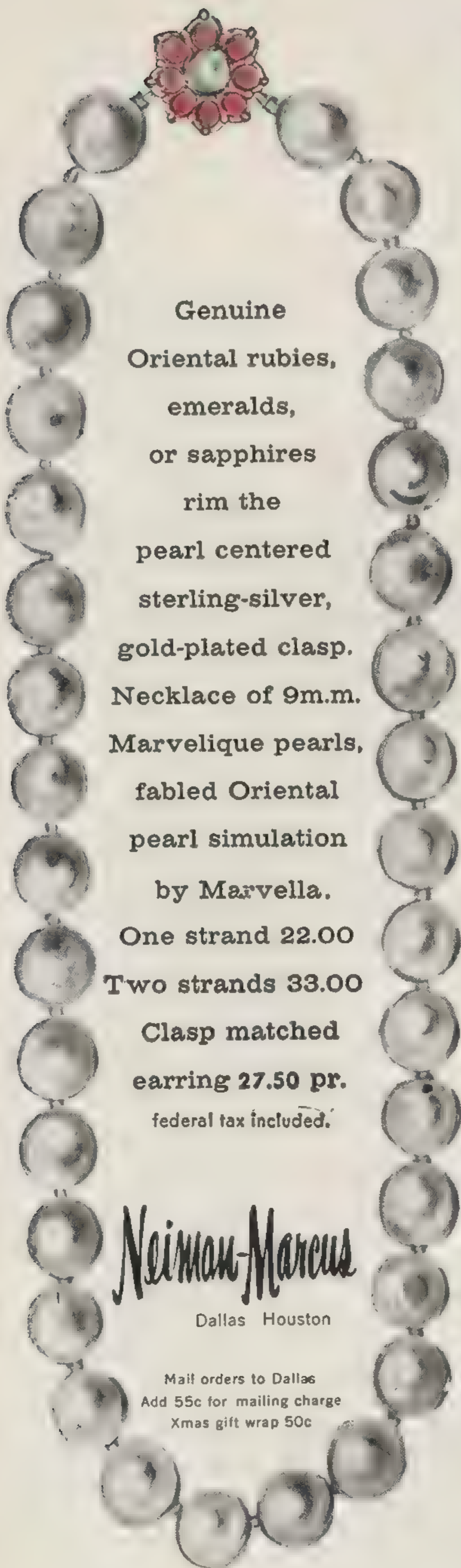
EVELYN MARCIL

A marvellous backdrop for a necklace: narrow rose-brocaded dress of black silk; 8 to 16, \$49.95 ppd. Also in red, green. Oriental Arts, 22 East 58th St., N. Y. 22. The necklace: rhinestone hoops and—spinning off them—long-tailed tassels of gilt and fake rubies. By Miriam Haskell; \$180 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

Rhinestone pin that might go out evenings with a covered-up silk dress: a burst of glitter, trailing long-distance drops. By Trifari, \$20 plus tax. At Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Crocodile-covered sports glasses that are collapsible—the eye-pieces slide outwards and, as they do, lens covers peel back. 5" wide when open, as here; 3¾" closed. Gilt and dark brown, they magnify four times. \$60 ppd. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., N. Y. 22.



Genuine
Oriental rubies,
emeralds,
or sapphires
rim the
pearl centered
sterling-silver,
gold-plated clasp.
Necklace of 9m.m.
Marvelique pearls,
fabled Oriental
pearl simulation
by Marvella.
One strand 22.00
Two strands 33.00
Clasp matched
earring 27.50 pr.
federal tax included.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 55c for mailing charge
Xmas gift wrap 50c



Hand-picked—Bendel's own 14 karat gold pin, the rose petals enfolding a precious ruby. Shown actual size, \$24, plus 10% federal tax. From The Bijoutier on our Street of Shops. Please include 45¢ for sending. 10 West 57th Street.

Henri Bendel

HOUND

...tags some new ideas

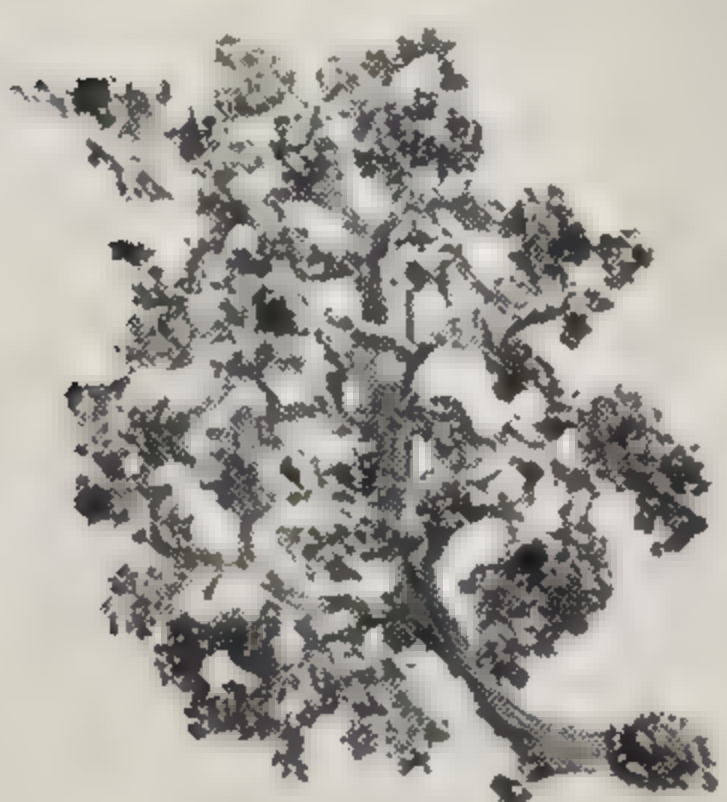


A raft of piled-up pearls—13 of them—with a dozen scattered sapphire chips, on a 14-k. gold ring: \$140 inc. tax, ppd. Also with ruby or turquoise chips. Gotham Gifts, 15 West 47th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Feather-printed parka in parrot colours (greens and tawny yellows) for after-ski. It's silk-and-rayon, reverses to brass-coloured, waterproofed nylon. Also in cocoa and beige reversing to black; blue and green, reversing to blue. By White Stag; sizes S, M, L. \$29.95. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18.



Gleaming tricolour wine cooler—copper, with brass ring handles and a silver lining; 7½" high, \$36.50 ppd. At La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.



Tree pin of 18-k. gold, worked to look like a branch of coral. In the tree: 6 small rubies, 7 small diamonds. \$275 inc. tax, ppd. Miland Jewellers, 27 East 60th St., N. Y. 22.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



A cobra circlet of twisted golden metal adds a new note of elegance to tailored necklines 7.50... matching button earrings 4.00 plus 10% federal tax

I. MAGNIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO
SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES
BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA
LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE



Miniature to life-size... butterflies in 18-karat gold and transparent multicolor enamel made in Spain exclusively for Laykin et Cie. Each butterfly has movable wings and ruby eyes... 96.00, 116.00 and 136.00 plus 10% federal tax



Miriam Haskell's wreath of pearls or rhinestones and golden metal makes the holiday rounds by day or night 7.50... the matching simulated baroque pearl and rhinestone bracelet has a pearl drop 5.00 plus 10% federal tax

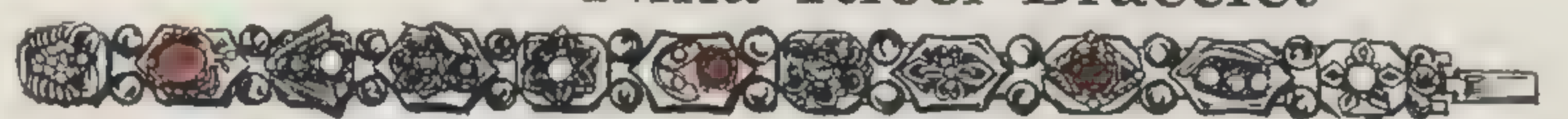
I. MAGNIN & CO.



The classic simplicity of cultured pearls achieves new importance in a 4-strand necklace of 7-millimeter baroque pearls 100.00, cultured pearl drop earrings 35.00 plus 10% federal tax

I. MAGNIN & CO.

Nina Ricci Bracelet



Bergeré designs an elegant replica of Ricci's slide bracelet, strung on chain. Each beautifully wrought, gold-plated segment set with different "jewels." Pair them, or add one to your own bracelets. \$6.00 plus Fed. Tax

Woolf Brothers
Kansas City, Missouri



Bravura brilliance

—our shoulder
flirting rhinestone
earrings.

Sliver, 10.00

Chandelier, 15.00

Tapestry, 10.00

Costume Jewelry

Collections

at

All prices plus federal tax

New York, White Plains, Springfield, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Beverly Hills,
San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Miami Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Palm Beach



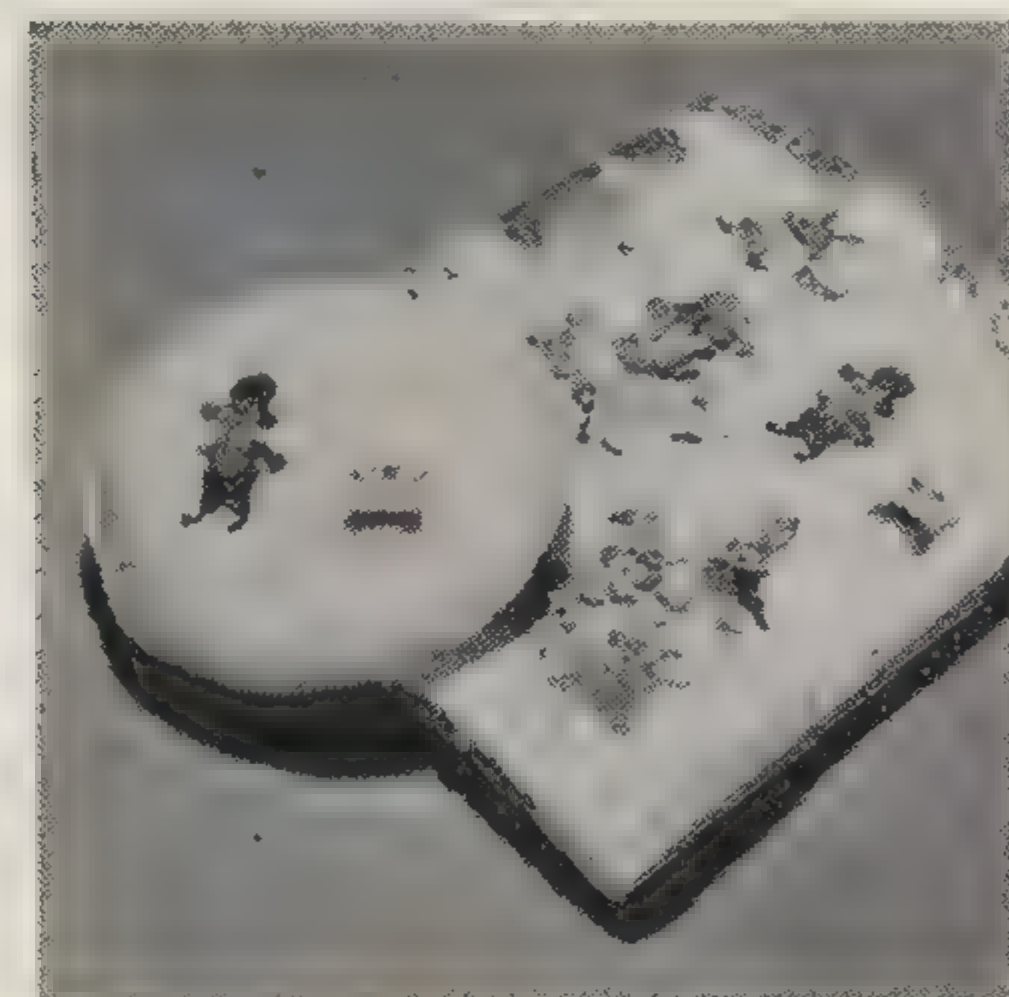
SHOP

Pillow for a child—
a Humpty-Dumpty. Soft,
stuffed, with floppy arms
and legs. Cotton calico
in several prints;
9" diameter. \$3.30 ppd.
Lighthouse Craft Shop,
111 East 59th St., N. Y. 22.

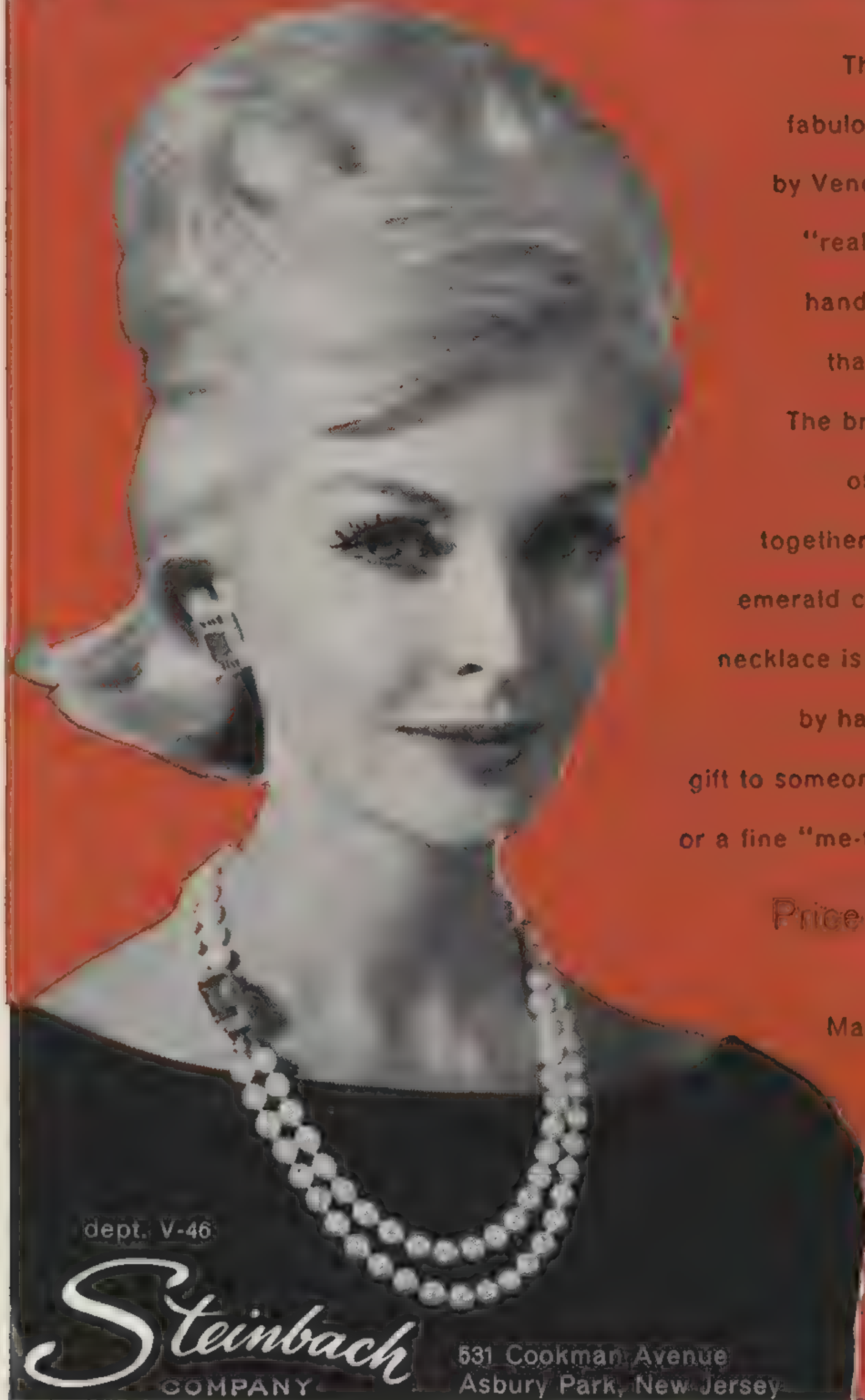


Suave Mexican cat from
Tonala. Hand-painted with
birds and flowers, it has
sketchy, bowlegged legs,
owl-sized eyes. Polished
clay—mainly green, blue,
yellow, or natural; about
5½" long. \$9 ppd.
Fred Leighton's Mexican
Imports, 15 E. 8th St., N. Y. 3.

Child-sized—a washable
white nylon puff and a
pillow, appliquéd with
well-dressed brown and blue
animals. There's a wind-up
music box inside the pillow.
Puff, 36" x 48", \$14.50 ppd.
Pillow, 10" diameter, \$7.95 ppd.
Leron, 745 Fifth Avenue,
New York 22, N. Y.



A PEARL OF A NECKLACE.



The "Princess"—
fabulously fake pearls
by Vendome. It gets its
"real" look by being
hand-dipped no less
than sixteen times.
The brand new length
of 21" is fastened
together by a simulated
emerald clasp... and the
necklace is French-knotted
by hand. The perfect
gift to someone cherished...
or a fine "me-to-me" present.

Price: **\$16.75**
ppd. tax incl.

Matched earrings—
\$6.85
ppd. tax incl.

The set—
\$23.00
ppd. tax incl.

dept. V-46

Steinbach
COMPANY

531 Cookman Avenue
Asbury Park, New Jersey



Pinafore ingredients in a
sew-it-yourself kit.
Includes: blue and white
striped denim, the pattern
printed on the inside
(it washes out); swatches
for the multicolour
appliquéd crocuses; all
thread, buttons, et cetera.
2 to 6, \$3.50; 7 to 8, \$4.25
(both ppd.). Lida Brown,
18 East 60th St., N. Y. 22.

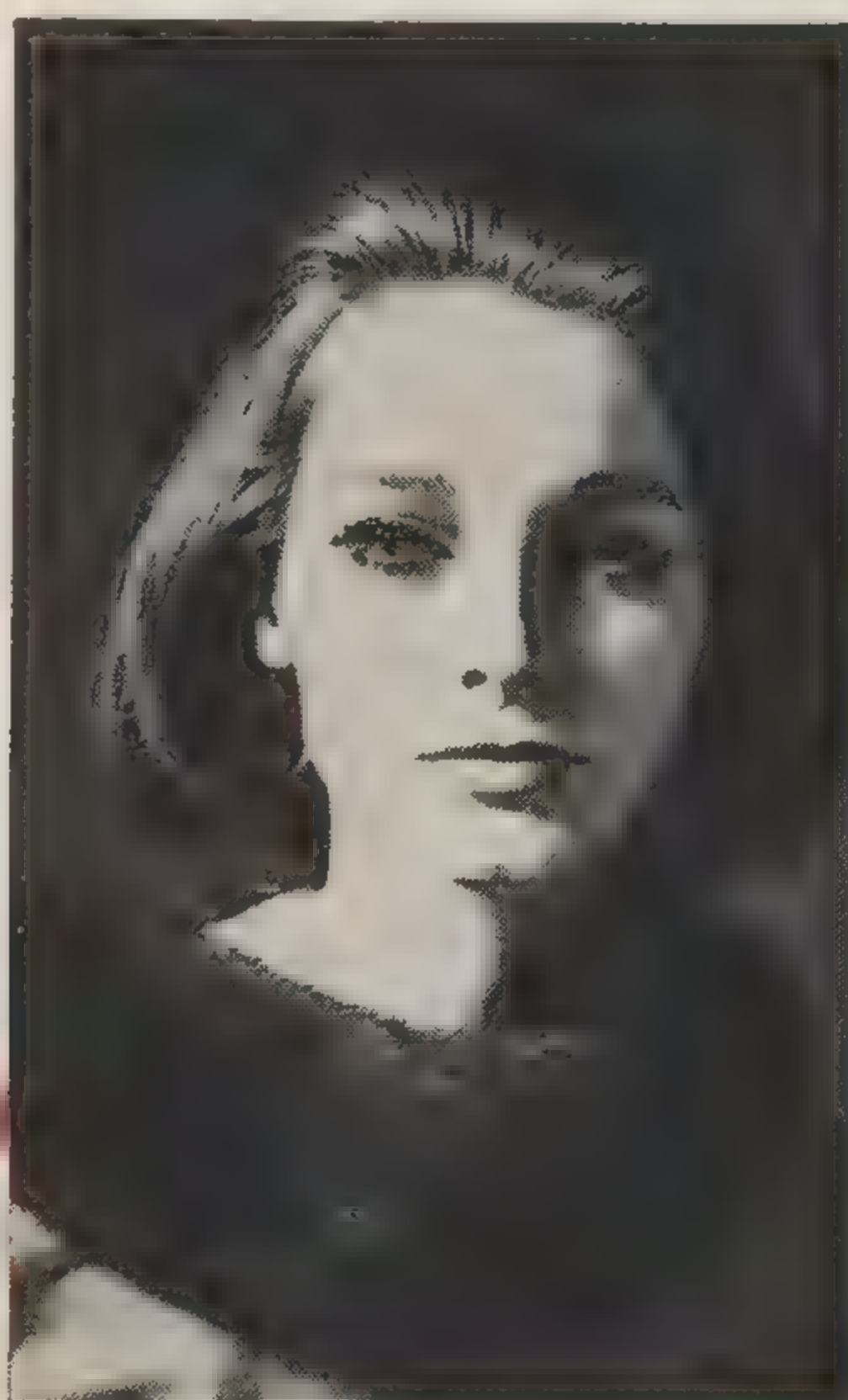
EVELYN MARCIL

HOUND

...unwraps Christmas morning

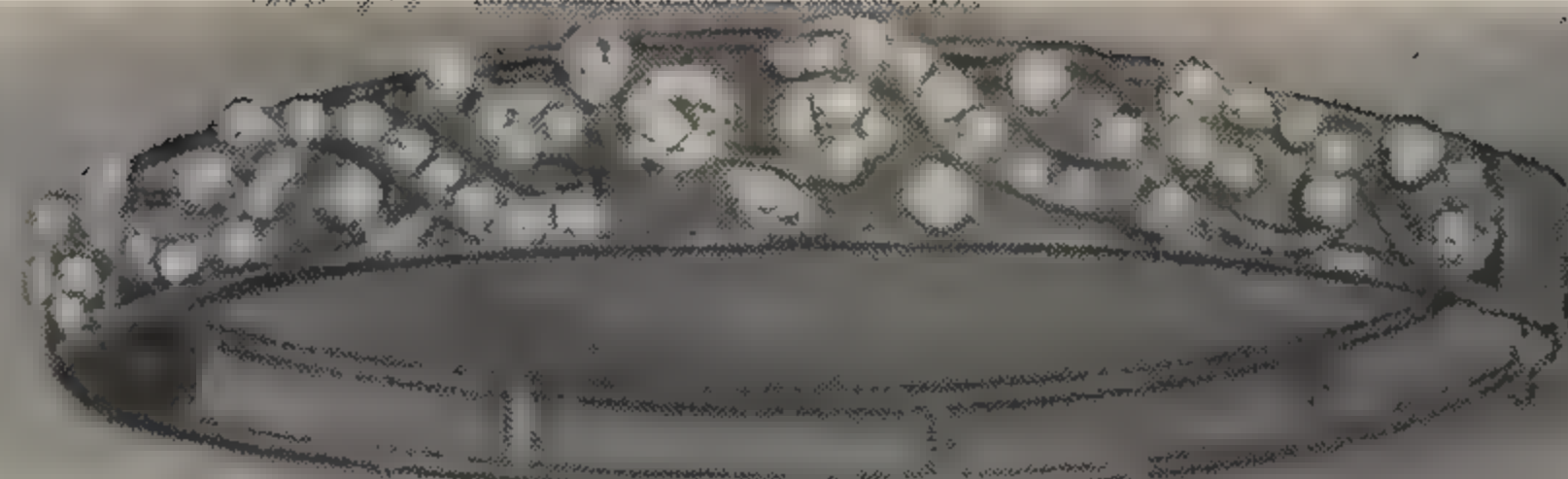


Pillbox, an invitation to ad-lib with jewels: garnet, black, brown, or green velvet. By Therese Ahrens, \$8.95. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22. Pin to ad-lib with (see above): a single baroque pearl, dangled from a clump of rhinestones, jade, rose quartz, and pearls (all fakes). By Richelieu, \$15 plus tax. Robert Pulver, 51 Madison Ave., New York 10.



The medallion earring, the necklace that's fur—adding up to a theatre evening. The earrings are emerald-green ovals, haloed by rhinestones. By Trifari, \$12.50 plus tax; at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, New York 22. The necklace—a fur boa—is natural dark ranch mink; in its non-necklace hours it might be twisted into a turban (twist-by-twist instructions come with it). Also in pastel mink. 36" long, \$49; 42½", \$69; in blended Russian sable, 36" size, \$110 (all ppd., inc. tax). Yasser, 155 West 29th St., N. Y. 1

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



Original PLATINUM DIAMOND Bangle Bracelet on 14K White Gold Frame, \$995.

PRICES INCLUDE FED. TAX.

'Daily Double' Reversible 18K Gold COIN HOLDER set on both sides with genuine Rubies or Sapphires, \$48. U.S. \$5 Gold Coin, \$17 add.

ALL MAIL ORDERS
GIFT WRAPPED
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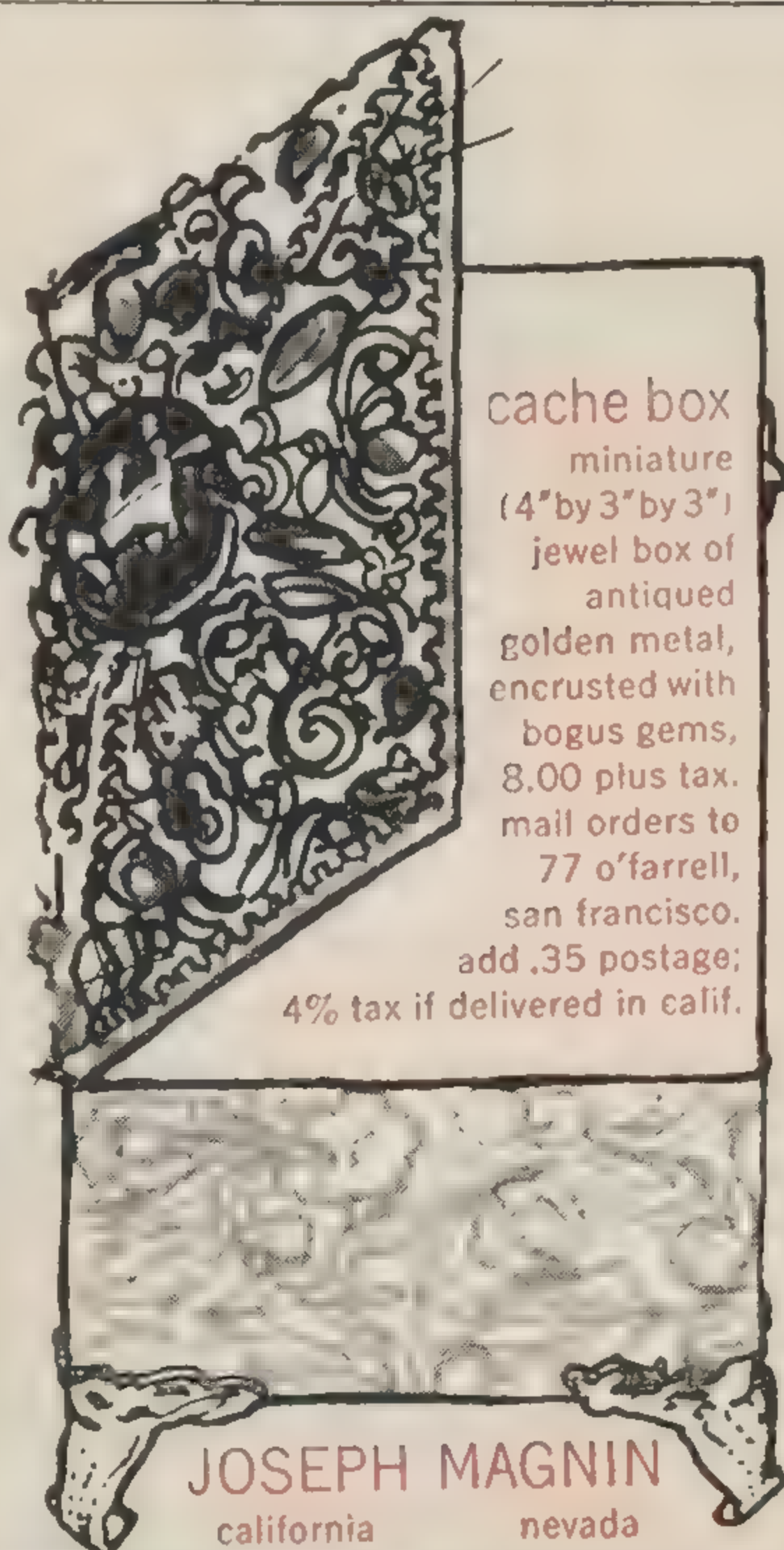
Concave or Convex 18K Gold Wedding or Anniversary Band with genuine Rubies, Sapphires and Emeralds, \$42.

Send for Gift Brochure.

Perennial Classic BROOCH, 18K Gold with matched Cultured Pearls and 32 genuine Rubies, Sapphires or Emeralds, \$85.

LEWKOWITZ

430 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK • Plaza 5-4241



cache box
miniature
(4" by 3" by 3")
jewel box of
antiqued
golden metal,
encrusted with
bogus gems,
8.00 plus tax.
mail orders to
77 o'farrell,
san francisco.
add .35 postage;
4% tax if delivered in calif.

JOSEPH MAGNIN
california nevada



Simulated
pearls and
diamonds

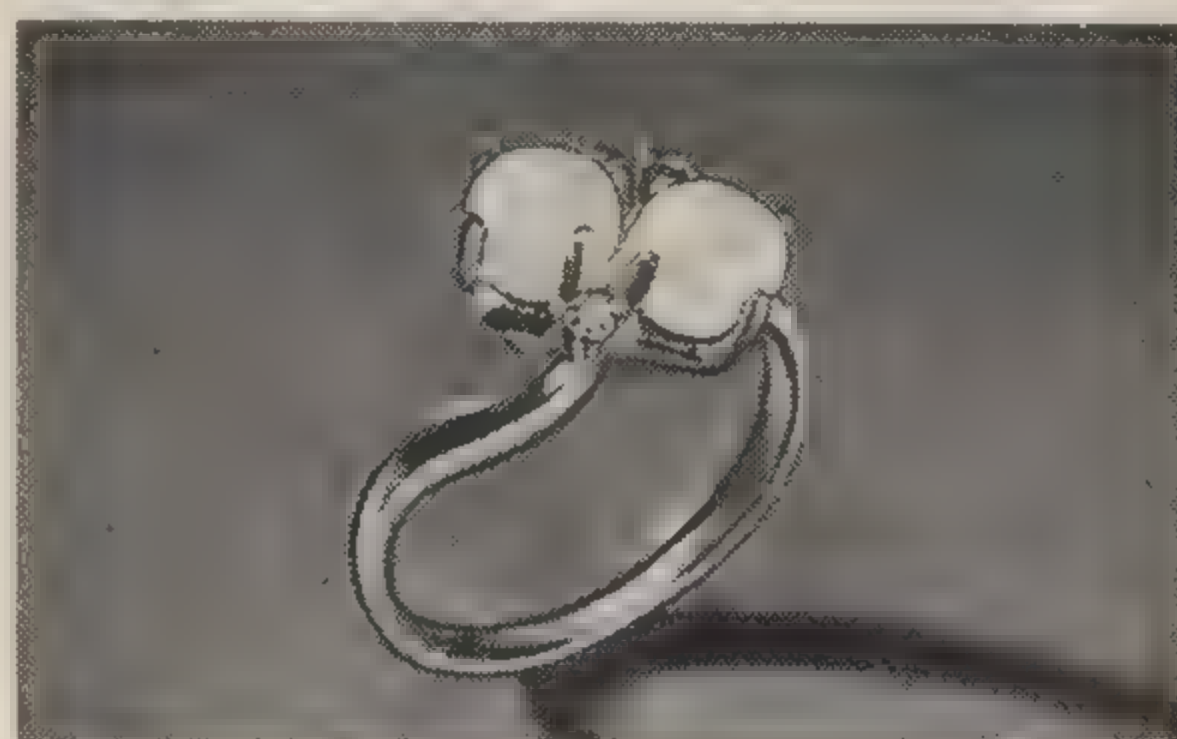
Costume pair
by Marvella...
with white and
black mock
pearls in a mock
diamond and
rhodium finished
setting.

Ring, adjustable,
(V-7) 5.00

Earrings, (V-8) 4.00 Plus tax

BEST & CO.

5th Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Mail orders filled.



*Cultured Pearls
and Diamonds*

Charmed circle... our 14K gold ring set with a graceful spray of two cultured pearls (each 6 millimeters) and two sparkling diamonds. A ring you'll be proud to wear on important occasions... an exquisite gift for a lady of taste. \$35.00 includes postage and federal tax.

Mail Orders? Indeed! State ring size. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

William Berns
JEWELERS

435 Madison Ave., New York 22



"GOLDEN THISTLE"...

this triple-tier adaptation of a thistle by Francois makes a distinctive brooch. Approximately 4¾" long \$5.85
The matching drop earrings \$3.85
The complete set \$9.50
All prices include federal tax & postage. These pieces also available in silver.

HENRY B. BALL CO.,
Jewelers

251 S. Main Street, Akron 8, Ohio

merrin



530 MADISON AVE.
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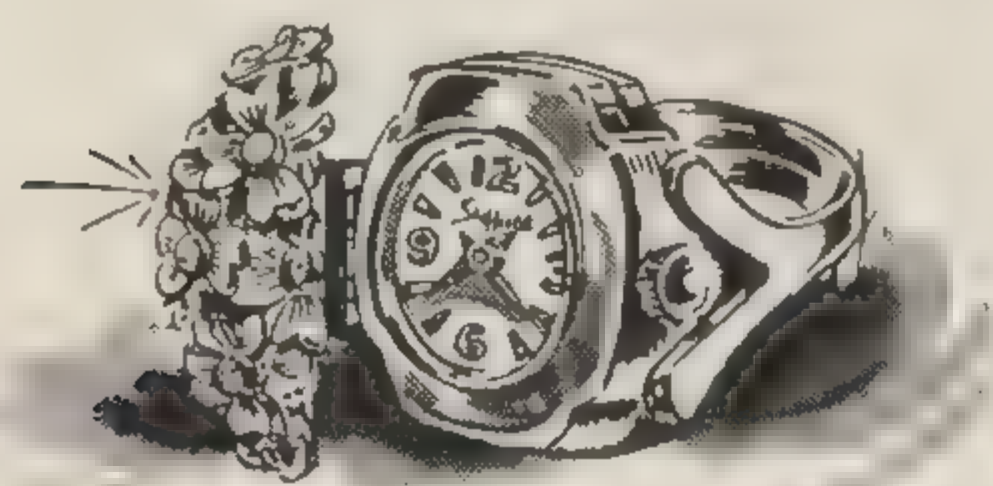
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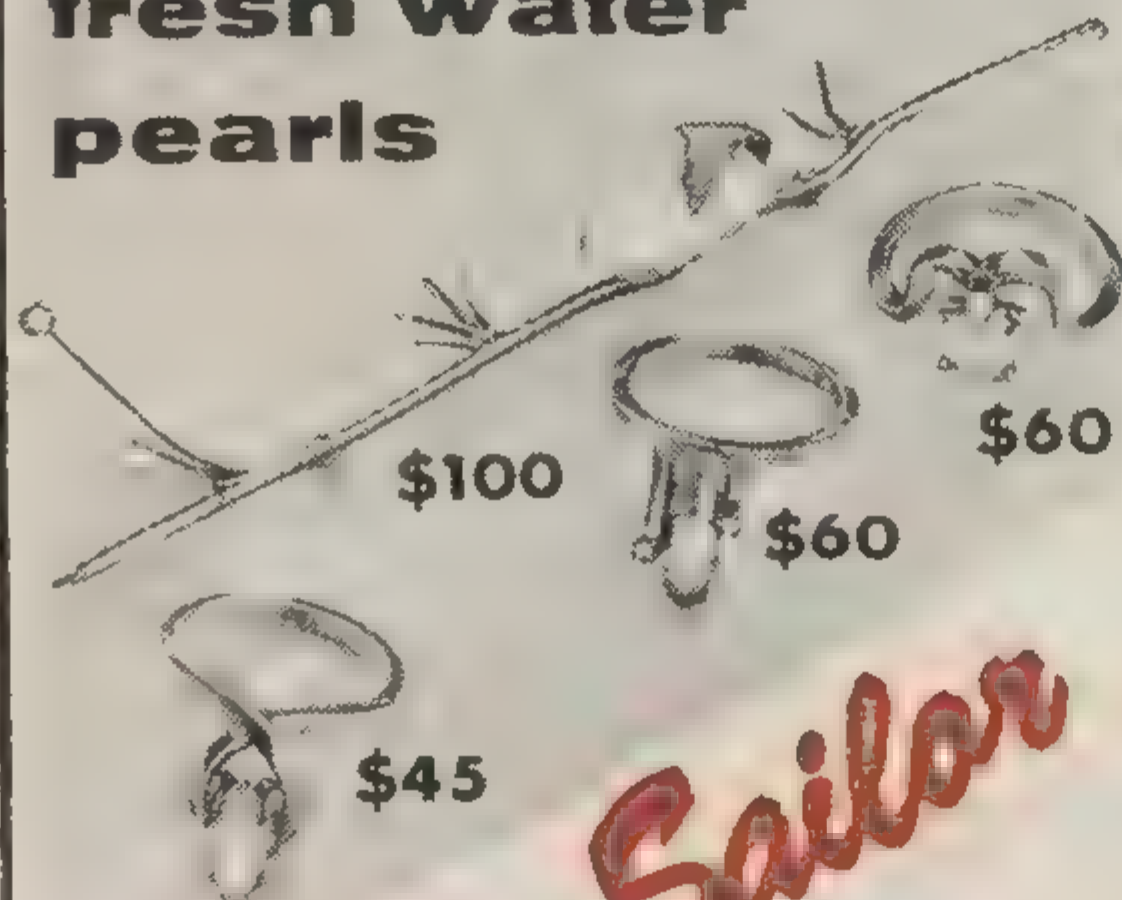
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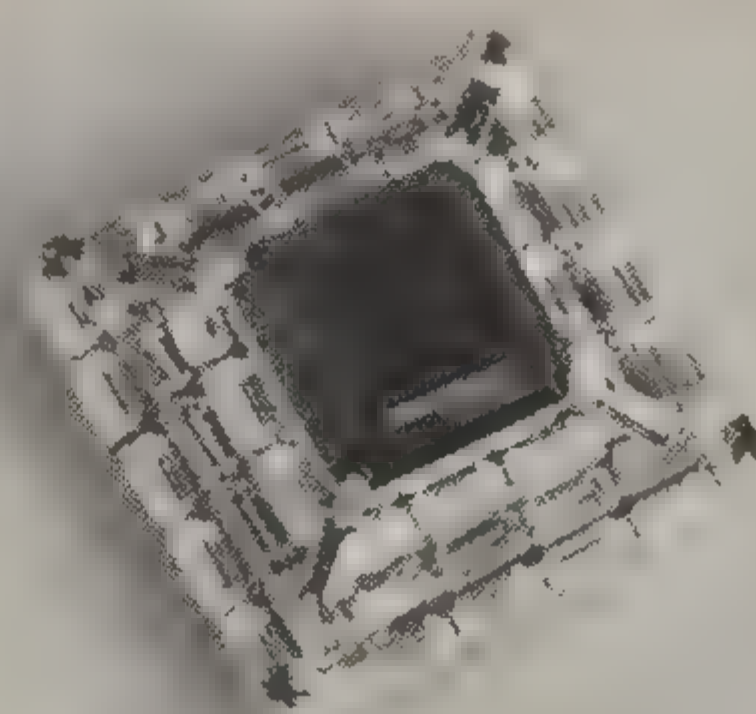
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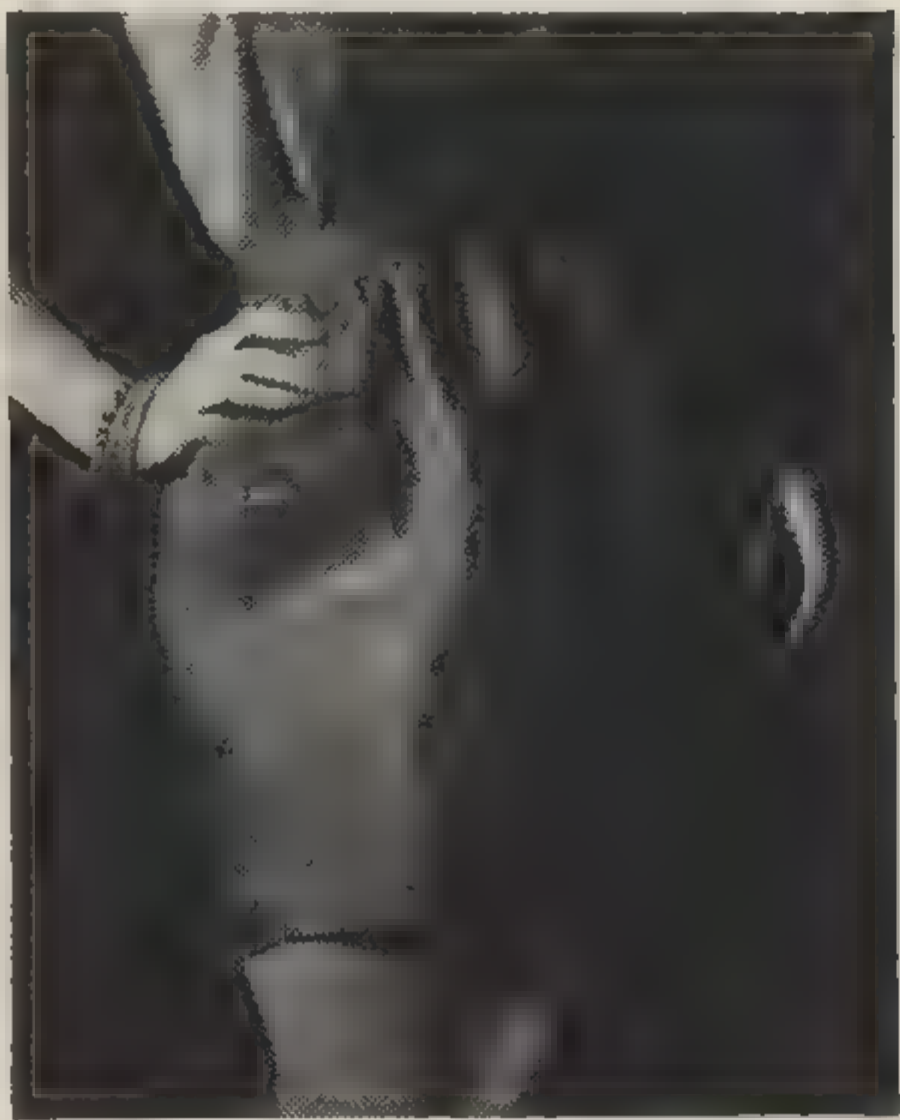
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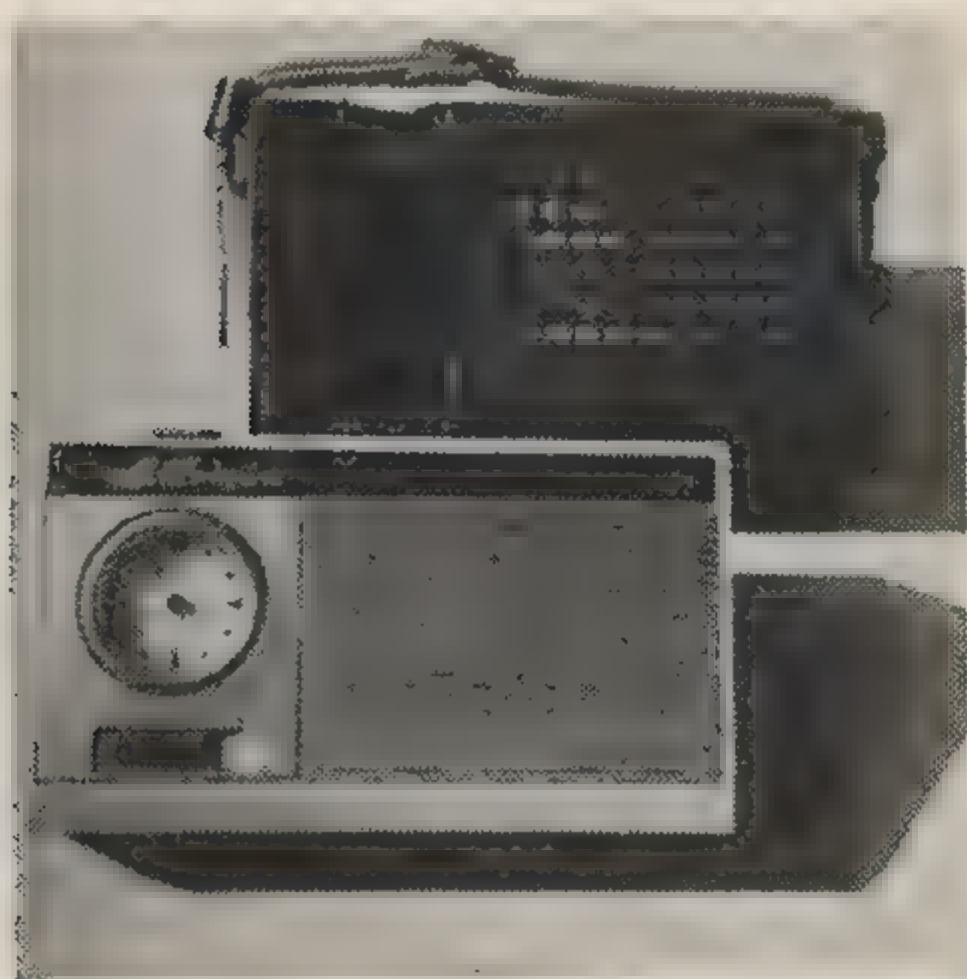
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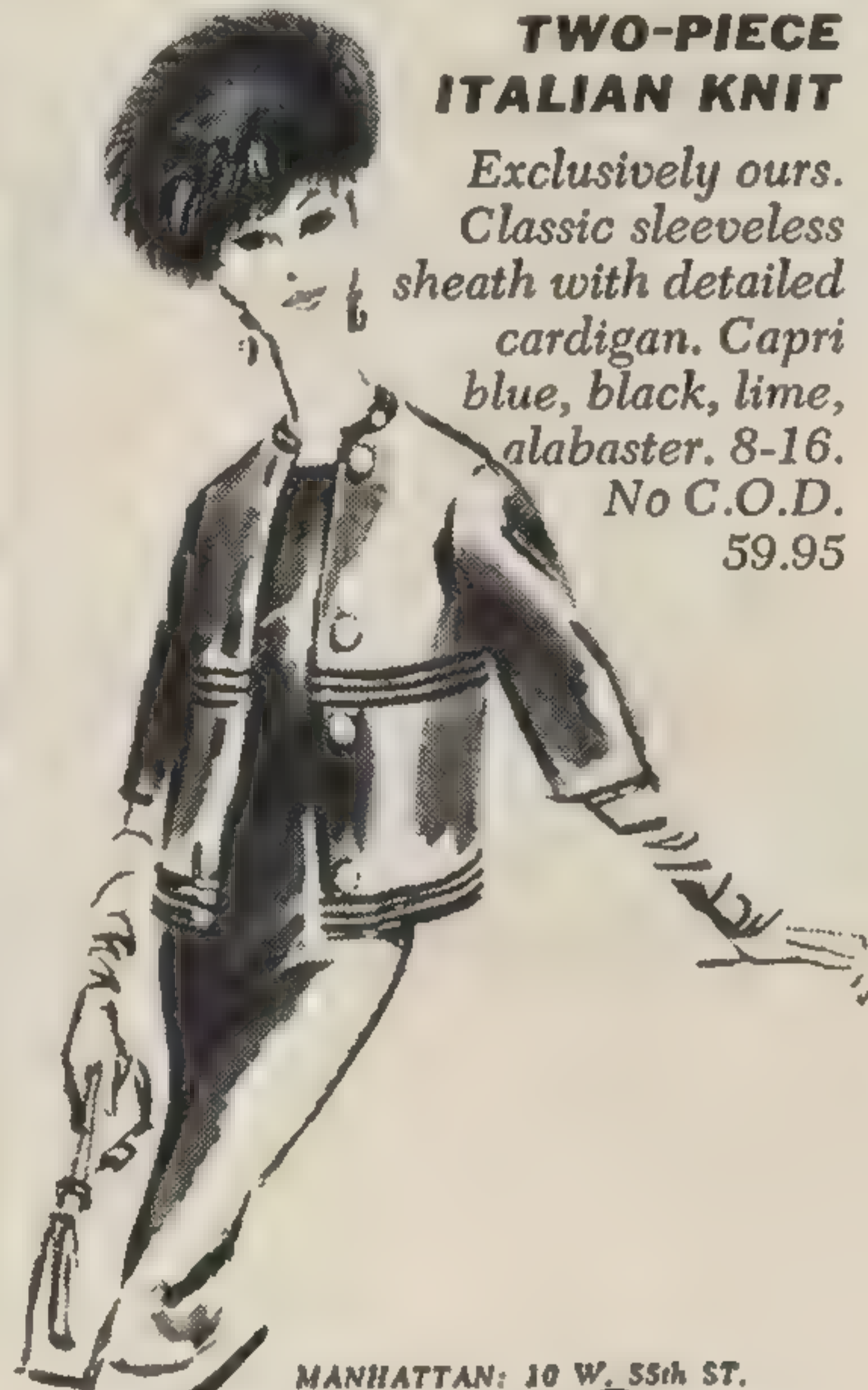
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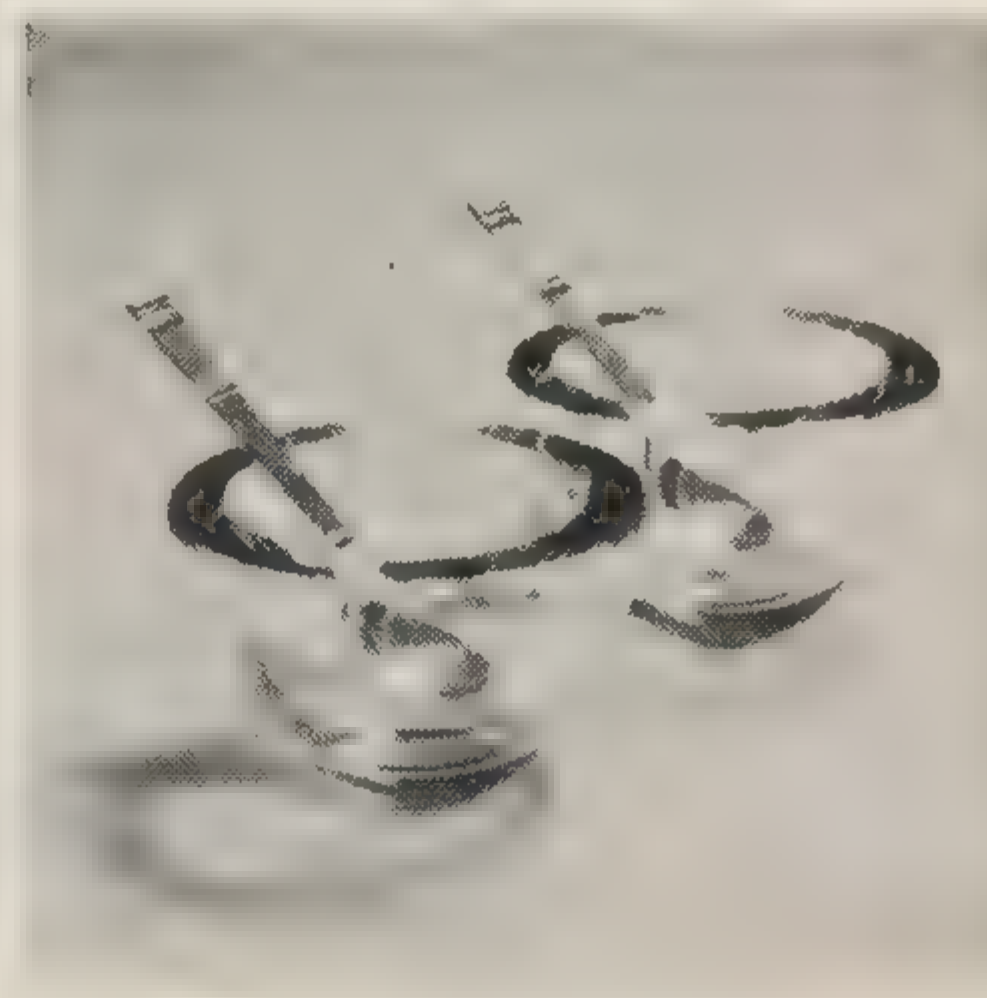
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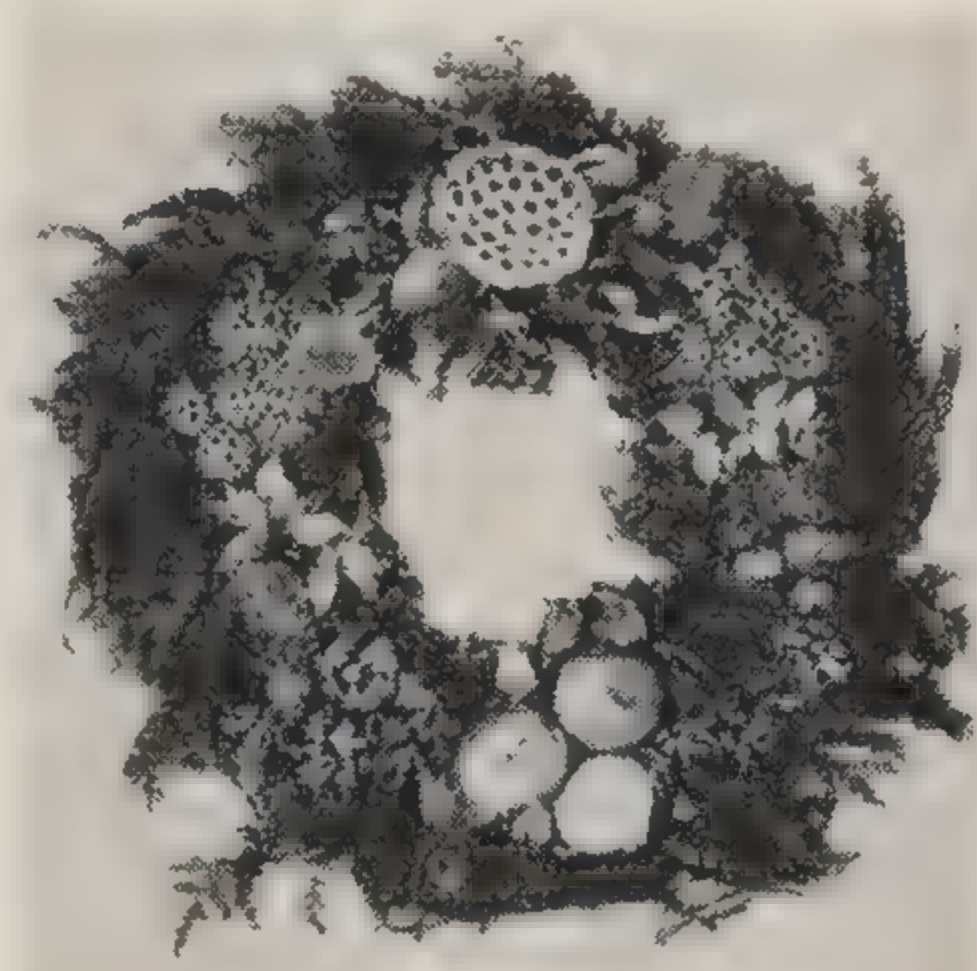
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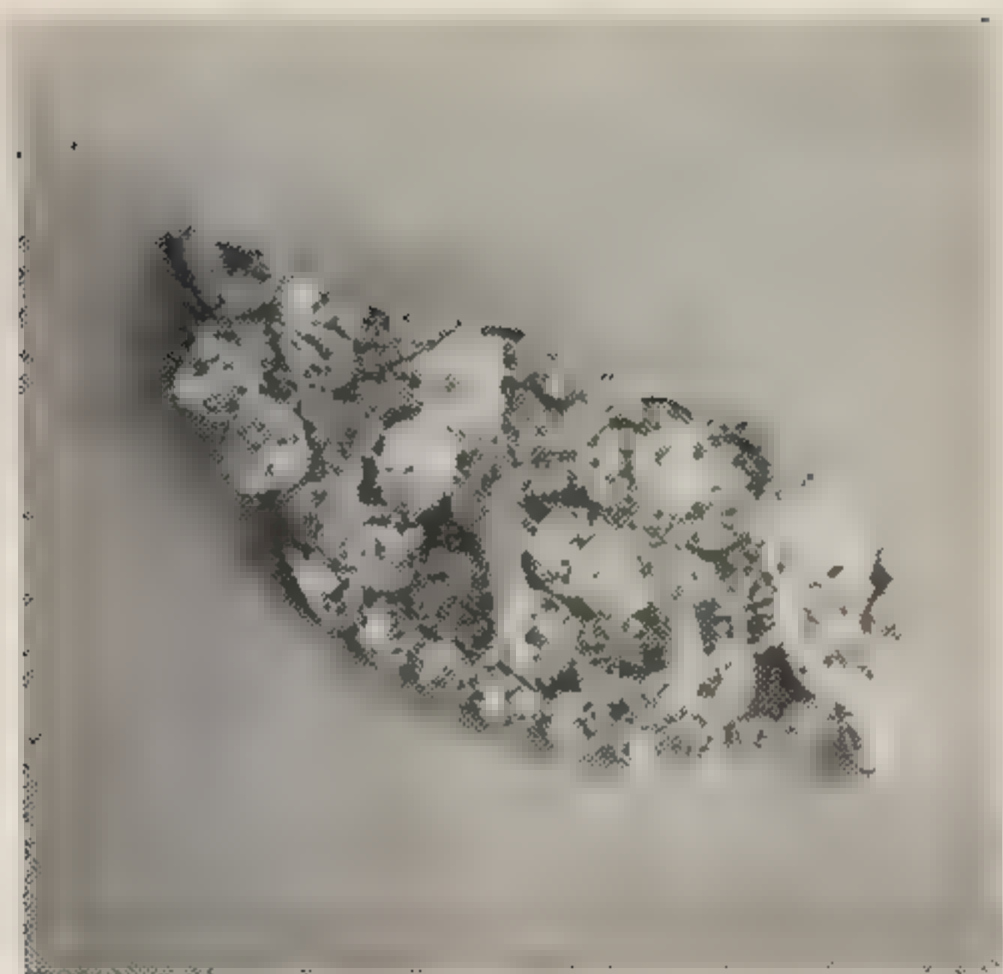
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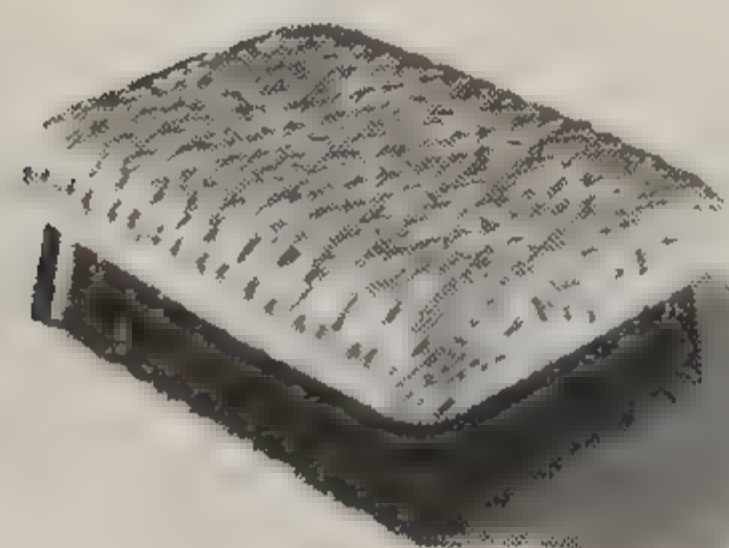


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Vogue's eye view of the twist toward jazzy boîtes

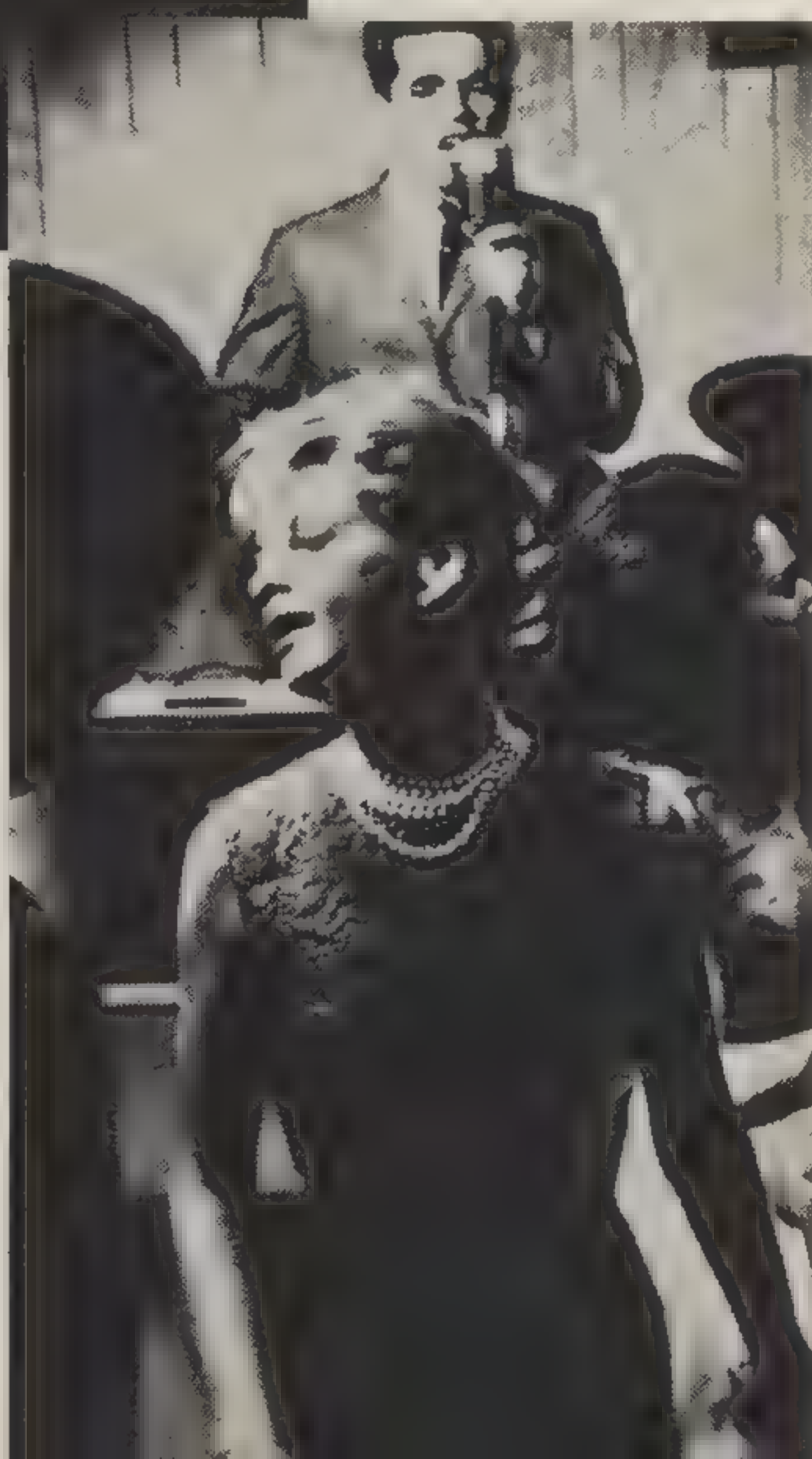
A ninety-year-old San Francisco widow, asked why she so often deserted the St. Francis Hotel in order to spend the night sitting quietly near a crap table in Reno, explained happily: "That's where the action is." Where lots of the New York action is, this season: the jumpy small

boîtes like the Wagon Wheel and Small's Paradise—with raging bands and new customers flinging their hips. One among these places is the Peppermint Lounge, a noisy, crushed jazz place on West 45th Street, owned by an ex-cop, with a mixed grill of patrons—young sailors, pretty girls, and a fine smattering of the golden group from the East Side. What goes on there is mostly The Twist, that rock-and-roll dance based on getting the beat from the waist down ("You gotta feel it, honey," one Vogue editor was told by a duck-tailed teen-aged bystander). Here, at the Peppermint Lounge, three of the young women invited to dance The Twist, a few evenings ago, at the big Four Seasons party to benefit Girls' Town, Florida. *Top*, Miss Pamela Drexel; *centre, left to right*, Mrs. Robin Butler and Miss Pamela Colin, twisting here with James Kirkwood; *below*, Mrs. Butler. At the microphone, Joey Dee.

He and his band, The Starlites, twist away at the Peppermint as engagingly as jazz-crazed koala bears who know where the action is.



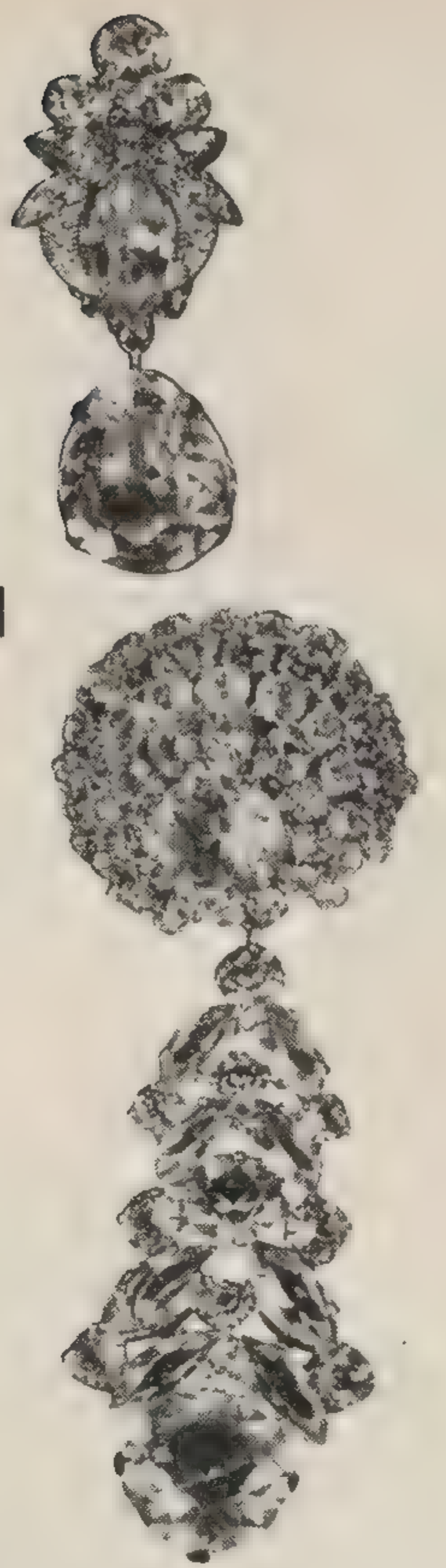
DUANE MICHALS





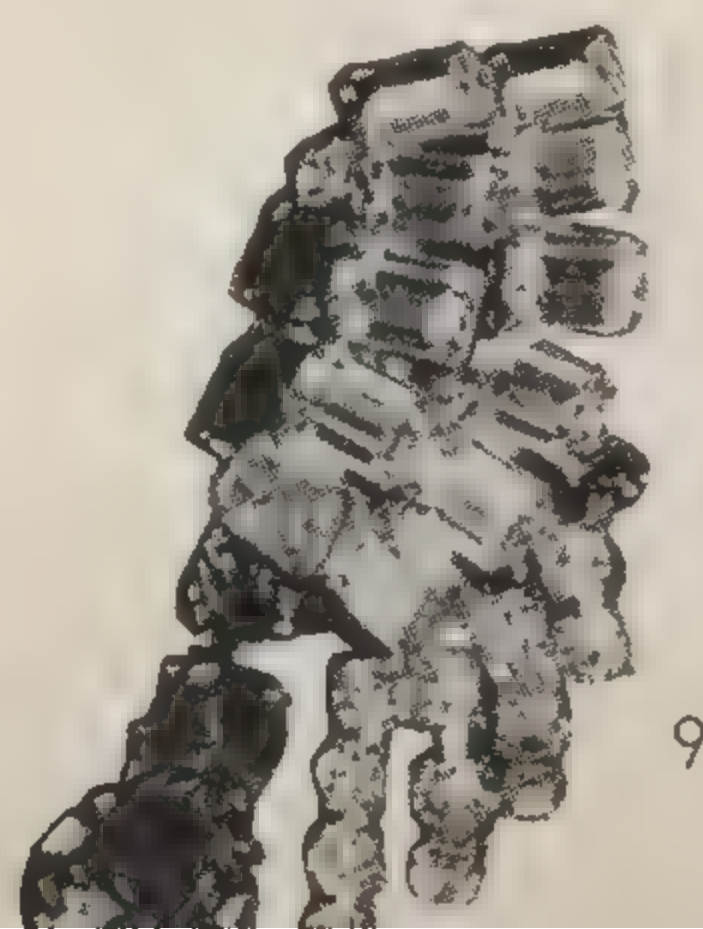


**WHERE TO PUT
THE GLITTER IN
YOUR
LATE-DAY LIFE**



*a*ll that glitters here is pure fakery and excitement, ten pages of dazzle, where it goes—often now to places it has seldom been before—and the clothes it goes on. On page 183 are more fresh ideas on glitter placing. At the left: Lanvin Castillo put his pin of pearly grapes, drenched with rhinestone dew and clipped to a white satin ribbon, in relatively unknown pin space—the outside of the sleeve, near the edge, of his white gros de Londres dinner suit. The pin, in America at I. Magnin. This page: Top, rhinestone pear dangled from a rhinestone cluster; earrings by Eisenberg, about \$12.50*. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel. Centre: earring of amethyst, topaz, sapphires, all pseudo, dripping from a pavé dome, designed by Christian Dior-New York, about \$27.50*. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Below, crescent shaped button earring of rhinestones and fake emeralds, by Hobé, \$12*. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

*PLUS TAX





b brilliant rocky bar pins and armlets, elaborate—in fact, crusty—with stones and glitter, are big news flashes in jewellery this season. The bar pin, this page, a smoky green jewelled and rhinestoned overstatement of the classic narrow bar pin, is worn here with a long beige cascade of crêpe; dress neckline steeply plunged. Pin by Miriam Haskell, about \$50*; dress by Maurice Rentner, about \$190. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. The rhinestone armlets, opposite page, one a circlet of baguettes, the other a stony cluster, are shown with a short bare evening dress—the length we think they look best with—this dress, of dark green satin. Armlets by Schreiner, top one about \$25*, other \$22*; Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Dress, a Jacques Heim copy at Elizabeth Arden. *PLUS TAX

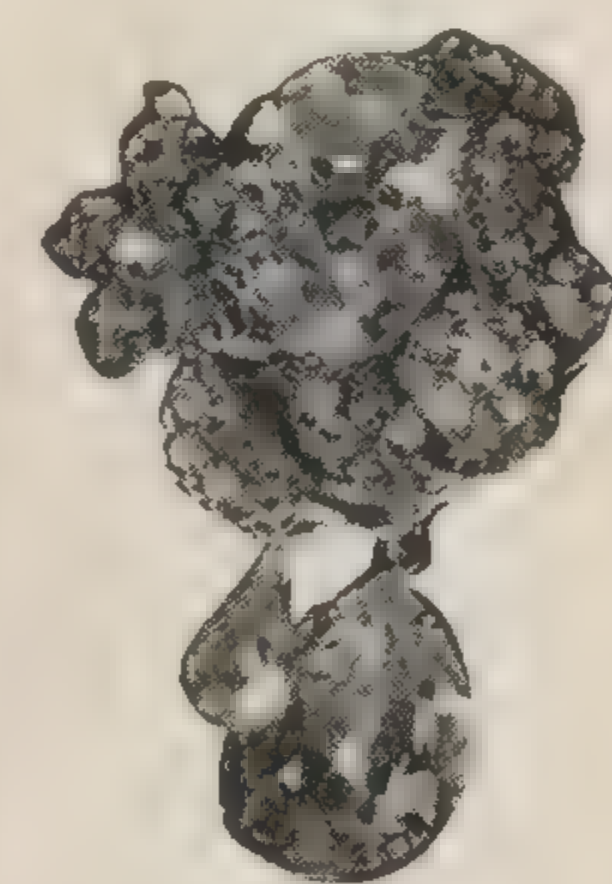




MORE LATE-DAY GLITTER

Chain reactions in glitter, huge luminous necklaces. On this page, four strands of phony pearls pendant with double medallions of rhinestones and blood-red stones—this, one of the freshest ways to wear pearls. By Trifari, about \$80*, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. At the top of this page, an earring that sets up no mean blaze of its own—a baroque treatment of rhinestones hanging vine-like from one central gem. By Albert Weiss, about \$18* at Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros. In the smaller earring, right below, are tear-shaped rhinestones involved with more rhinestones, small enough not to look too on-stage with a big jewelled collar. Earrings by De Mario, about \$24*, at Altman's. On the facing page, two necklaces of two-faced jewels, glowing dark on both sides of their fake pearl frames: one is five strands of deep topaz-coloured stones, the other, three strands of stained-glass blue ovals, both interspersed with translucent cut glass beads, fake pearls. Strong glitter, they look quite dashing worn almost as an ascot with a brocade or matelassé suit. More of the autumnal shadowed glitter here in the earrings, strictly not companion pieces for the necklace, but one of the important earring shapes—like miniature eggplants encrusted with garnet and pink stones. Both necklaces and earrings by Castlecliff: five-strand necklace, about \$45*, three-strand about \$28*; earrings about \$18*. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. French-drenched pink lipstick: G-17—one of twenty-five shades in Stendhal's new line of G-Sen lipsticks: Saks Fifth Avenue.

*PLUS TAX



HORST







i

n quantities that amount to a conflagration, rhinestones and more rhinestones, cool fire spreading fast across late-day life. The necklaces, opposite page, one double, one triple strand of round chunky stones, are worn with beige silk satin, a startlingly monochromatic idea about glitter. The dress is a long narrow shaft of allure—not a superfluous line in sight. The necklaces by Accessocraft, about \$35* each. The dress, by Talmack. Both are at Bonwit Teller, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. The pear prickled with rhinestones, this page, is one of the biggest jewels ever grown. Where its glitter goes is un-clichéd pin territory—the ribcage; here slipped into a long uncluttered dress of magnificent green silk brocade woven in a tulip design. Dress, made to order, and pin by Hattie Carnegie. Pin about \$40*, also Horwitz's, Sakowitz. Coiffures are by Coiffures Americaines.



Jewelled lace, opposite page, in a collar of rhinestones shimmering with false turquoise drop-lets—this necklace shape is important, a graceful pendant collar tapered toward the clasp, to wear either with a covered-up satin dress or theatre suit, or with a long bare evening dress. The hat, a peacock-green beaded and rhinestoned turban, swathed in veiling, is too much of a dazzler in its own right to get along in real life with much jewellery; by Sally Victor. The make-up with all this brilliant fakery should be a clear warm natural counterpoint; like the one on this page, for instance; by Estée Lauder. Necklace, by Scaasi, about \$90* at Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson. This page, top row: Sea-flower pin, its petals delicate sprays of twisted gilt, to bloom at night amid ropes of pearls, or on a suit during the day. Pin by Monet, \$10* at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Bogus pavé pearls dangling like grapes from gilt and rhinestones whorls, eloquent enough to star alone without a necklace. These earrings by Vendôme, about \$10*, at Altman's; Meier & Frank. Snowflake of rhinestones hung with a pseudo pearl—as some of the freshest-looking pins are this season. By Richelieu, \$10*, at Henri Bendel; Hutzler's. Entwined glitter, one three-strand necklace of baroque pseudo pearls mixed with gilt and rhinestone beads, and a four-strand necklace of baroque pseudo pearls alternated with cut glass balls. Both necklaces by Valjean, the three strand one, \$7.50*; four strands \$10*, at Bloomingdale's. Rhinestone ribbon bowed and looped through a fake emerald centre, dangling another bogus emerald by a rhinestone thread—a wonderful way to tie up a bare little black crêpe or champagne-and-lemon brocade evening suit. Pin by Joseph Mazer, about \$40*, at Bonwit Teller. Second row: Coiled crescent moon of rhinestones that is rayed with fake pearls—just one of the places it looks dashing is pinned to the side of a gold lamé or velvet beret. Pin by Schreiner, about \$36*, at Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson. Gilt ribbon bracelet textured like grosgrain and edged in rhinestones, by Kramer about \$5* at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's. Sprays of gilt dusted with rhinestones, a pair of the smaller earrings to balance a great pendant jewelled collar or excesses of fake pearls. These earrings by Bergère, about \$10*, at Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer.

*PLUS TAX



DAZZLE CONCENTRATES: FURS, JEWELS

New fur and jewel looks, on this and the next pair of pages, that take their devastation straight, pour undiluted dazzle over late-day or evening clothes. The furs, chinchilla and sable, are small in the sense that they're not coats—very unsmall are their effects. These, to be worn like jewels, and sparked by more. The dazzle here—a long-distance stole (eight and one-half feet) of chinchilla that starts out straight—wraps into a magnificent cocoon that could take any number of shapes. Icing for this: a diamond necklace and earrings. Stole by Georges Kaplan, of Empress chinchilla. Jewels by Harry Winston. Coiffures, on this and the next page, swept to cabochon smoothness by Thierry of the Helena Rubinstein salon.

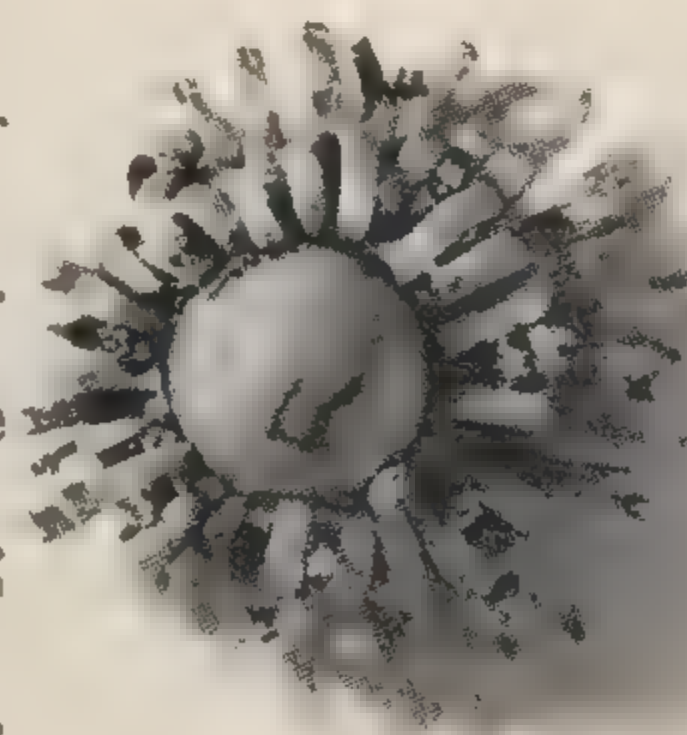
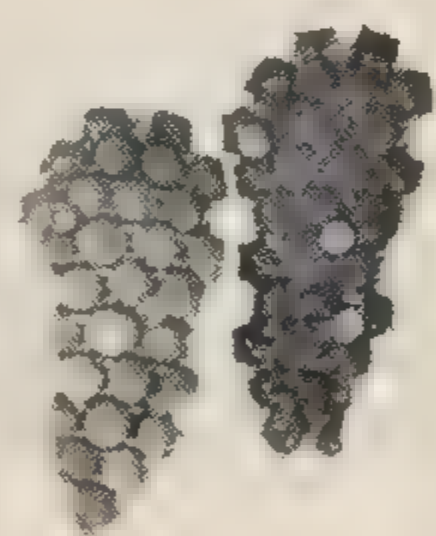








MORE DAZZLE that makes a life-work of flattery—a sable jacket, at left, hipbone length with a flat ringed collar, fat little stripes-around sleeves. Re-dazzling this—gold and diamond jewels by Harry Winston. The jacket by B. Wollman, of natural Russian Crown sable; at Lord & Taylor. Jewel-fall, *this page*—all new, beautifully made, and good dazzle-investments now. At top, a short, ribbon-twist necklace of gold and diamonds. Black, Starr & Gorham. *Second:* Fringed clip or pendant of pearls and gold. By Fashion Jewels; \$900* at Bergdorf Goodman. *Third:* Two pea-pods, like as—gold pins enamelled in green, with brushed gold calyxes, tiny diamonds. Black, Starr & Gorham; \$225 each. *Fourth:* Two small clips, pavé in coral, turquoise, or sapphire, frosted with diamond specks. By Black, Starr & Gorham. Coral or turquoise, \$150; sapphire, \$300. *Fifth:* Coral ring with strips pavé in diamonds. By Fashion Jewels; \$595* at Bergdorf Goodman. *Sixth:* Sea-anemone pin; cabochon turquoise centre, diamond and gold tentacles. \$1,190*. By Fashion Jewels. Bergdorf Goodman. *Seventh:* Sprig-pin of brushed gold, bearing one pink coral berry. By Black, Starr & Gorham; \$65.






**Detailed: 1962
Studebaker "Hawk"
Gran Turismo**

Woman

If you want to know about *bonsai*, you go to a Japanese gardener. If you want to know the ins and outs of Delos, you take it up with someone who's been there. If you want to know about cars, you just might ask a woman—she ought to know, because she probably lives in one. One thing's certain: what she sees in a car won't be what a man sees in it. As we get on with our review of 1962 cars on these ten pages, you'll see what we mean.

Another thing: women drive more—much more—than non-women seem to think they do. How much more is a guess. With all the studies of car use and surveys of driving habits, no one seems to have questioned how many of the 720 billion vehicle miles driven in the U.S.A. each year are driven by women; even from the usually trove-y archives of AAA, no comment. But by piecing together certain available facts, and bending over backwards to be conservative, we've come up with this figure: at least 39% of the driving in the U.S.A. is done by women—not counting the special-license driving of lady taxi drivers and lady truck drivers (though we find it hard, even in the interest of keeping our statistics above question, to part with the summer memory of an intent and delicious little blonde as she jumped down from the driver's seat of a three-ton truck to direct the gassing up of that whopper at a New York Thruway service station). Women drive a lot. Women drive lots of kinds of cars. And contrary to image, women do not drive *just* to get the groceries home or children to school or husband from train—some people of the female sect drive for pleasure. For instance, parked nineteen floors below us at this moment is the car of one motorized Vogue editor who even loves to (Continued on following page)

BRUCE DAVIDSON



To test Vogue's theory that women have far more sense about cars than they're generally credited with, we've put together a car contest starring the fourteen 1962 cars shown on these pages. One of the cars shown here will be the prize. More about the rules, seven pages later.

meets car

**One crucial yard
of Chrysler's 1962
Imperial Le Baron**





drive in New York City traffic and commutes by car from the East Sixties daily. . . . The point of all this is that we do not claim that women are automobile authorities; they're automobile *users*; and it is as women users of cars that we have driven, examined, and now reported on the automobiles named here.

Automobiles for 1962 have a minimum of "trim." The new cars, regardless of make, model, or size, have less chrome; are far more pure of line and have more style because of it. Intentionally or not, the automobile industry has worked for women this year—1962 is a woman's "car year." The squared-up simplicity, almost severity, and better fundamental taste is one indication; another is in the fact that attention has been focused on producing cars that require less care and less maintenance, fewer hours devoted to grease jobs, brake jobs, other jobs. These situations (usually delegated to wives to see to), which might have arisen a dozen times a year, are now being cut down by many car-makers to a twice-a-year maintenance program.

The new cars are finding newer and better ways to make themselves, and their passengers, able to rise above bad weather. Some cars, including the whole Ford family, come equipped with a special anti-freeze called a "coolant." What's special about it: it lasts for two years, can then be renewed and will last again for two years. Other anti-freezes have improved themselves, are easier to use; one product available now need never be drained since, like vitamins, it's just as good for the motor in summer. Heaters and air conditioners are more effective now; our ride in the Cadillac showed that both can be used at once to give a comfortable ride on days when it's cool but damp (neither rain nor sleet nor humid night can daunt this climate-making system). Sliding into the Volkswagen, we noticed with pleasure that there are heat ducts under the back seats to spread warmth more evenly throughout its neat interior; a nice addition, even though central heating hadn't been missed by V'wagen convertible-owners, since the canvas-top of this model always has had a remarkably thick, warm underpadding.

About the easing-into of cars: the 1962 models are *all* seeing to it that entrance and exit are less of a fall from grace; more of them have doors that stay open at wider, definite stops, won't unexpectedly start to close when a passen- (*Continued on next page*)



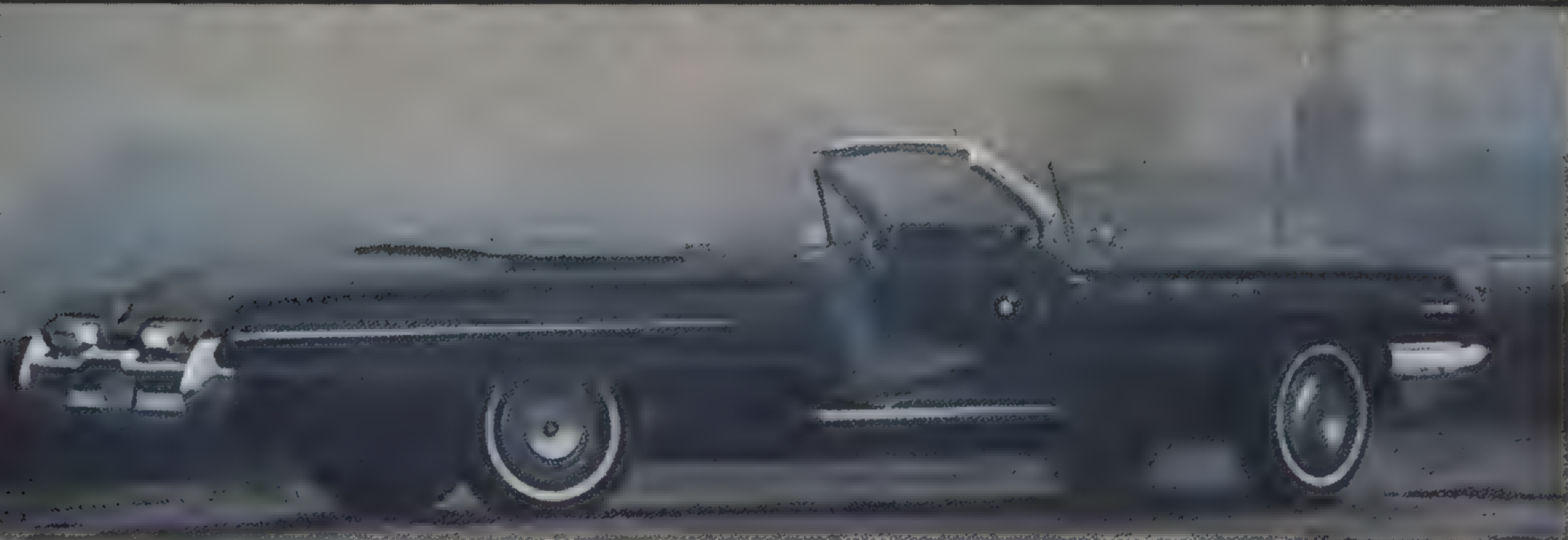
**Saying "Ahhh," above:
the 1962 Lincoln Continental
four-door sedan**



**In the driver's seat
of the 1962
Volkswagen convertible**



Woman thinks car



**1962 Buick Invieta convertible:
the long view at left**

**Plymouth "Fury" station wagon
as 1962 sees it**





**1962 Ford Galaxie
"500" Sunliner**

**1962 Mercury Monterey
convertible news, below**



Woman talks car



**Telling detail from the new
Cadillac Series 62 Coupe de Ville**



ger is half-way in or out. Some cars, including Buick, have rearranged their transmissions to flatten the hump in the floor that was a trial for middle-riding passengers' stockings and knees. We middle-rode the 1962 models; our stockings and knees survived beautifully. Chevrolet has chivalrously moved its glove compartment to the centre of the dashboard where we could reach it easily, even while driving. Another improvement at glove-compartment level: along with other Mercedes-Benz delights, we found a light. This year's ash trays crop up where they're needed; the Studebaker Hawk has one behind each front seat so that for back-seat passengers they're dead-ahead (even the forgotten middle-rear passenger has unobstructed access). The Mercury, remembering that some women are small, has angled its seat so that women, though small, can still see over the steering wheel, not through it. Buick has interior courtesy lights placed near the floor so that black gloves, when dropped at night, can be seen and retrieved. This car also provides trunk space that could accommodate a whole family's worth of tricycles, hockey sticks, even a ranch-type dog house.

Some of the new car colours head a way we particularly like—toward deep reds and good new browns. The Imperial, for instance, showed up handsomely in cordovan shades. Other good looks notes: the raciness of many cars now, accomplished by a longer front, shorter back. We liked the way the Dodge stresses this with a smart, seal-faced grill of black anodized aluminum, discreetly shined by spaced tusks of chrome—and not much other chrome. Plymouth's long-on-front look comes through in a *(Continued on next page)*

**Oldsmobile F-85
Cutlass
convertible—
1962 from
the floor up**





**Slice of 1962
Chevrolet Impala
sport-coupe life**



**Inside tip on
the 1962 Mercedes-Benz
220SE sport coupe**



**1962 Dodge excitement:
the sports-car wake
of the Polara "500"**



Woman stalks car

splendid this-year colour—caramel brown. Cadillacs can be had in a delicious butterscotch colour with all-black leather inside. Oldsmobile has added a convertible to the F-85 Cutlass line; one good colour-combination here—sand-beige with deep fawn-coloured leather. Pontiac reached us with this décor message: a strip of walnut wood across the dashboard for extra dash; in this car, the hard-top model looks more actually-convertible than usual. After we were steadied (we had staggered from the impact of its majesty), we realized that the Lincoln Continental was comfort and luxury on a monumental scale. The new Ford has a certain gaiety and a look of being more than ever a fashion success.

Another throughout-the-field feature we were gratified to see: most of the 1962 cars provide an attachment for the easy installation of safety belts. This idea, promoted for some time now by women, is gathering strength to the point where the state of Wisconsin has just made seat-belts compulsory for all the cars that live there. It is hoped (by us and others) that other states will soon buckle up a similar law, with this psychological advantage: people may feel a little sheepish about asking to have seat belts installed (on the unfortunate notion that it reflects on their driving or their courage), but if it's a law, they are spared this embarrassment.

In our test runs, we saw that car-floors are doing something now about women's heels. The floors are cushioned, and less apt to be dug up and spiked around the accelerator; heels themselves benefit, as well—won't be so easily scuffed. Speaking of heels—the new straighter, shorter ones are making driving easier too. More about the ones shown at left, page 173.



**Pontiac Bonneville sport coupe
1962 wide-track view**

Vogue's own car



1

What we're convinced of is this: women look at cars differently than men do; often have quite separate and sense-making requirements of their cars. We also believe that women know a great deal more about cars than they're given credit for. Since their driving time comes close to equalling the time men spend behind the wheel, Vogue has put together a contest to give women time and space to show their special car sense. (We know that quite a few men read Vogue, and while we're delighted with their company, only women may enter this contest.) Now: on these two pages are head-to-toe photographs of the fourteen 1962 car models under discussion in the contest. Names



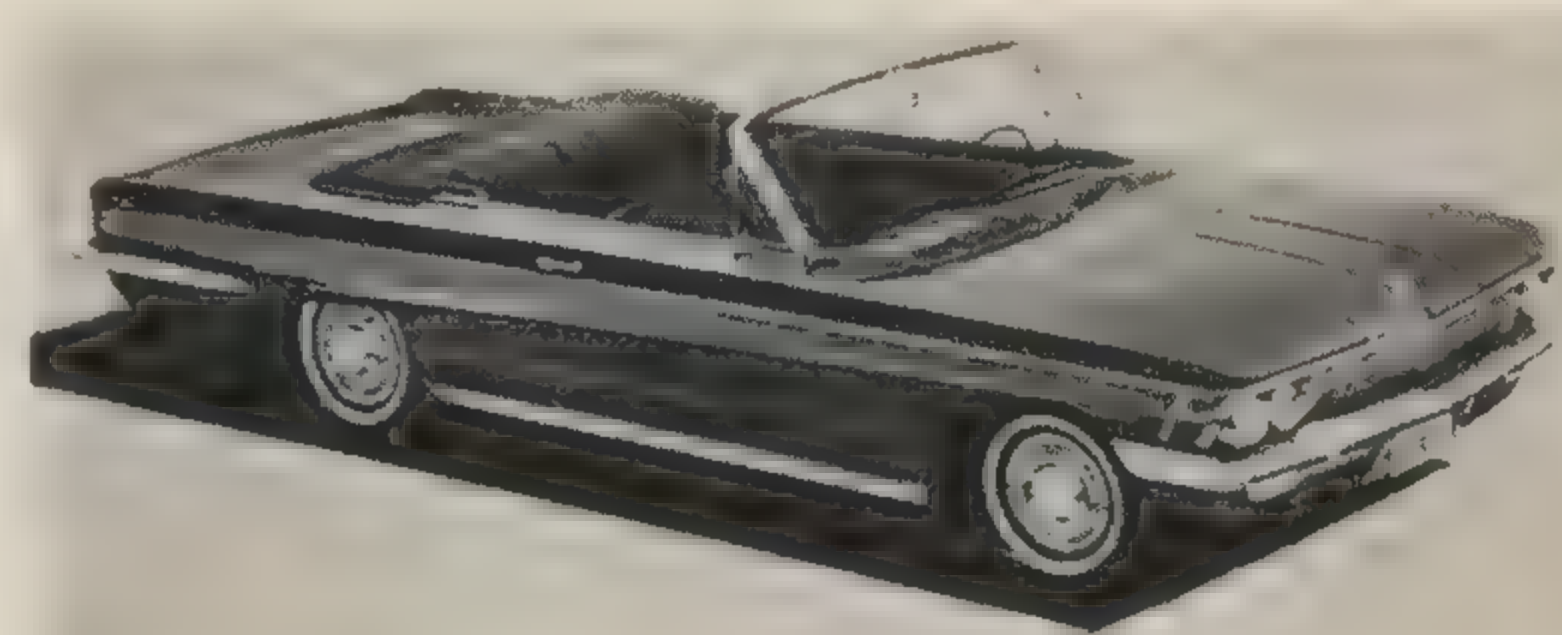
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of all fourteen are printed across the page at right. Step #1 toward winning the contest is to pair, correctly, each car name with the picture to which it corresponds. (More about this in a minute.) Step #2 is trickier, so read this carefully: photographed on pages 106 to 113 are various aspects of each of these same fourteen cars. Every single photograph in that section—whether it shows the car in whole or in part—makes a point: shows some one feature or characteristic of each car which, in the opinion of Vogue's editors, is a feature that speaks particularly to women. As you'll see, we identify the name

of the car model in every case on pages 106-113, but we do not name the specific point we've chosen to focus upon, nor do we say why we have made that choice. We leave that to you, the contest entrant. . . . On pages 179-180, you will see an entry blank with the fourteen car names printed on it. Using that blank, or a reasonable facsimile of it, do this in the column in which each car is named: write in the numeral corresponding to that car's photograph as shown here on these two pages (pages 114-115, that is). Then, in the space indicated on the coupon, identify the feature or point which you think Vogue's camera was aimed at

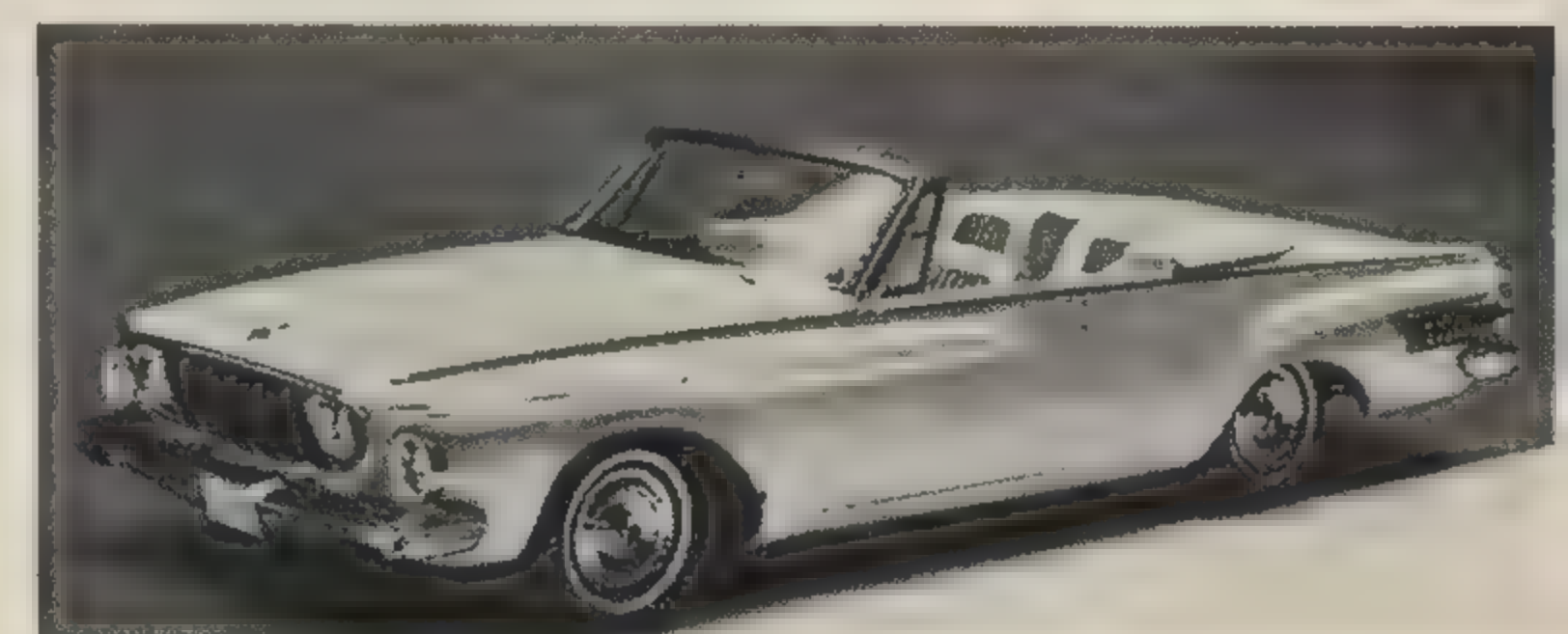


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on pages 106-113. Do this car by car, but don't use too many words to describe the selected feature, because you'll need to save some strength for Step #3, which is: state in fifteen words or less why you



6

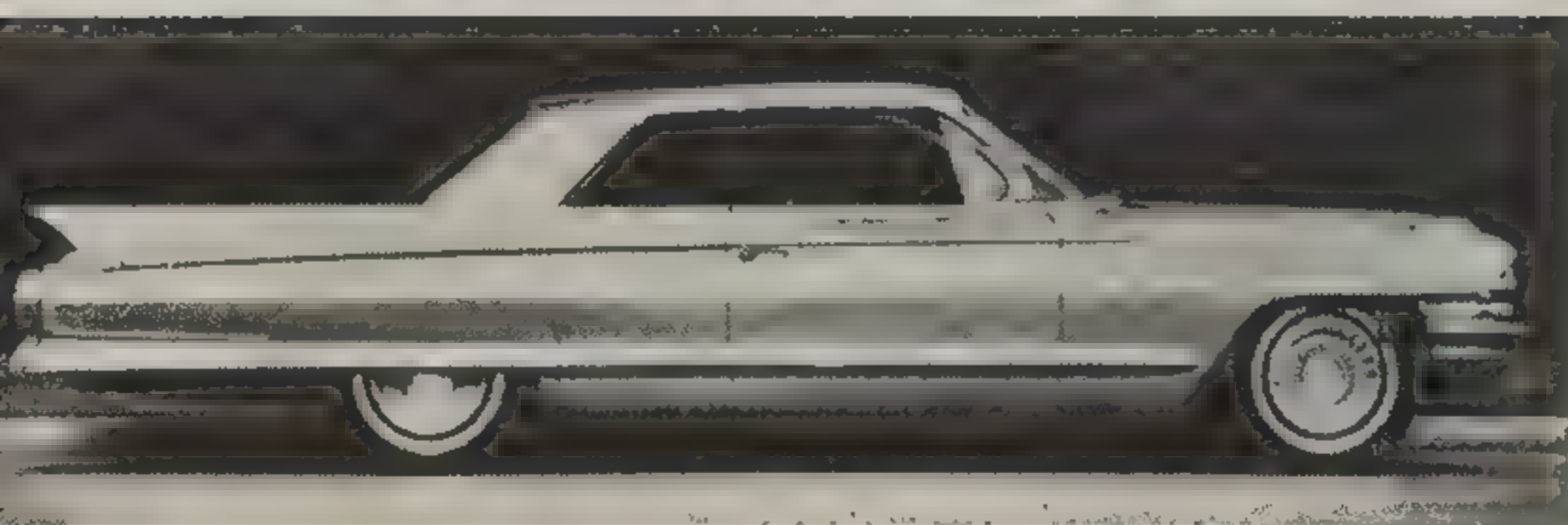


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contest for women...



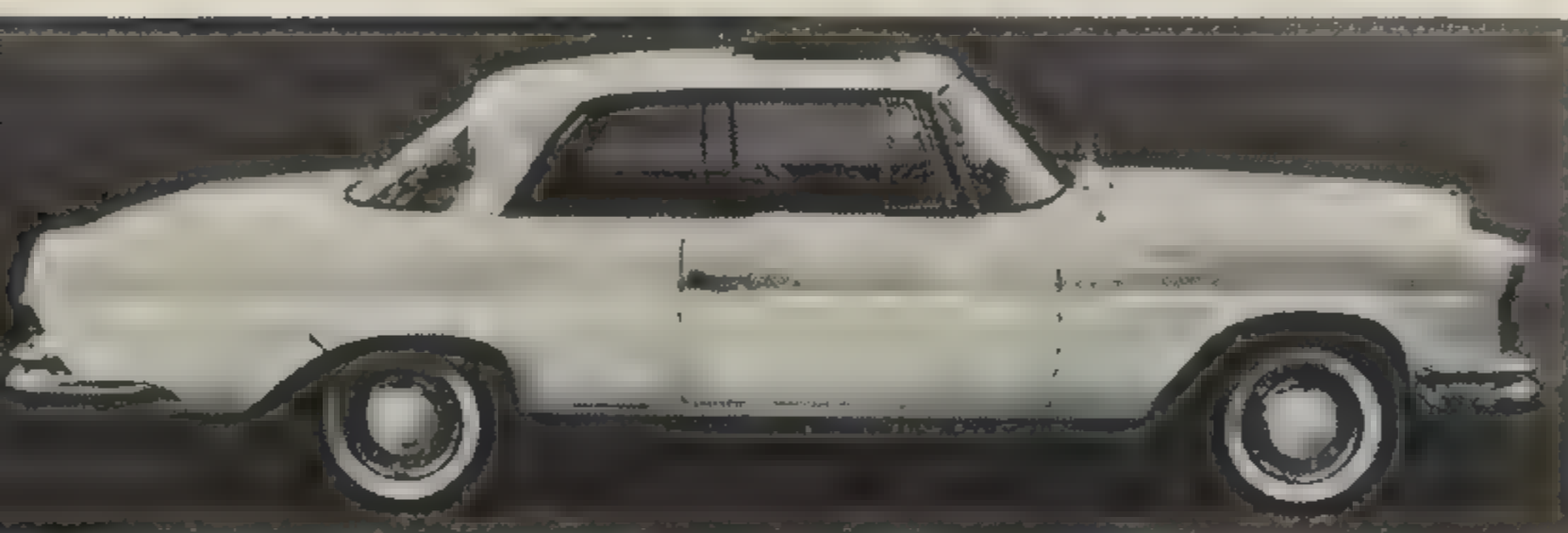
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think the specific feature or characteristic you've chosen is one that particularly appeals to women. (You do this—fifteen words or less apiece—for each car in the contest.) The first two parts of the contest are a test of perception; the third part, a matter of perception *plus* freshness, clarity, and comprehensiveness of statement. On all these points, the decision of the judges is, of course, final. (Each of the 1962 car models in the contest has been Vogue-examined and Vogue-driven.) The contest closes at midnight on December 15, 1961—time enough, we figured, to allow you to be as thorough as you wish in preparing your entry. If you want to be scientific about the whole thing, you can make a tour of the

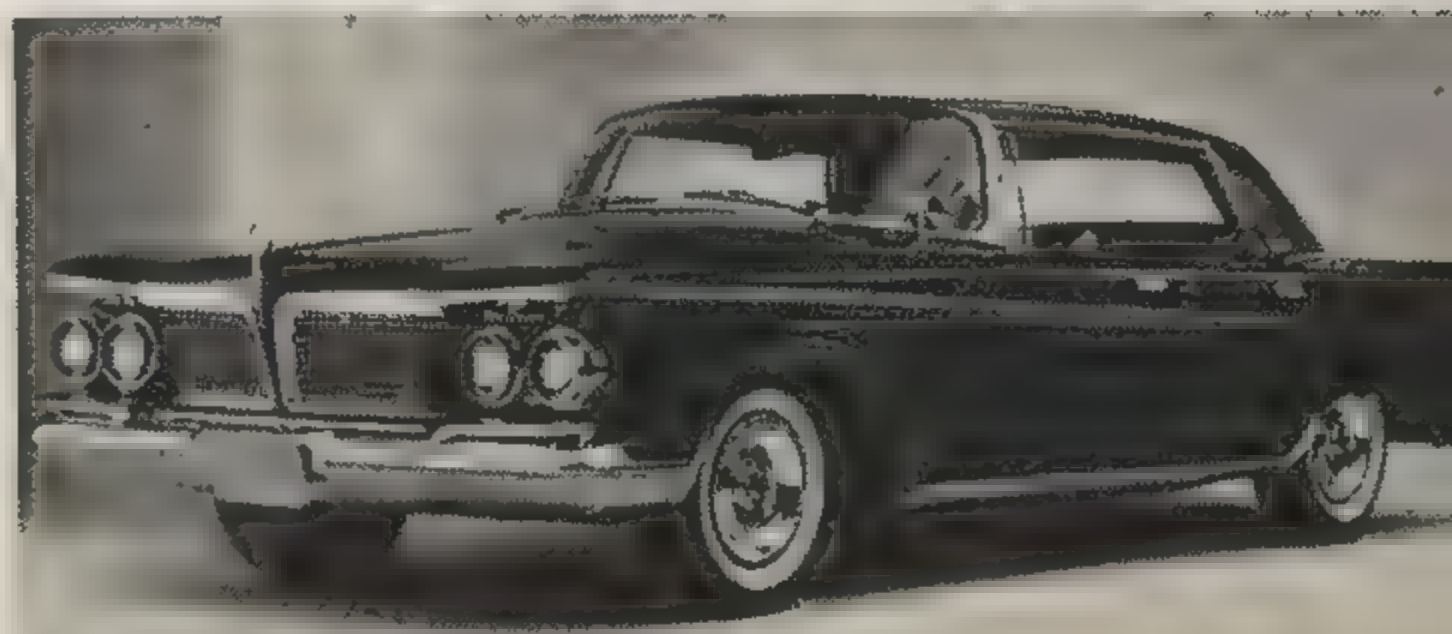
automobile showrooms—every car shown will have been "released" to dealers before the contest closes; should be inspectable by anyone who has the time and interest to study the fourteen cars in this contest.

As for which car will be the prize: once the winning

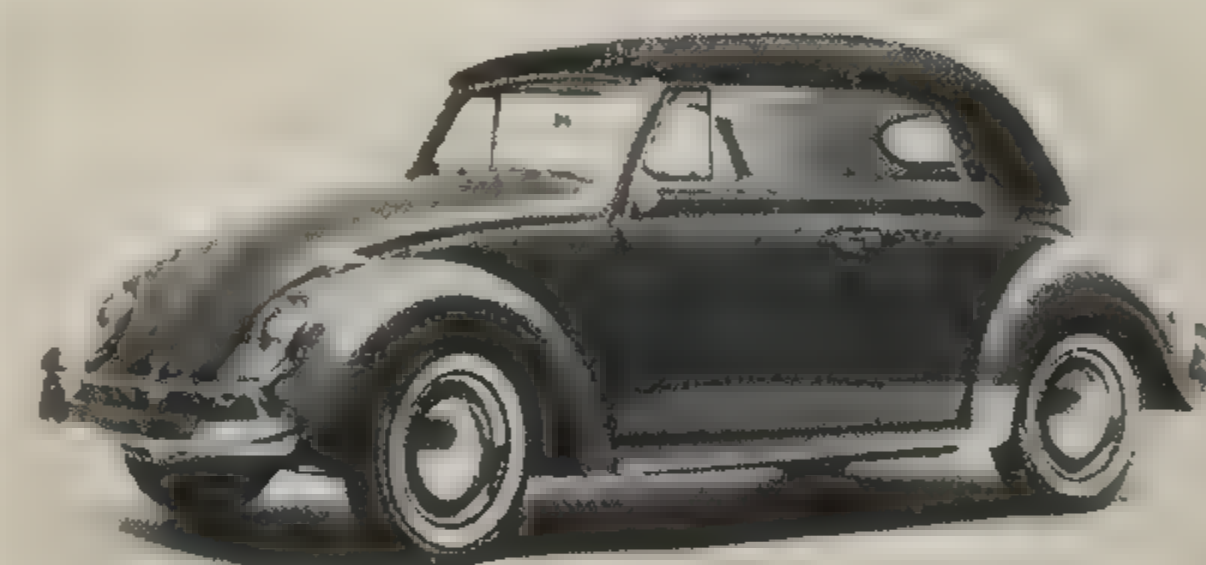
contestant has been decided upon, she'll have to choose her own car prize blindfolded. All fourteen car names will be put into a hopper, spun, and one name will be drawn out by the winner herself. The car name she draws will be the prize. Have we any hints to help a reader toward prize-winning? Yes, in a mild sort of way. For instance: while all of the cars shown are the newest models in sight, the prize-winning feature, as selected by Vogue, is not always a never-before feature. Some cars, no matter what changes are made in their looks and construction, continue to be admired by women for the same reason, year after year. (It could be that one or two of the correct answers will include such abiding car characteristics.) Another fair question might be this: are there clues to the correct answers in the text appearing on pages 106-113? Yes and no. We've kept quite a few cards very close to the vest, but put a few on the table as well. . . . The next move is yours; the entry blank on page 179, to be filled in and mailed as directed, before midnight, December 15, 1961.



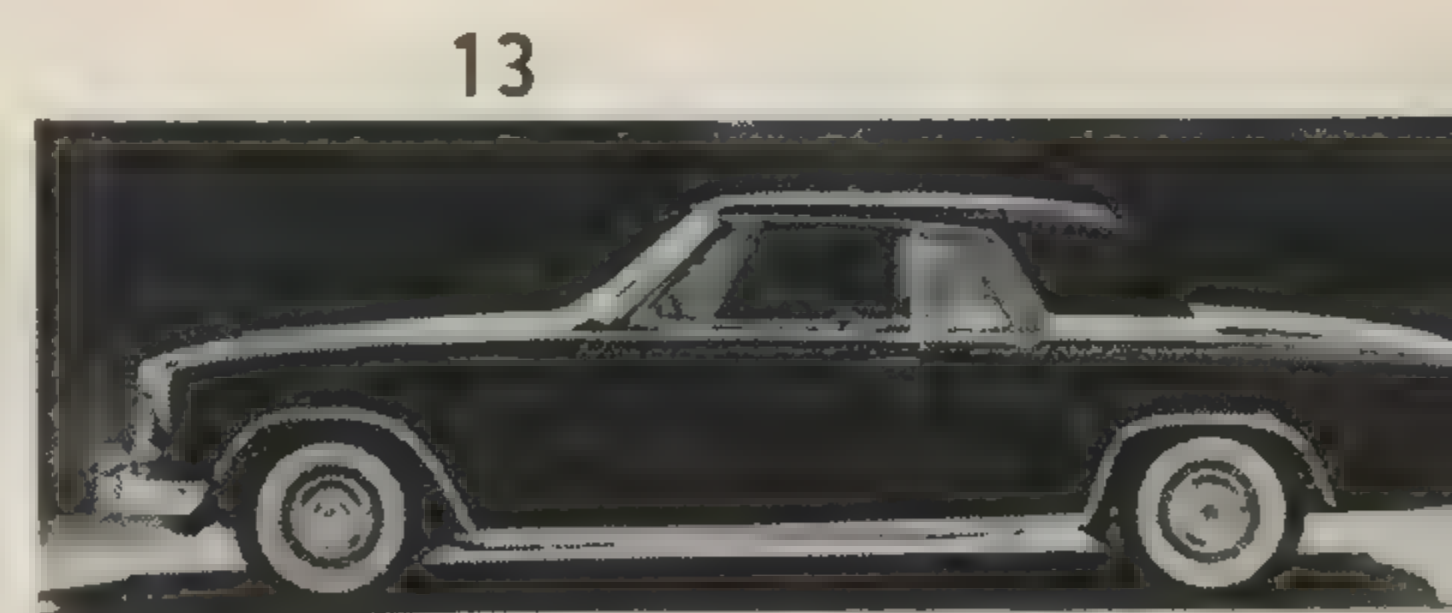
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12



13



14

- Buick Invicta Convertible
- Cadillac Series 62 Coupe de Ville
- Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe
- Dodge Polara "500"
- Ford Galaxie "500" Sunliner
- Imperial Le Baron Sedan
- Lincoln Continental
- Mercedes-Benz 220SE Sport Coupe
- Mercury Monterey Convertible
- Oldsmobile F-85 Cutlass Convertible
- Plymouth "Fury" Station Wagon
- Pontiac Bonneville Sport Coupe
- Studebaker "Hawk" Gran Turismo
- Volkswagen Convertible

...the rules; the prize



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

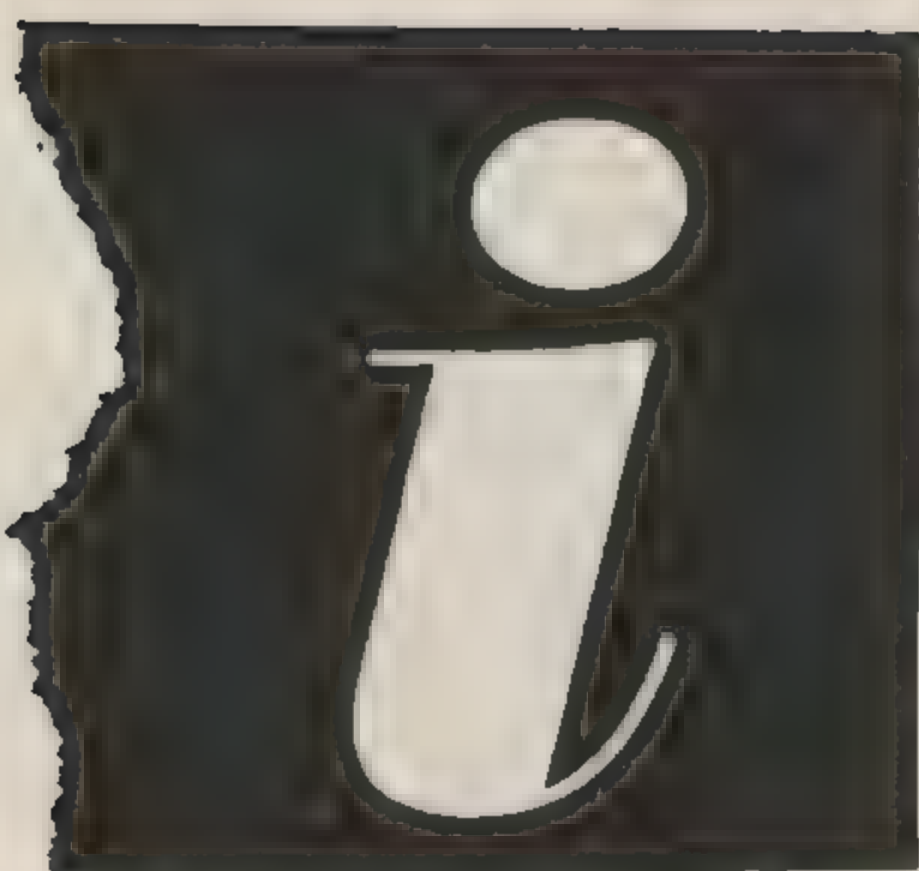
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The *whoosh* of interesting plays, concerts, operas, lectures, art exhibitions—all wonderfully good, all over the country; the sense of urgency even at the zoo... The glitter and the plum-softness of Leontyne Price's voice in the Puccini opera, *The Girl of the Golden West*, at the Metropolitan Opera... *Famous Last Words*, an amusing, sad, anthology of deathbed sayings, edited by Barnaby Conrad who included the supposedly dying words of W. C. Fields: "On the whole I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *The Caretaker*, a play with menaces, by Harold Pinter, in which the staring, long pauses are like doom, the comedy sadistic and tearing, and the acting a miracle of trio-playing by Alan Bates, Robert Shaw, and especially Donald Pleasence as a revolting, mercurial, pompous bum, who, given a better coat than his tatters, pulls down his old, splintered grey lingerie as cuffs to a battered smoking jacket... Mozart or Brubeck on earphones, the new driller-killer of fashionable dentists... The fresh strength, the tender landscapes, the portraits of Chinese girls by Lily Cushing in her exhibition at New York's Maynard Walker Gallery until November 25... An engaging book with a quiet run of humour, *I Want to Quit Winners* by Harold S. Smith, Sr., who runs Harolds Club, a blaze on Virginia Street in Reno; explaining the vagaries of his career, Smith wrote precisely: "You play them as they lay."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The new international air terminal at Orly where so many Parisians promenade on Sundays that the immense shiny building becomes all but impassable for passengers... *Sail Away*, a rather pathetic musical comedy with arteriosclerosis in the brain pan, but hopped up with muscular jitters, a noisy score, and one bright set of lyrics, "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?" sung brightly and loosely by Elaine Stritch; *note*: the peak of the opening night, a poodle's accident on stage, which caused the wits of New York to exhaust themselves with laughter.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Sixty-eight-year-old Julius Bissier, a gay and important German painter whose small canvases, which he called when he was an unknown three years ago "his little songs," are now at New York's Lefebvre Gallery in his first one-man show in this country; his sophisticated but pastoral mind from a small village is behind these extraordinarily beautiful works with their powdery surface, their definite forms, their clear colours... The way young Peter Fonda with his thin, bony, good-looking face and the Fonda power to hold the stage holds it steadily in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*, an army comedy that goes over the manual of jokes, but in its own second-rate way is pretty funny in the second and third acts... The Philadelphia children who telephone for three minutes of "The Lonely Dragon," through the kindness of Bonwit Teller... This sign in the driveway of a Dublin bank that once housed Ireland's Parliament: "Bank of Ireland—Way Out."

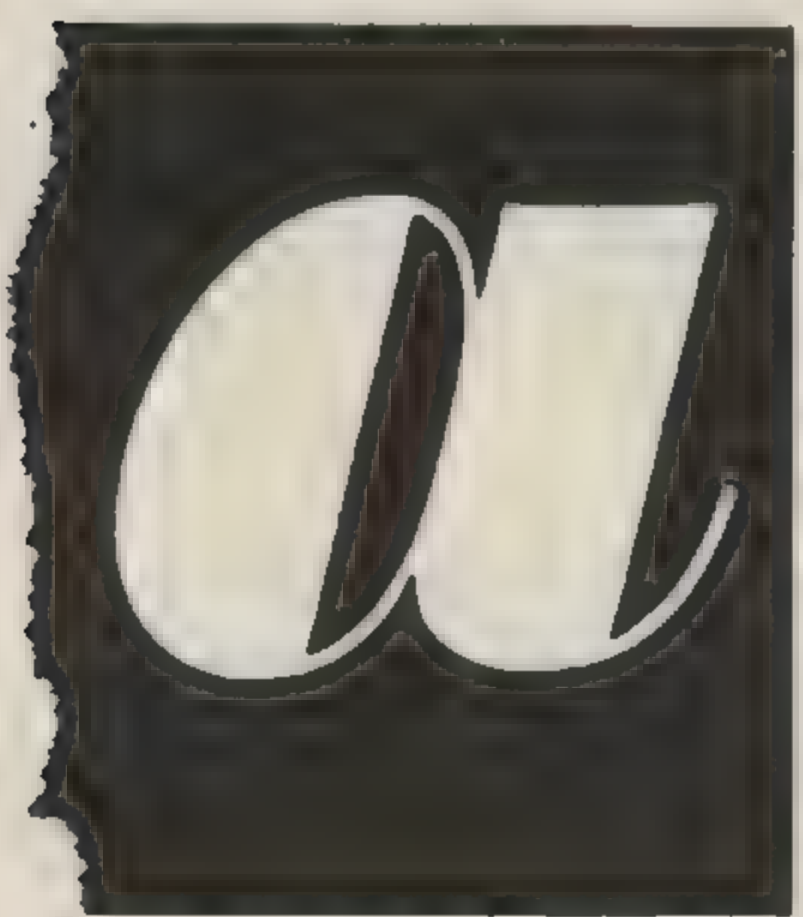
Joan Sutherland, who has a voice that comes in like rollers on a Sydney beach, uses her long, mahogany-red hair like a matchless prop, flinging it with abandon during the great Mad Scene of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. For the first time she will sing this rôle at the Metropolitan Opera this month, after London, San Francisco, Dallas, Chicago, and Paris have heard her. A Paris critic, in fact, wrote that her Mad Scene is terrifying in its perfectly phrased craziness, "an unbelievably great singing and acting performance." A delightfully relaxed soprano with frank green eyes, a generous mouth that smiles easily, and a witty way with the non-mad "Waltzing Matilda," she is married to the pianist, Richard Bonyngé, a scholar of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century music who writes the embellishments and cadenzas for her peerless high *tessitura* register—and worries about the weather for her. They have a five-year-old son, Adam, and all live happily together in a villa at Locarno, Switzerland, just two hours away by Jaguar from Milan where Miss Sutherland often sings at La Scala. Next season, for the first time in eleven years, she will return to sing in Australia, where she was born. (Dame Nellie Melba, also an Australian, also climbed to fame on the ladder of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in 1888.) Although it has taken rather a long time for her to reach the Metropolitan, it took less time for Paris to honour her with a dish: *L'Aile de Bresse Sutherland*.



It is occasionally put to me that, because my husband is a nightclub reviewer, we must lead rather a larky sort of life of an evening; that we are, in effect, a couple of café society sports whooping it up nightly in a veritable orgy of entertainment.

Often, too—owing, I suppose, to the fact that the placement of tables in nightclubs encourages a certain spurious intimacy—the suggestion is made in situ: there will be someone at the next table who will circumspectly watch my husband make notes during an act and who will, in the relatively quiet interval between two acts, ask him why. Having been told, this person will then turn to me and say “Isn’t that wonderful,” and “Imagine being paid to do this,” and “What is it like to be married to a man who takes you out practically every night?” It hardly ever occurs to me that this may be merely rhetorical; to my ears there is a ring of genuine interest in the question—somebody really wants to know what it’s like. And the reason I have never got around to telling is that, just as I am about to inflect that delicate note between tact and conviction, I am usually distracted by the arrival of a cigarette girl, or a waiter pushing drinks, or the resident photographer wanting to take our picture—regular size, \$2; for another sixty-five cents you can have a matchbook-size miniature on a matchbook cover. (In one respect nightclubs bear a striking resemblance to nature: nightclub management also abhors a vacuum; the hiatus between acts fills rapidly with cash.) As it happens, though, the last time the question came up it was no conventional nightclub disturbance that prevented its getting answered. It was the Grand Finale at the Latin Quarter.

Now, not to mince words, the Latin Quarter is generally regarded, by certain people who live in New York, as a square-rigged trap for people who don’t—a cynical operation dedicated to the fleecing of innocents. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Latin Quarter is one of the few nightclubs in New York that gives you—provided you’re able to take it—more than your money’s worth. In the first place, there’s a minimum rather than a cover charge (a cover charge gets you into a club, no more, no less; a minimum is the least amount of money you’re obliged to spend, and since it may be spent on food and drink, a minimum tends to be absorbed quickly and painlessly). In the second place, there is—by New York standards—a positively extravagant amount of dancing space. In the third place, all this dancing space, as the evening quickens, converts to a formidable stage, replete with revolving parts, sliding screens, dancers, singers, skaters, comics, acrobats, a sixteen-piece band, and movie stars making comebacks. In the fourth place, there is the Grand Finale. This is simply, if simply is the word, the entire Third Place compressed (the accuracy of this word is also somewhat doubtful) into a single, gorgeous, shoot-the-works pandemonium.



As nearly as I can remember, the Grand Finale on the night I last saw it consisted—for the most part simultaneously—of the following:

A chorus of near-nudes assuming poses, and wafting bogus ostrich feathers into the ringside soup plates.

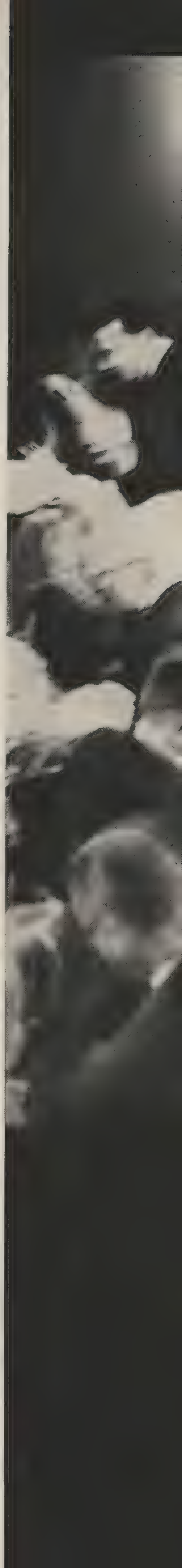
A tremulous-looking corps de ballet, *sur les pointes*.

A chorus of friskier dancers in Latin American costume (it seems petty to mention that the name of this particular show was *Vive la Femme*, and the theme, vaguely French).

A pair of Apache dancers in Apache costume.

A tap dancer.

A baggy-pants comic who lurched around the stage devouring cigarettes, cigars, and his own shirtfront.





all that jazz

A troupe of Hungarian acrobats tumbling along the edge of the stage, and merry as grigs by the looks of them.

A team of ice skaters, blades at right angles to the audience's throats, presumably bent on demonstrating the hard parts only.

A Neapolitan Sextet. (Things being what they are at the Latin Quarter, it's probable that management, feeling itself somehow honour bound to toss in opera singers, would toss six precisely. No quartets. No quintets. Sextets.) Mysteriously, these six were grappling with Der Rosenkavalier.

Offstage, facing each other from columnar pedestals that reached halfway up the walls, two astonishingly statuesque young women, clad in snappy little off-shoulder capes, G-strings, and two rhinestones apiece, were—with devastating *sang-froid*—pretending to play dashing rolls and flares on those attenuated trumpets that one associates with the cherubim in Renaissance paintings. (In a kind of wayward tribute to the marvels of the electronic age, the real trumpetry was picked up from the band, spectacularly amplified, and issued, stereophonically, from every pore of the woodwork.)

Over everything—like a nervous benediction—hovered a confetti of coloured lights.

What with one thing and another, I never did manage, that evening, to say what it's like to go to nightclubs all the time. I shall now: it isn't all coloured lights.



he Latin Quarter, like it or not, is unique. The Copacabana, which is usually thought to be cut from similar cloth, is nothing of the sort. It's true that both clubs have chorus girls, and also press agents who, from time to time, plant stories in Broadway columns to the effect that such-and-such a Copa Cutie (or such-and-such a Latin Quarter Eye Filler) is, *au fond*, a scholar who, when she's not frolicking onstage, is working on her Ph.D. in Comparative Patriarchates of the Middle East. If this is a lucky press agent, the story will wind up as a feature in one of the Sunday rotogravures, in which case there will be—along with words—a picture showing lots of leg, lots of books, and said Cutie looking understandably grave behind heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles.

But even in the matter of chorus girls, there are sharp differences: there are fewer at the Copacabana (though, paradoxically, there seems to be a lot more clothing to go round), and less emphasis on them. At the Copacabana, it's three, quick, ambiguously choreographed routines—and out.

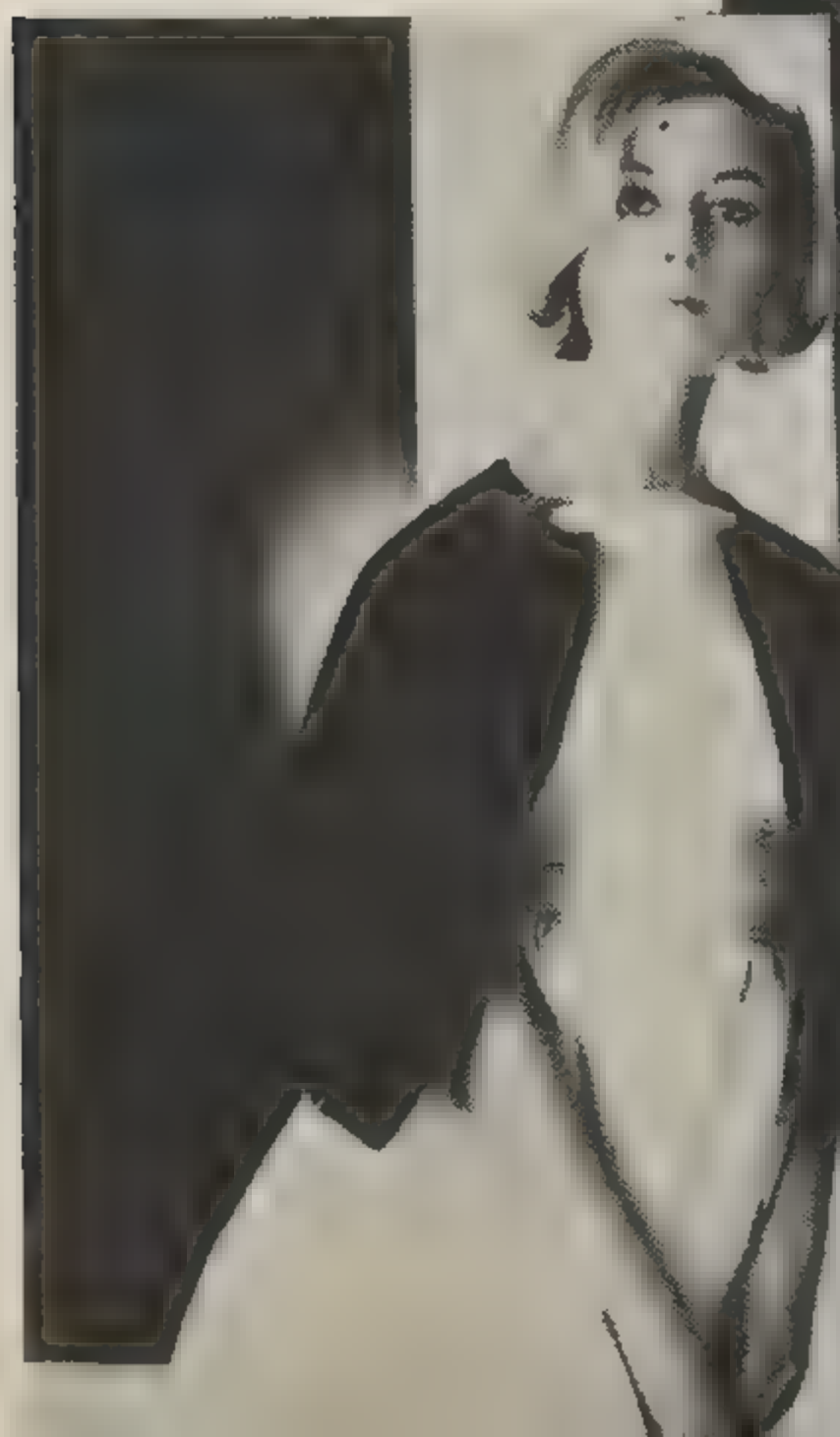
The fact is, the significant part of the Copacabana audience is made up of people who wouldn't be caught dead at the Latin Quarter. Apart from a scattering of casual celebrants, and (Continued on page 164)

DUANE MICHALS

By Edith Loew

How to live with one black sweater

The One Black Sweater—cashmere, straight to the hips, lined with bright pink silk, buttoned with small self buttons. It appears here on the late-day circuit with a soft fall of white silk crêpe; sleeveless, panelled, a cummerbund at the slightly elevated waist. Brilliance (and we mean this both ways) in the fake sapphire and emerald leaves stemming the neckline. By Ciner, \$30 each, plus tax. Messmore sweater made to order; dress by Teal Traina, \$160. All at Henri Bendel.



What we have in mind is the most elegant black sweater that's happened to fashion in years . . . and we make this point smack-just-like-that because, in the reaches of our own black-sweater-past, we remember classic pull-overs and cardigans so well loved they were worn—boringly perhaps—right into the ground. With the memory of all that affection, all that wear, we chose a black cashmere sweater that has something-Chanel in its shape, the appeal of lipstick (it's lined with pink China silk), and not a cliché in the wearing. "It's brocade, it's tweed, it's the Colosseum," said one impulsive fashion brain. But is this top a bargain? Not precisely. \$120 is the sum involved. X—for practically unknown—is the number of ways to wear it; we show six here and on the next two pages, and we can think of six more without trying. Any one of them, incidentally, might be worked out in terms of clothes you have on hand or in terms of the clothes shown here. All of which adds up to what we consider a bargain in chic; the plunk of initial investment is substantial; the fashion return satisfying enough to suggest less cool-headed praise veering into words like sensational. Now for the looks not illustrated, some day, some evening, all parlayable with what you own this minute. For day—One Black Sweater flipped over the shoulders of a bright-navy-blue jersey dress. Black lizard pumps, low-heeled and snub-nosed, won't do this anything but good.

At night, if zebra-ed crêpe seems not your line of country, a dress that's short or long and made of the yellowest silk around will find extra dazzle in the light of The Sweater's pink lining; don't try to hide it. . . . Beige tweed, for all its quiet allure, can be retired from time to time in favour of a curved little day sheath of wool ottoman— *(Continued on next page)*



Above: Pearl-thinking for sweaters—three ropes of pseudo pearls, massed. By Marvella; \$15 each, plus tax. Henri Bendel. **Right:** The Sweater played for nonchalance with a zebra bias of black and white crêpe that might change one's whole approach to night looks. The dress by Teal Traina, of Jacques Maisch silk. About \$195 at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus.





Above: All day, any day in town The One Sweater does a turn that makes a skirt-and-something into a suit look. This time, tweed, pale and pleated, the colour of Irish oat cakes; and, probably, a cropped overblouse as pink as the lining. Black velvet beret by Emme. Skirt of wool tweed by Ellen Brooke, \$50 at Henri Bendel.

black if you want to play it that way; all-out red or cinnamon or bone if you're on the colour wave of the year. . . . At home, evenings and weekends and whenever it swings, The Sweater might switch from the long white tweed skirt to bright pink velveteen culottes, or to the melting combination of a white organdie shirt (made like a shirt-type shirt) and a skirt of oyster-beige velveteen. Or it might appear, perkily, with a short tartan skirt—not necessarily wool; taffeta tartans have a knack of looking fresh, crisp, and lighthearted. . . . Counted as one, though the true number will be staggering, are the days and nights The Sweater will be buttoned to the throat, worn as a blouse, saving endless hours of what-to-wear quandary. . . . And finally, there's the delectable possibility that the winter could involve a short stretch of European travel. If the feeble effort of the *chauffage central* dims the pleasure, what could be more comforting than a sweater with a silky lining over a thin peignoir? Nothing extravagant about being warm at breakfast.



Right: The Sweater takes over evenings at home. White tweed skirt from Anna Livia of Dublin. A heavenly body of rhinestones, bogus pearl. Skirt, \$75. Pin by Richelieu, \$10*. Both: Henri Bendel. **Left:** Day thinking in terms of camel-coloured knitted wool—a memorable little string of a dress with black crocheted buttons and piping. By Burke-Amey. \$250 at Henri Bendel.

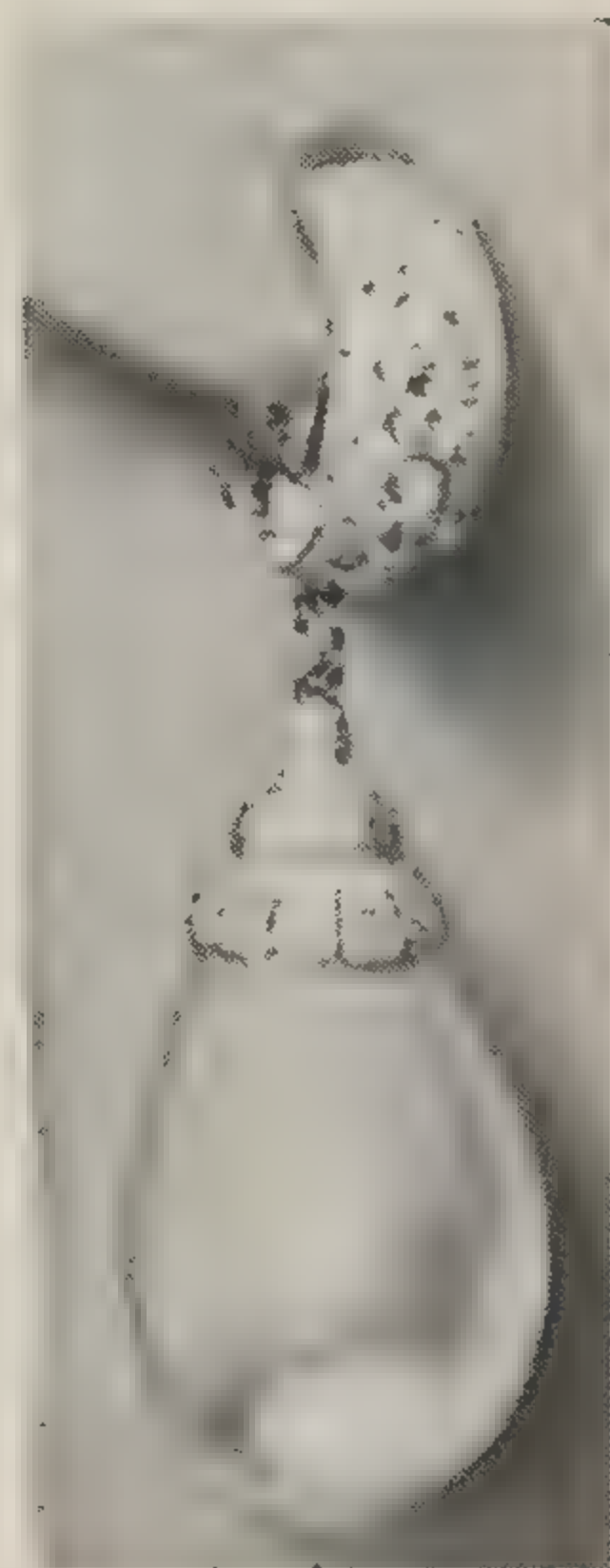




Right: What the fur beret does for a day-in-town suit, with a filip of sable necklace (natural Russian by Revillon). *Below:* Same beret with ermine, its pallor excited by loops of jet, lighted pink and green stones. Miriam Haskell necklace. \$99 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue.



HOW TO LIVE WITH ONE FUR BERET . . . Two matters of moment here: If hats mean next to nothing in your clothes life, the fur beret is for you. And secondly, if hats come first on your shopping list, well, this year, the fur beret leads the field. Smaller than the Taras Bulba hats we've been enamoured of for seasons now, the beret goes even farther—almost everywhere, in fact, except big evenings and shower baths. *Above:* a mink version by John Frederics. About \$110*; Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Proof of its fashion omnipotence in four parts below.



Above: The fur beret worn at beanie angle with an all-day dress of beige wool; the skirt has the easy stance that only happens when there's a camisole on top (there is here); the overblouse swings free at hipbone-level. By Andrew Arkin, of Hockanum fabric, a wool and fur blend. About \$55. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila. *Left:* Night splendour for the fur beret—pearls, bogus and baroque, pendant from gilt and rhinestone hoops. By Laguna. \$10 plus tax at Bergdorf Goodman.

*PLUS TAX

Allegra Kent, (right), one of the principal enchantments of the New York City Ballet—the spirited young company directed by George Balanchine, known for its verve, its artistic excellence, its lightning change of pace from classical ballets to new works and back again. By now, these quick switches are second nature to Miss Kent, who joined the company nine years ago, when she was fifteen years old. (Before that, she studied dancing in Los Angeles, her birthplace, with a sister of the great Nijinsky.) She has been acclaimed as Odette in the invincible old classic, “Swan Lake”; as the Sleep-Walker in Balanchine’s ballet, “Night Shadow”; and in a mixed bag of other rôles, including the taxing one of Annie, with its honky-tonk overtones, in “Seven Deadly Sins”. One ballet in the repertoire, “Pastorale”, was choreographed especially for her. A curious addition to these honours was bestowed recently when Miss Kent was elected by the Maple Syrup Institute, “Miss 100% Pure Maple Syrup”—a tribute not only to her beauty but to her health. Both are dazzling. She has enormous grey-blue eyes, and a sweep of black eyelashes which she beads for performances with black wax. When not performing, rehearsing, or practising, she collects seashells and reads long, harrowing Russian novels. She is married to Bert Stern, the photographer, who took all the photographs on the following seven pages. On the facing page: Allegra Kent—looking more than ever like a dryad—in a nightgown and peignoir printed with woodsy flowers on black; the nightgown, silk chiffon; peignoir, silk crêpe. Both, by Iris. Nightgown, about \$33; peignoir, about \$45. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Miss Kent’s coiffures, all three pages, by Enrico Caruso.

“The beauty part” Everyone, it seems, is becoming more and more adept at what amounts, in beauty terms, to knowing what to do until the doctor comes: coiffures are made to hold the line between visits to the hairdresser, signs of fatigue are dispelled for an evening by fast-working facial masques, an excessive pinch of flab is hastily dropped from an ordinarily svelte waistline, and so forth. What the success of this particular line of first aid indicates is that the hair—or the face, or the figure—in question is in fairly admirable shape to begin. And no emergency measures are responsible for getting it that way. For that degree of fitness, real expertise is what you want—the cool, knowing, authoritative wizardry of a pro. Which is precisely what’s forthcoming in the five salon-treatments about to be explored right here . . . There have been all sorts of changes going on at Helena Rubinstein’s New York salon: the walls are now glowingly champagne-coloured, evocative Pallavicini murals are here and there, and crystal chandeliers glitter from the ceiling. But the same old spirit of tender loving care prevails on all eight redecorated floors. Facials are administered on the eighth, and it’s difficult to imagine anything tenderer or lovinger than the news here. Herbessence is the generic name of this facial, and it consists of a series of herb-filled lotions, creams, masques, et cetera. All of them smell delicious, and are put to work, in the course of an hour’s treatment with a superbly trained facial masseuse, as follows: First, a thoughtful cleaning with creamy Herbessence Cleanser, and a brisk going-over with a really quite powerful astringent called Stimulation. Depending on your own skin’s needs—and in seconds, the lady in charge knows exactly what they are—Stimulation stays on anywhere from one minute to fifteen, and is mopped up with a soothing Freshener. At this point, even the most obstinate pores are feeling tingly and eager for the next step. And well they should be, for what comes next are globs of a rich new cream called Herbessence Skin Life that feels, on the skin, like cool silk. The skin involved, by the way, extends from hairline to chest, around to the back, and down the upper arms, and every inch of it is massaged deeply, gently—expertly—for around ten minutes. If you are still awake when this comes to a stop, you will notice that there is another massage in progress—this one is done with a warmed blue gadget that is steered around the skin, literally for the purpose of ironing out superficial creases. After this you are left to your own devices for another ten minutes. (Since the room you’ve been left in is utterly quiet and darkened, and since your eyes are covered with (Continued on page 180)

TAKE IT TO A PRO







At home with a ballerina: Allegra Kent (facing page), in a marvellous one-piece—but not one-act—hostess pyjama. Black silk velvet pants, white silk top printed with pink-and-red roses.

By Lucie Ann; about \$145.

At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

Allegra Kent plays it for laughs this time—in a dinner-at-home costume like Pierrot's, or Ruby Keeler's. In three scenes—black rayon velvet pants, sleeveless overtop; white silk satin blouse. By Perfect; about \$125 at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.



The Sleeping Beauty, with new choreography and costumes—four charmingly aerial new nightgowns—danced here by four young members of the New York City Ballet.

Left: A shift of pale-green nylon tricot.

By Laros; about \$11.

At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field.

Right: Black lace leaves on mauvey-pink nylon tricot (of Du Pont nylon). By Vanity Fair; about \$30. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's.



A-shaped nightgown, left,
in browns, pinks; nylon chiffon, tricot.

By Munsingwear; about \$25.


At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel.

Right: A float of
sheer pink nylon tricot; by Sans Souci.

About \$13. Saks Fifth Avenue;

Frederick & Nelson.

Left to right: Dancers Carole Fields,
Susan Kenniff, Lois Bewley, Nadine Revene.



For Sylphides, Cygnets, and Giselles,
nightgowns of flowing form—worn here
by four dancers from the New York City Ballet.

Near right: Flaring rose-coloured nylon
tricot over pale-pink nylon satin. By Van Raalte.

About \$13. At Altman's; Burdine's.
Far right: Short shift of blue nylon, black lace.

By Blanche, of Stevens tricot. About \$45.

At Bonwit Teller; Battelstein's.



For an Ondine: far left, two layers of pale-green nylon tricot—transparent over opaque—trimmed with lace and embroidery.

By Rogers. About \$9. At Bonwit Teller.

Near left: Sugar-plum pink and white—pink nylon tricot, cut very full, falls from a white Ban-Lon lace yoke.

By M. C. Schrank, of Stevens tricot. About \$13. At Macy's.

Left to right: Susan Kenniff, Lois Bewley,

Hester Fitzgerald, Mimi Paul.

Power and persuasion

Represented here—two opposing schools of figure discipline: permissive and strict—to some extent for different figure types, but both might easily be worn by the same woman under different kinds of clothes. *This page:* Of the “permissive” school, a beige corselette called “the birthday suit,” that comes comfortably close to being just that. It doesn’t tamper with the natural body line, only makes it smoother. For a woman with a fairly good shape, a foundation to wear under casual clothes, especially those that are crêpe or knitted silk or jersey. It pulls on, no hooks or anything. By Warner’s, made of Lycra. About \$20. At Altman’s; Burdine’s; Dayton’s. *Opposite page:* The “strict” school believes in firm control and figure improvement. This all-in-one is boned for power; gives a definite waistline, slims hips; the top is cut to enrich a meagre bosom. To be worn under fitted, décolleté late-day, evening clothes. Designed in Paris by Miguel Ferreras; made here by Warner’s. White nylon voile and Lycra. About \$30. Altman’s; Hudson’s; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock’s-Wilshire.



KAREN RADKAI





Maillot shapes— three moves south

Three maillot shapes, in three degrees of shape—one bloused, one softened, one strict—to meet southern sun on sand or ship. *Left:* Pure tank lines, distracted only by awning stripes in pinks and white. The fabric: soft, clingy, unstiffened. By Jantzen, in tricot jersey of Antron nylon and Dacron; \$11. Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Roos-Atkins. *Right:* Swimming suit with the extra figure-ease of a little shirring at the bosom, a back buttoned over V'd openness. By Elisabeth Stewart, of coral-coloured Helanca nylon. \$24 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. *Far right:* Inset at water-level, a loosened maillot that sashes itself into a brief blouse-and-bloomer look. This, of cotton satin, printed in diagonal flowers of red, brown, tan. By Sea B's; \$15 at Best & Co.





THE NEW-WAVE WHITES, COOL WATER BLUES

Blues with a definite leaning towards turquoise, whites that are non-stark (vanilla, cream): they're coming colours, to be previewed soon in resort climates, flashing spring signs after January 1, and—in some cases—making news at points north right now. Here and on the next eight pages you'll find a quick screening of the new colours in clothes by California designers. Many of these little silks and wools work, north or south, four seasons out of four—they're as adaptable as a good thermometer.

1. For south, travelling south: a white silk suit scarfed by a twist of turquoise silk. This might take to the late-day life in northern cities the moment deep winter begins to pall. By Charles Cooper, about \$110. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin.

2. Turquoise wool tweed coat, as simple as a little girl's. It's high-waisted at the back, and closely belted; in front the waist is suggested. By Irene, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Frost Bros. Emme hat. All coiffures in photographs here and on the next eight pages: Michel Kazan. For shops in other cities see page 64.





3

3. In a pale watercolour blue, a dress for pool-side luncheons, for afternoons on board ship. By Pat Premo, of textured rayon twill by Stoffel; about \$55.

4. Slip of a dress that packs like a slip—uncrushably; to buy in twos or threes in as many colours. Here, blue and green Arnel jersey. By Marjorie Montgomery, about \$28. Both: Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's; Woolf Brothers; Meier & Frank.

5. Any-climate dress that packs without a qualm: turquoise silk chiffon with backswept scarf. By Marjorie Michael, about \$100.

6. Never-out-of-season, the white crêpe dress—unsleeved, sashed here with a covey of blue and white ties. By De De Johnson of silk crêpe; about \$70. Both dresses at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Goldwaters; Frederick & Nelson. For shops in other cities: see page 64.



4

E. Merrill



5



6



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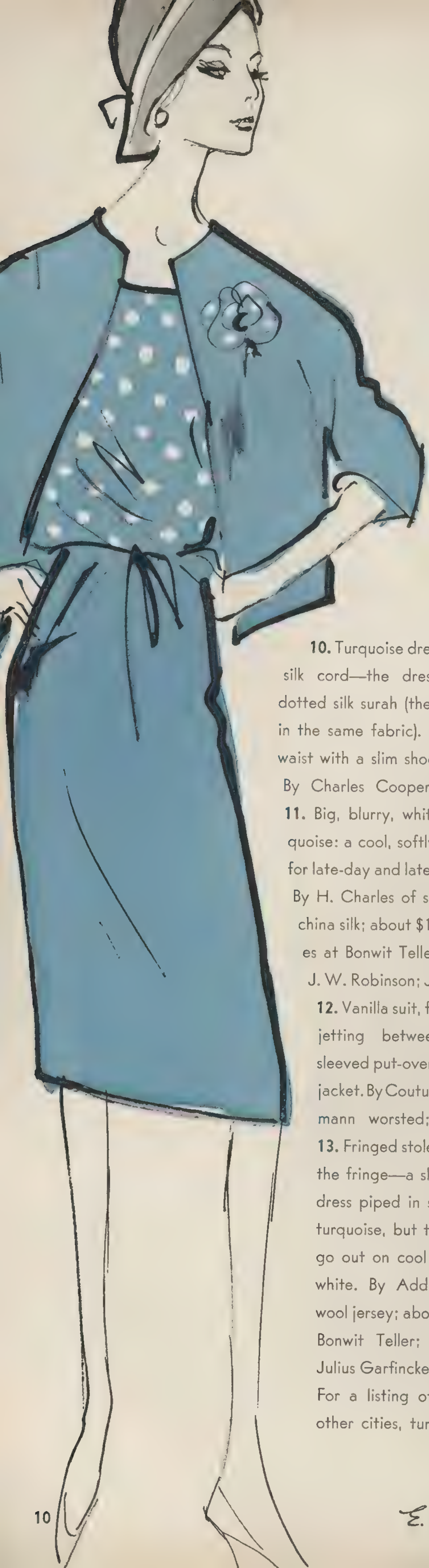
7. A big soft coat in a brilliant, poster-paint shade of turquoise. It's full-backed—flared by a long inverted back pleat—and it's worn over the white crêpe dress from a page ago. By Stanley Nelson of Anglo mohair-and-wool; about \$145. Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Cele Peterson; Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

8. White crêpe with a ruffled collar, a cool unruffled air; turquoise belt. By Harou of Chardon Marché fabric, about \$70.

9. Two new slants on the white crêpe dress—the fabric is biased, and a wedge of pale aquamarine cuts across one shoulder. The dress is cream-coloured, sashed in aquamarine. By Helen Rose, of Bianchini silk crêpe, about \$160. Both dresses; Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. For shops in other cities, turn to page 64.

E. Maril





10. Turquoise dress and jacket of silk cord—the dress, half polka-dotted silk surah (the jacket is lined in the same fabric). Tied up at the waist with a slim shocking-pink belt. By Charles Cooper, about \$145.

11. Big, blurry, white dots on turquoise: a cool, softly-bloused dress for late-day and later in any season. By H. Charles of silk chiffon over china silk; about \$145. Both dresses at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; J. W. Robinson; Joseph Magnin.

12. Vanilla suit, for north, south, jetting between: skirt, unsleeved put-over, clipped-away jacket. By Couture Int'l. of Forstmann worsted; about \$190.

13. Fringed stole and—beyond the fringe—a sleeveless jersey dress piped in satin. Both are turquoise, but the stole might go out on cool evenings over white. By Addie Masters of wool jersey; about \$75. Both at Bonwit Teller; L. L. Berger; Julius Garfinckel; John Hogan. For a listing of the shops in other cities, turn to page 64.

E. Maril



11

SANTE FORLANO





14. Jackety turquoise cardigan with a hand-knitted look, to wear over day and late-day dresses. By Lee Herman, of French brushed mohair, about \$35.

15. Silk dress, pale aquamarine with white margins. By Georgia Bullock about \$90. Both at Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin.

16. Vanilla suit-look—actually a sleeveless dress with a jacket lined in turquoise silk. By De De Johnson of Swiss rayon; about \$100. Crescendo gloves, the suit, both at Bonwit Teller. Suit also: Himelhoch's; Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. For shops in other cities: see page 64.







Left to right: Dress by Celeste, about \$15, at Altman's... Suit by Shepardess, \$17 (also sizes 7-10), Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel... Dress by R. A. R. Moppets, \$11, Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres... Suit about \$18, dress about \$35, both by Florence Eiseman, of Crompton vaiveteen, at the Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; Little Bronson's; I. Magnin, Girls, 3-6X; boys, 1-4; Zebra by Steiff.

Wearing black velveteen is about the most dressed-up but unpretentious way for little girls, and boys, to go to winter parties. Even daughters who had pink ruffles in mind succumb to black velveteen trimmed with white the way it is on these zebra-lovers. The same combination is charming on sons under six. *Left to right:* Black with a plain white collar, little pearl buttons... Bolero suit, skirt and blouse really one piece... One-piece dress with white cotton sleeves, eyelet collar... Black velveteen suit that doesn't look like the Fauntleroy boy... Give a thought to having her portrait sketched—flared dress edged with Swiss ecru lace.



*T*o wear now and all next spring—for boys: a tailored dark suit; for girls: a collection of cotton dresses (some little girls are happier in cotton even in winter), mostly in red and white, mostly in no-iron fabrics. *Left to right:* Navy-blue Eton suit—jacket without collar, pants with suspenders...White dress dotted with black, trimmed with black velveteen...Red dress with a very full skirt under a white pinafore...Pleated red dress, white collar and cuffs...White pinafore trimmed with schiffli embroidery, over a back-belted red dress...The top has red dots on white, the skirt white on red; the dress is all one piece, has a smocked midriff, crinoline petticoat.





Left to right: Alice and Rose
 O'Grady, of Springmaid
 cotton, about \$11; at Best & Co.;
 at Bonwit Teller; at
 N.Y.; I. Magnin... Suit sizes 3-6;
 dresses, 3-6X. Animals by Steiff.



For the woman who thinks
mink, and whose thinking
takes the most elegant,
advanced lines. Here, a
magnificent wrap coat of
dark mink, the skins in cir-
cles, the collar alluringly
full. It's night and day life
never lets up. Full-length
Umpa natural dark ranch
mink, three-quarter sleeves,
by Alixandre, at Hattie
Carnegie; Nan Duskin.



MONEY ADVICE FOR WOMEN WHO THINK LIKE WOMEN...

Stock market experts interviewed

BY ALLENE TALMEY



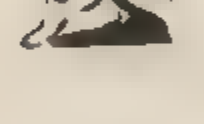
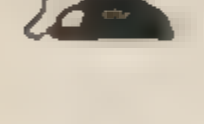
1. WHY DOES ANYONE INVEST IN THE STOCK MARKET?



There are three interlocking answers to this: as a hedge against inflation; as a way of making extra money; and, rather pompously, to have a hand in the country's business.



2. ARE THERE PROTECTIONS FOR INVESTORS?



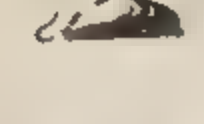
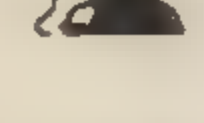
Yes. Two. The Federal Securities and Exchange Commission administers six protective regulatory Congressional Acts. It has different regulations for listed and unlisted securities, with far stiffer rules for *listed* securities. To be listed on the Big Board—the New York Stock Exchange—a company must, among other requirements, earn more than a million dollars a year after charges and taxes, and its common stock must have a market value of ten million dollars: all that to prevent “stocks on the rocks.”

The second protection lies in the Stock Exchange itself, which passes on the eligibility of companies to be listed for the sale of their stocks and bonds, before the S.E.C. registers the security under the Securities Exchange Act of 1934. In addition, the Exchange insists that its member firms live up to standards even more rigid than those of the Federal law. *Note:* there are 2,700 listed securities on the New York Stock Exchange.



3. WHAT STANDS UNDER THE UMBRELLA OF THE WORD, SECURITIES?

Common and preferred stocks, bonds, debentures. *Note:* Mutual funds are securities which are not traded on the New York Stock Exchange. (The Exchange has a free booklet, *The Language of Investing—A Glossary*. Write to Department VO, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.)



4. WHAT INFORMAL GROUP OWNS THE LARGEST NUMBER OF LISTED SECURITY SHARES?

Four million housewives. In fact, fifty-two per cent of all stock market investors are women who think like women. They include women who earn money through salaries or wages, women who formerly earned money but now have joint accounts with their husbands, widows, or what brokers call “just women.” Some of those with husbands depend pretty much on their husbands for investment advice, some consider investment a shared family adventure, and some go it alone. The woman who works, or has worked, has a pretty

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good understanding of money without always the technical knowledge: they feel that if they can earn and spend the money, they can learn to invest it. And they do.

5. HOW DO THEY GO ABOUT LEARNING ABOUT INVESTMENTS?

Some women get advice from their banks and then let the bank handle matters from then on. Others open accounts with a brokerage house, often with a member firm of the Stock Exchange with branch offices all over the country. No responsible broker, incidentally, *promises* quick gains: he knows there is risk in all investments. Good brokers do not try to insert their clients on the ground floor because they know that those floors sometimes sink. In addition, good brokers are in no hurry to get the money down—securities are not the fourth at Pimlico. They never, in addition, hammer at one stock.

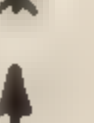
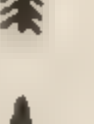
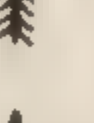
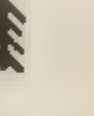
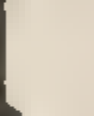
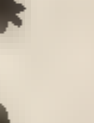
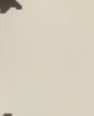
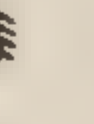
6. WHAT TO SAY ON A FIRST VISIT TO A BROKER—ESPECIALLY BY AN INVESTOR WITH ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT TO INVEST.

First: just go in as though the place were a supermarket. If the brokerage house is a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, ask for a *registered* representative; some houses call them account executives. Registered means that the man or woman to whom you are directed is not a student salesman but has had to meet the high Stock Exchange requirements of knowledge about the securities business as well as to bear up under careful scrutiny of background. Although many brokerage houses are not member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, they may be members of the National Association of Securities Dealers, which has its own regulations for representatives. (If a registered representative moves from one member firm to another, the Stock Exchange insists that he re-register.) The Exchange, in fact, began putting out rules for representatives in 1925 when they were called customers' men: in those days the registrars were pretty careless.

Most representatives, usually a reasonably likable type, easy to talk to, are interested in small accounts on the assumption that with good guidance the small ones rise a bit like an omelet.

7. WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FIRST STEP IN TALKING TO A BROKER?

It is the explanation of your financial position, accurately and fully presented—that you have (Continued on page 175)



VOGUE PATTERNS



Paris night line— brocade

Brocade, brilliant or black, begins around six o'clock and goes on all evening—all across the country. An elegant fabric, here in two different costumes, beautifully shaped by French couturiers, Guy Laroche and Jacques Griffe. *Left:* Black matelassé dinner and theatre suit designed by Guy Laroche. The slightly fitted jacket has a wide loop in back slung from a low shoulder yoke. Dress: a sheath with a low square back, no sleeves. Vogue Pattern 1112. *Right:* For dinner and dancing, black brocade short evening dress and coat designed by Jacques Griffe. The coat's lowered waist dips a little in back; the skirt is slightly flared. The dress has a suggestion of fit, but no grasping. Very definite—the V-shaped back décolletage that swoops down from a collarbone-high neckline. Vogue Pattern 1114. *Other views, sizes, and yardages, on page 181*

LAROCHE—VOGUE PATTERN 1112



GRIFFE—VOGUE PATTERN 1114

HARBOUR ISLAND:

ONE OF THE WARM BAHAMAS

HARBOUR ISLAND, one among the seven-hundred-some Bahamian islands known as "Out," looks so much like New England's Nantucket Island that it gives the impression of having broken away and floated gently down the Atlantic Coast to drop anchor in the green warmed waters of the Gulf Stream. This island, as thin as a bean—half-a-mile across and four miles long—has more than three miles of glorious watercolour-pink beach. Clapboard houses have widow's walks; fiery bougainvillea, pink hibiscus bend over picket white fences where one would expect to see rambler roses. No movies, no sidewalks; but streets that resemble promenades. The license plates on a handful of old cars read "Out Islands, Bahamas." Note: With the exception of the island on which the Bahamian capital city Nassau lies—New Providence—all the islands are "Out."

THE ISLAND'S irresistible tourist-trap is the clop-clop of Lightfoot, an old chestnut mare, harnessed to a polished surrey that the elderly Mr. Saunders drives with authority. Many of the children he greets turn out to be grandchildren from among his forty-two. On Sundays—looking like butterflies—hatted, white-gloved little girls wear brilliant pink or blue organdie dresses. Appropriately, two island products are Royall Lyme, a zingy toilet water in an elegant English glass bottle packaged in brown paper, sealed with wax; and Bahama Tan, a sun lotion made from coconut and palm oils. Both are sold in Harbour Island's general store, as well as in the United States. Although mail is slow, newspapers such as the *Times* (both London and New York) arrive on the day they're datelined.

VISITORS COME to Harbour Island for three purposes; fishing, swimming, and resting. In the sunny stillness, one hears only church bells, barnyard noises, small birds chirping on wind-bent shrubs, the sigh of the Atlantic, and, in the white noon light, even the imperceptible swish of lizards as they slither across flour-sifted sandy paths.

PLEASANT HEADQUARTERS for all of this is Pink Sands Lodge, a compound of twenty cottages resembling a summer camp without counsellors. Arranged like bed-sitting rooms with a dining corner, the cottages have louvred windows for walls, bookshelves, bath-dressing rooms with many coat hangers, and kitchens. There, at any hour convenient to the guests' timetable, a maid enters silently, cooks and serves breakfast. Note: Omelettes rise as high as soufflés. Standard cottage accessory: a flashlight to light the paths to and from the main house. No bar on the compound, but a package store, and in each cottage, the glasses and ice. Wine is sold in the dining room; a bottle of *Nuits St. Georges* costs \$3, *Traminer Hugel*, \$2.80. The food is plain, the staff local, and the Percentie Brothers, who entertain at the lodge three nights a week, work during the day as butchers, grocers; one is the town barber.

AT PINK SANDS, guests may walk on the hard, pink sand hammered by the Atlantic; swim, sun-bathe windlessly behind hooded awnings which beach boys manoeuvre like sails, play tennis; go bonefishing. The island's flats are famous for this fast, sporting fish. (Anglers' note: rates for one day including guide, tackle, and skiff, \$26. The best guide is Joe.) The best place for drinks during the island's loveliest hour—the deepening rose at sunset—is the porch of the Front Road Lounge, a small waterfront house turned by Pink Sands (*Continued on page 184*)

The blooming fakes

To celebrate the coming-into-their-own of unreal florae, the artist Andy Warhol painted an arrangement of tissue paper flowers for *Vogue* in the still life *opposite*. Included regularly now in the house plans of smart women and good decorators, man-made blooms don't pretend to need water nor to be anything but what they are—a rendering, in a lasting medium, of fleeting beauty. No self-respecting floral fake attempts to compete with or replace what comes from the florist. Like porcelain fruit and the Chelsea cabbage, artificial flowers are to be enjoyed for their artifice. For the enchanted tissue paper impressions of roses, anemones, sweet peas, larkspur, pansies, zinnias in Mr. Warhol's bouquet, the designer Helen Cole used the real thing only as the pollen of invention. Some are fitted with tinsel centres, some with green leaves. Each about three feet high, these blossoms have the stamina to cry Party this Christmas and next and make no excuses in between, can be gathered now at Lord & Taylor's Christmas Bazaar; Hutzler's; Hudson's. On the next several pages, seventy-five other presents to give to a house, and some suggestions for the holiday wrapping of a house.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



March

NEW WISH-BONE LOW CALORIE



Flavor so delicious, only your figure will know they're low calorie

Now Wish-Bone brings you 2 new dressings that do your weight watching for you—the first low calorie dressings with the superb flavor of the regular kind. That's because of Wish-Bone's skillful way of removing 90% of the calories while retaining all the flavor of regular dressings. The garlic-touched Italian is filled with zesty spices, the savory French-Style is

piquant with crushed herbs. The Italian dressing has only 1 calorie per teaspoon (no more than you get from unsweetened lemon juice), the French-Style has only 2. Yet they're rich-tasting and smooth . . . no need to shake them before pouring. Try both these flavorful new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings for really satisfying salads the whole family will enjoy.

DECORATING WITH IDEAS

The house from Thanksgiving to Twelfth Night

An annual test of a woman's wit is her approach to decorating a holiday house, a condition which is inclined to start the next-to-last Thursday in November, and to go on at least through Twelfth Night—among the stout-hearted until Candlemas, that fortieth day after Christmas of which Herrick wrote “Down with the Rosemary, and so/ Down with the Bays and Mistletoe;/Down with the Holly, Ivy, all/Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall.”

Early Christmas celebrants filled their houses with evergreens as an invitation to the spirits that roam the leafless winter forests to come in and get warm. Part of that invitation this year might start with A for Apple. Particularly those small ones known as lady apples. Helen Cole, the florist designer who invented the tissue flowers on page 155, works lady apples, kumquats, and tangerines into a holly wreath, bowed with green velvet with long streamer ends. Luther Greene, the landscape designer, likes to tie regular apples and pinecones together in a rope to dress his clients' stair rails. Pleasance Flowers makes a pomander ball of an apple, adds a false stem wound with red berries and two green velvet leaves, perches a bird on the side. All this to hang by a gold cord from a mantel or a wall hook before retiring to aromatize a closet early in 1962.

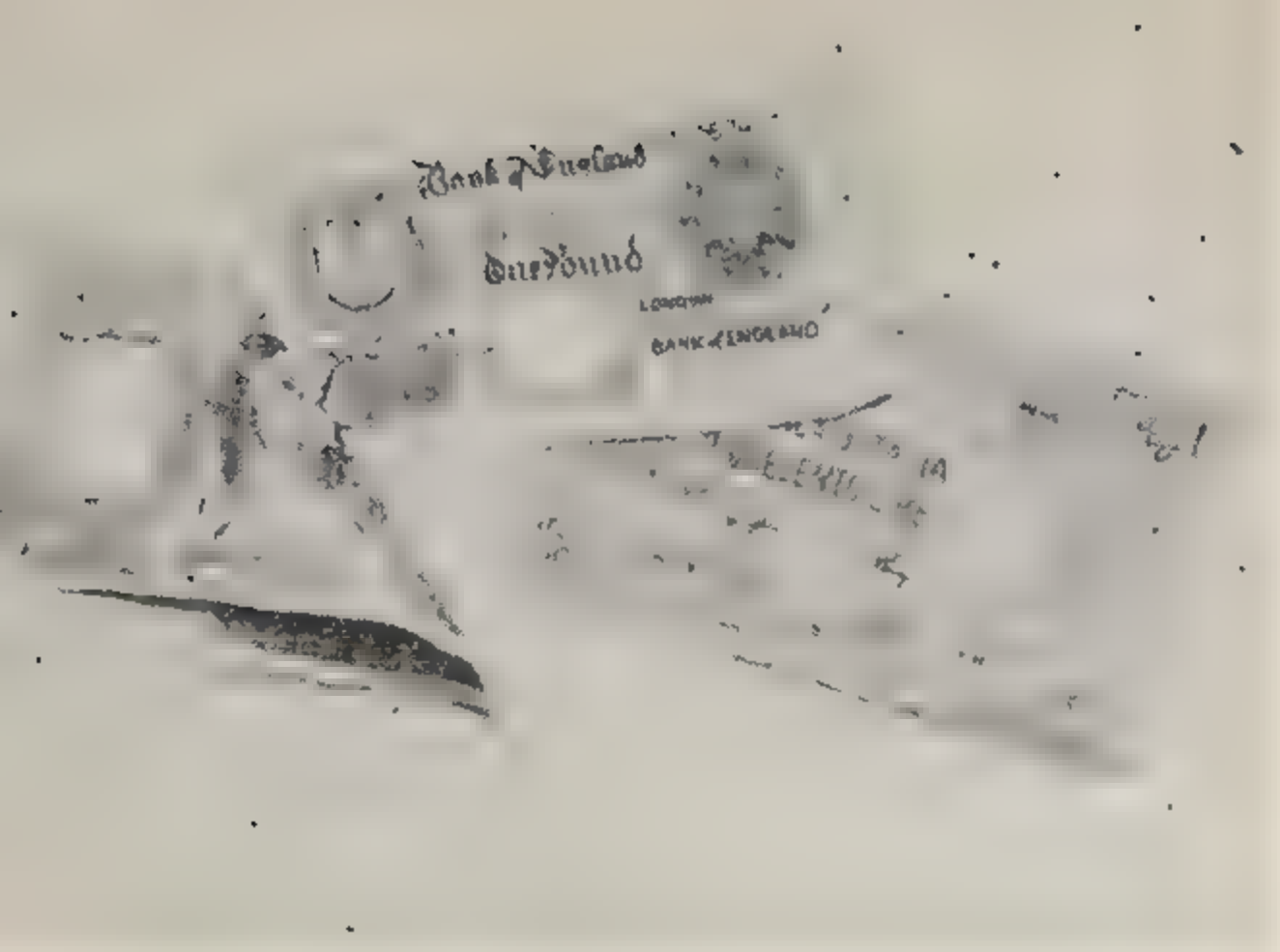
Two small hands might spend a constructive hour or two home-making pomander balls. The recipe defies mishap. Wash apple or orange; dry; wipe with oiled cloth; stud with rows of cloves; let sit around until fruit dries up; wrap in cellophane, tie with ribbon.

Proceeding alphabetically in holiday house ingredients, we go from apples to boxwood, a green that especially commends itself to a good holiday housekeeper because it dries without losing either shape or lustre and does not shed. Boxwood wreaths look cheery interlaced with oranges, or with real or unreal carnations—the real ones to keep fresh for at least a week in camouflaged florist tubes. MacDonald Forbes, a New York florist, makes boxwood centrepieces, either in ball or pyramid shape. These can sit on a number of holiday and post-holiday tables, looking different each time if different flowers are tucked among the boxwood leaves. The secret of this centrepiece's longevity is Oasis, a green foam flower holder that facilitates all sorts of uninhibited fresh flower decoration. Once saturated with water, Oasis feeds moisture to flowers and greens as needed and keeps them content in baskets, boxes, wire pyramids, and other unlikely containers.

*h*olly, which evokes the crown of thorns, and ivy, the badge of Bacchus, have long been rivals in getting into the Christmas house. Ivy, because of its sporty bacchanalian associations, was in early England banished to the outside. “Holly standeth in the hall fair to behold;/ Ivy stands without the door, she is full sore a-cold” one fifteenth-century song went. Fortunately for women, whom ivy is supposed to protect (holly looks out for men), ivy has long been defrosted, as Christmas clients of the florist Emmett Holcombe well know. Mr. Holcombe is celebrated for his ivy pyramids, sprinkled with gardenias or carnations, the ivy part of which lives on indefinitely, inside or out, long after the Yule log has burned. Another Holcombe pyramid has at its base white-flecked Christmas balls, the remainder of the pyramid banked solidly with white pompon chrysanthemums, their stems nestled in hidden Oasis. After the chrysanthemums have gone to floral heaven and the Christmas balls have been packed away, the pyramid framework should be retained for any-season parties, perhaps to play a return engagement with geraniums.

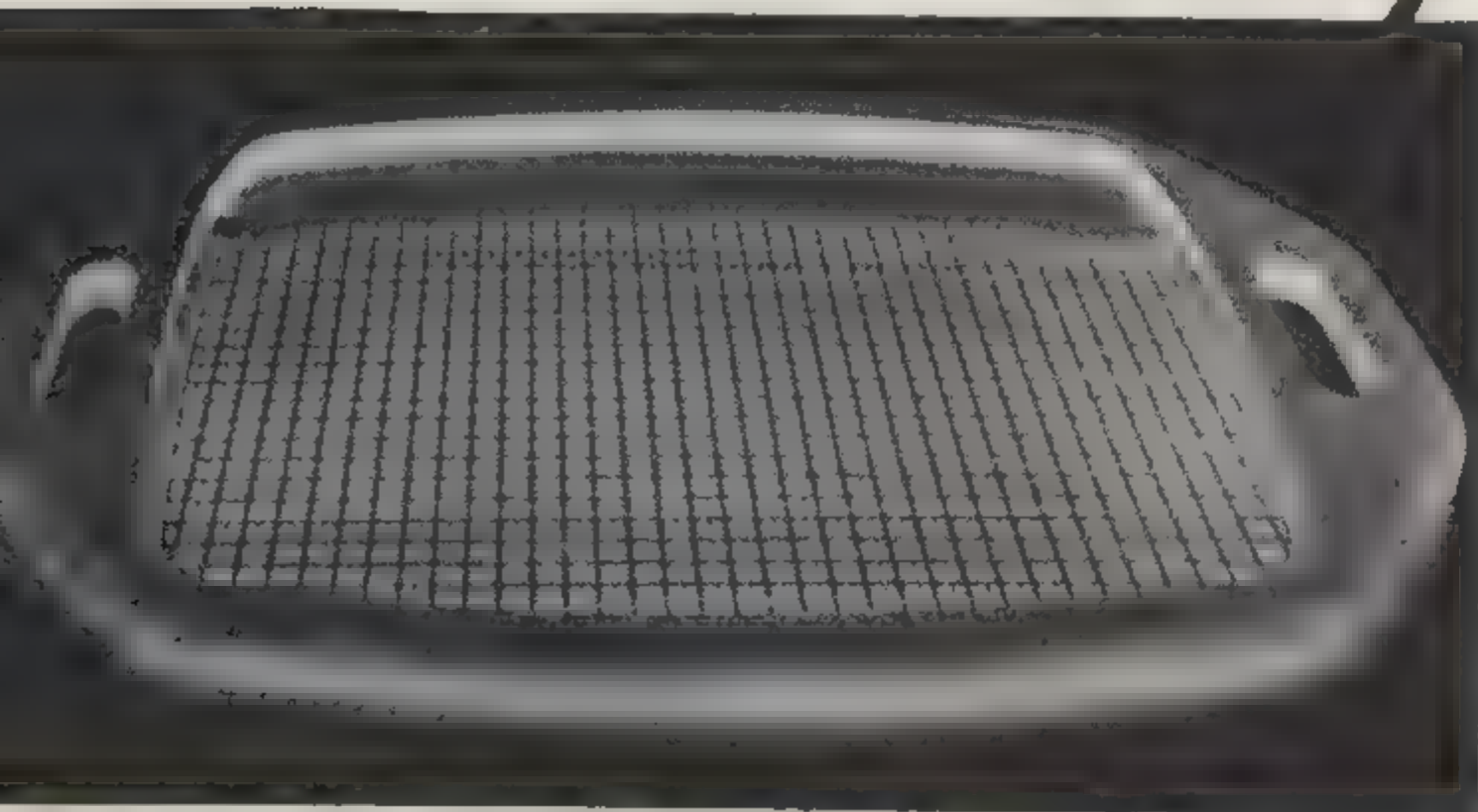
The Gazebo, a New York flower shop, combines a full complement of traditional greens: holly, juniper, laurel, and mistletoe, not only an invitation to a kiss but to those forest spirits “who would come in a friendly way in the long winter night, bringing good cheer.” The greens, their stems plunged in trusty Oasis, intermingle in a domed arrangement with lovely French silk flowers, all in a woven willow basket.

(Continued on page 165)



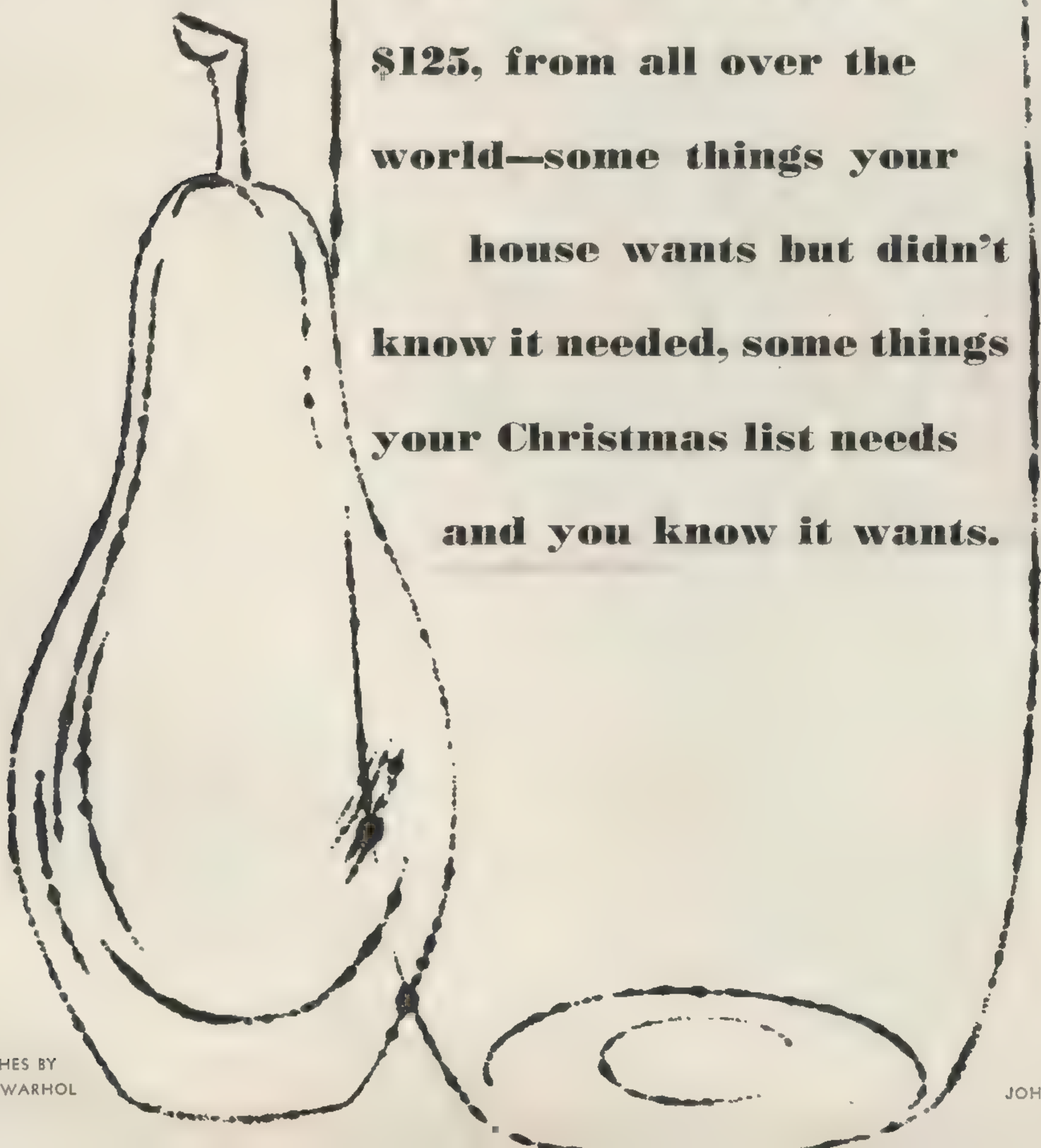
From Switzerland, embroidered cotton lawn drink napkins that simulate, unnervingly, foreign money. Set of 8, \$24.50, Léron.

From Denmark, a teakwood platter grilled for non-skid transport of meat, with a gutter for gravy. 22". \$30, Mark Cross.



From Finland, the unfussed decanter, right, 13" high, comfortably shaped, comfortingly priced. Holds a quart. \$8.50, Georg Jensen.

Below: a pear to pour perfume, sculpted in lovely, heavyweight Kosta crystal, jauntily stopped with the pear's crystal stem; 5½" high. \$17, at Georg Jensen.

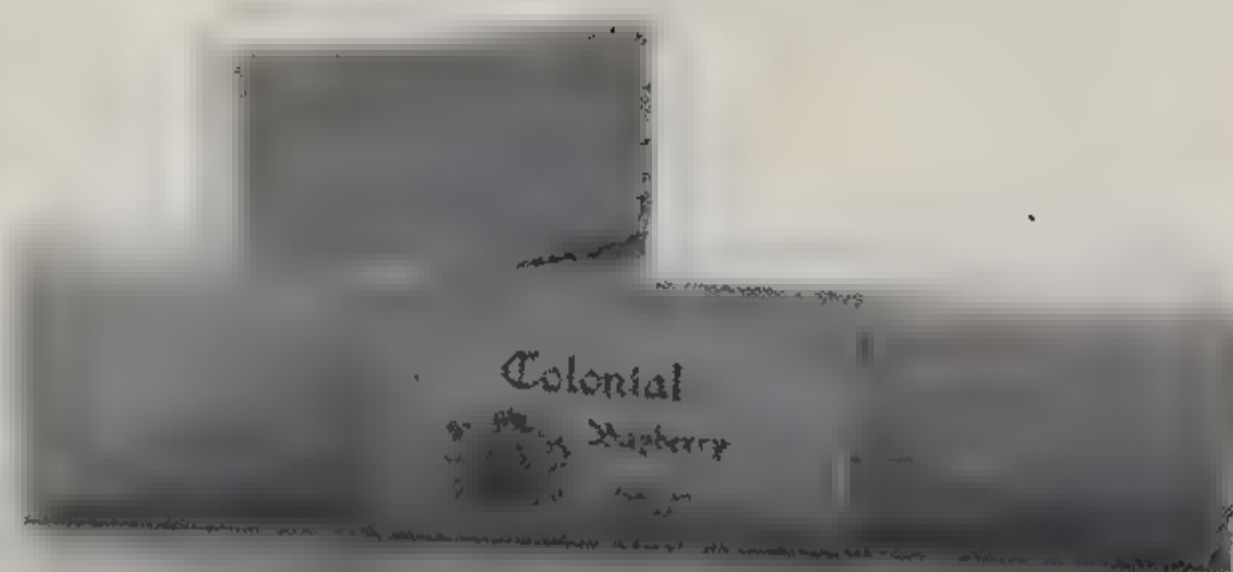


For the house lights to shine on

75 presents—from \$1 to \$125, from all over the world—some things your house wants but didn't know it needed, some things your Christmas list needs and you know it wants.



Reproductions of rare Creil faience, yellow and black or white and black. Cachepot, \$11. Covered urn, \$8. Plate, \$6.50, Henri Bendel.



What looks like a foot-long slab of maple-walnut fudge is a foot-long slab of Bayberry Soap, to be cut as needed. \$1.50, Serendipity. Sitting on top of it here: a pretty bar of pink soap that smells like a geranium and floats like a geranium leaf. \$1, Saks Fifth Avenue.



To toast a glass connoisseur, this hand-engraved Webb crystal goblet looks like Waterford, but is English. \$25, Bonwit Teller.

To measure up to someone who reigns when he pours: three little pitchers with big ear handles. 1-, 2-, 3-pint, \$12 the set, Plummer.

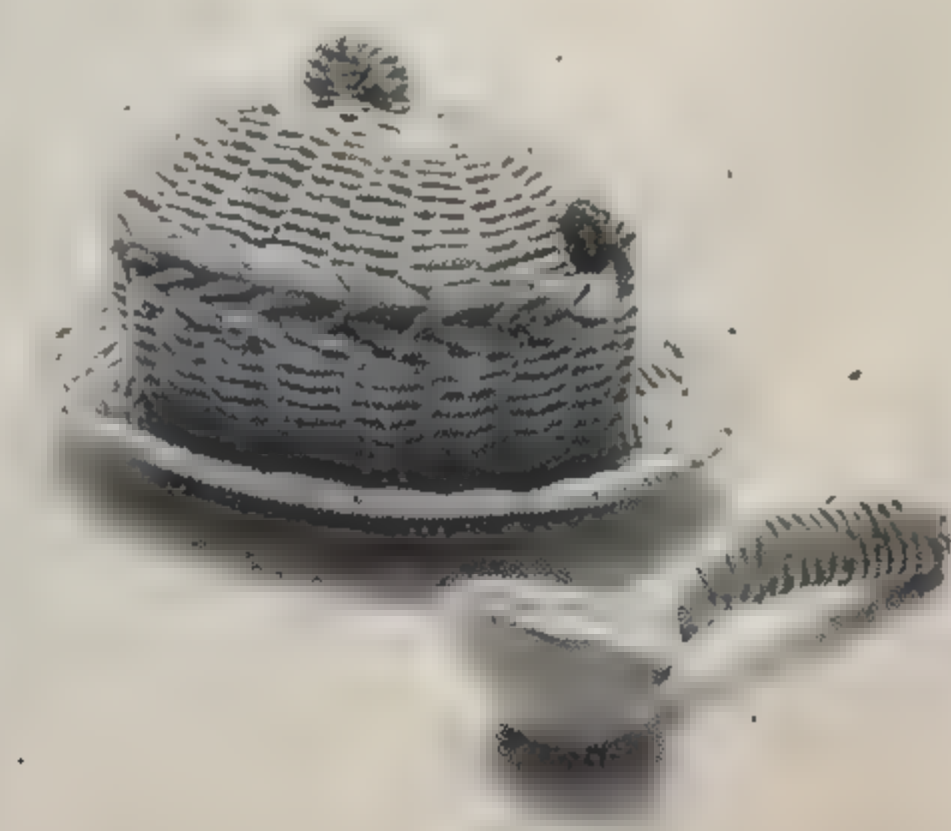
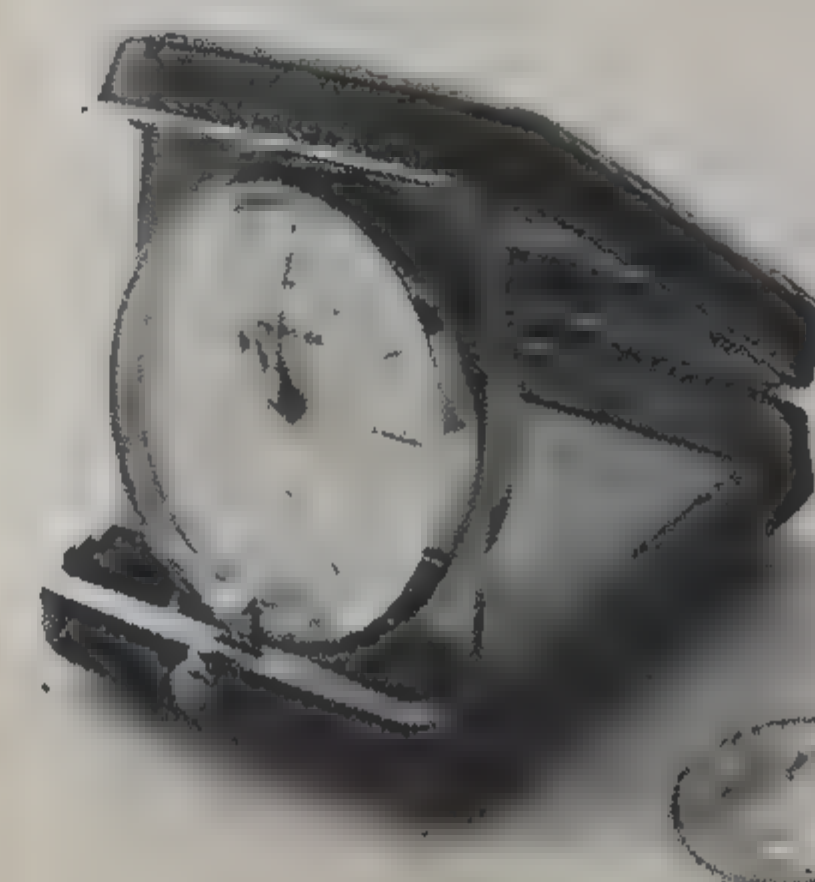


A rice bowl which might also hold soup, on a tray which might also float flowers, green lacquer, black-trimmed. Set \$4, The Shibui Shop.



Slightly bigger than two quarters, a minuscule red leather clock lies down in a pocket, stands up on a night table. \$65, Georg Jensen.

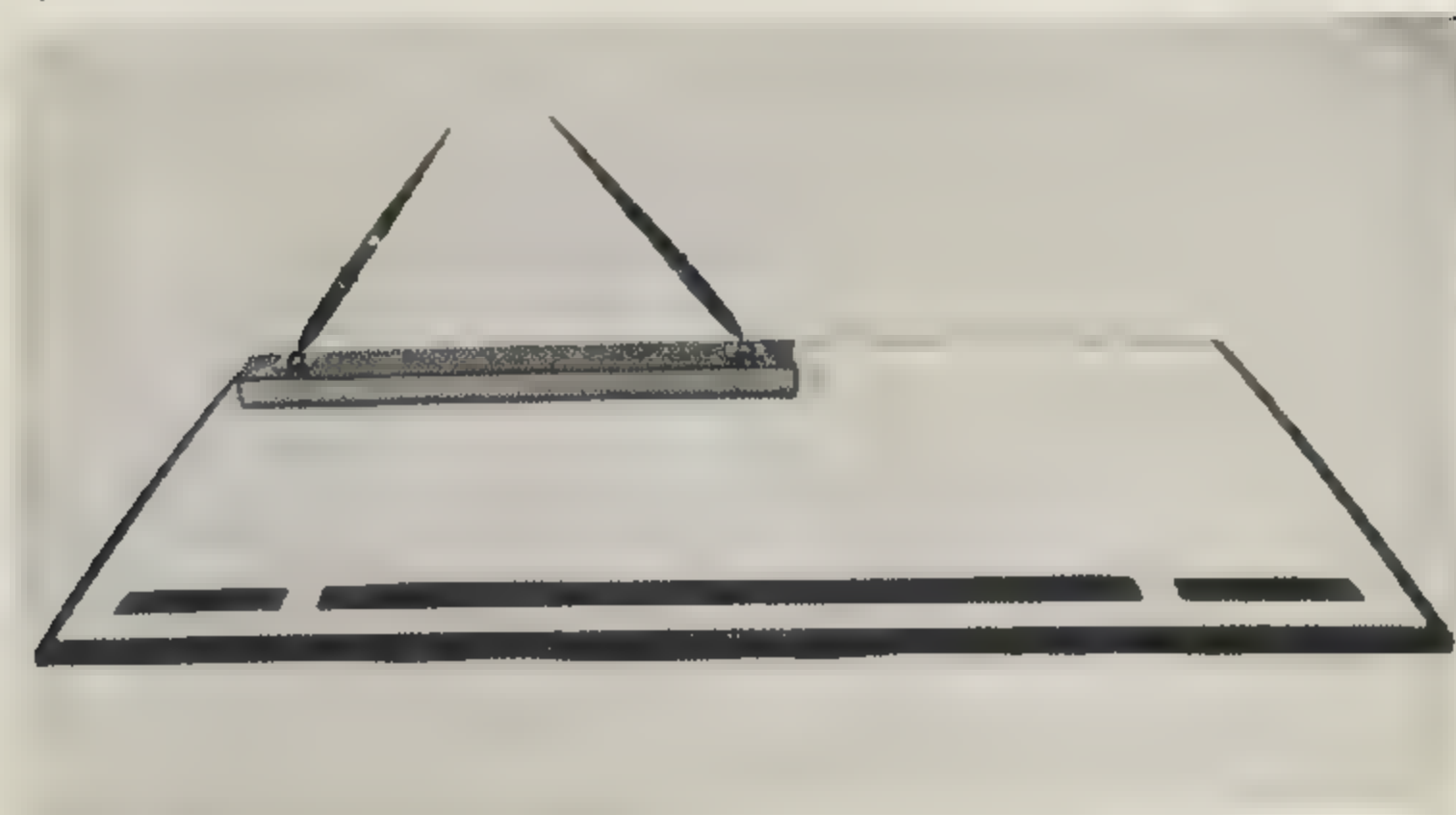
To compliment a woman's saucy ways: an Italian sauceboat in pottery that simulates straw. With tray, ladle, \$23, Leigh Hammond.





The covered cigarette box, pottery washed with silver; from Italy. \$4, Henri Bendel. The table lighter, silvery metal, runs on butane, goes months without re-fuelling. \$25, Bergdorf Goodman.

To get a firm hold on memos, a white Marlite desk pad, with black calf edges and memo straps, double pen holder, two Sheaffer pens. The set, \$50, Henri Bendel.



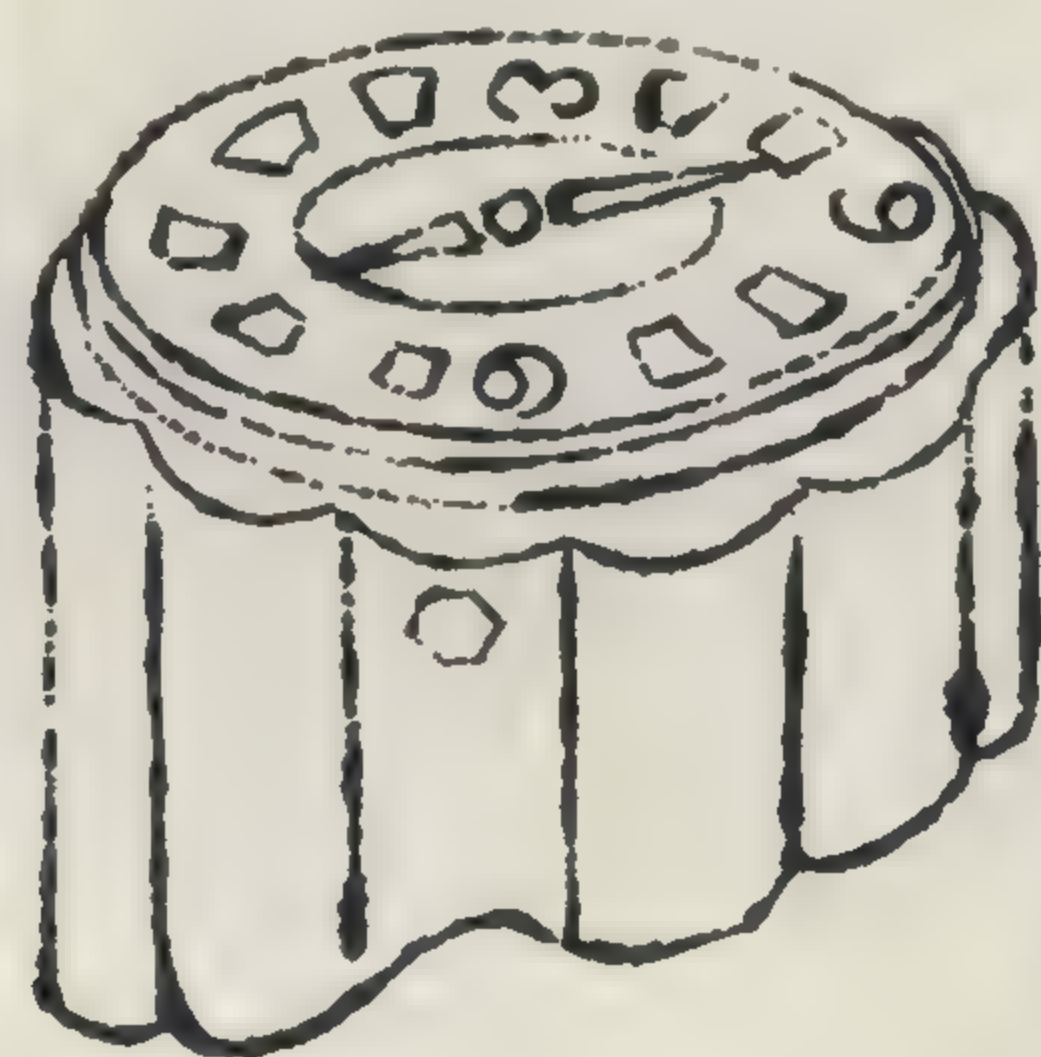
What the Japanese call a "chow table" makes an attractive tray-stand. Black-lacquered, 12" square. \$14, Serendipity. On it here, weighty, many-faceted German hand-cut crystal glasses. Four sizes, \$2.75 to \$5 each, Bonwit Teller.



Wine cartage from Italy: a gold-plated cooler that holds two bottles, keeps both chilled with an ice compartment in the centre. \$59.50 plus tax. Bonwit Teller.



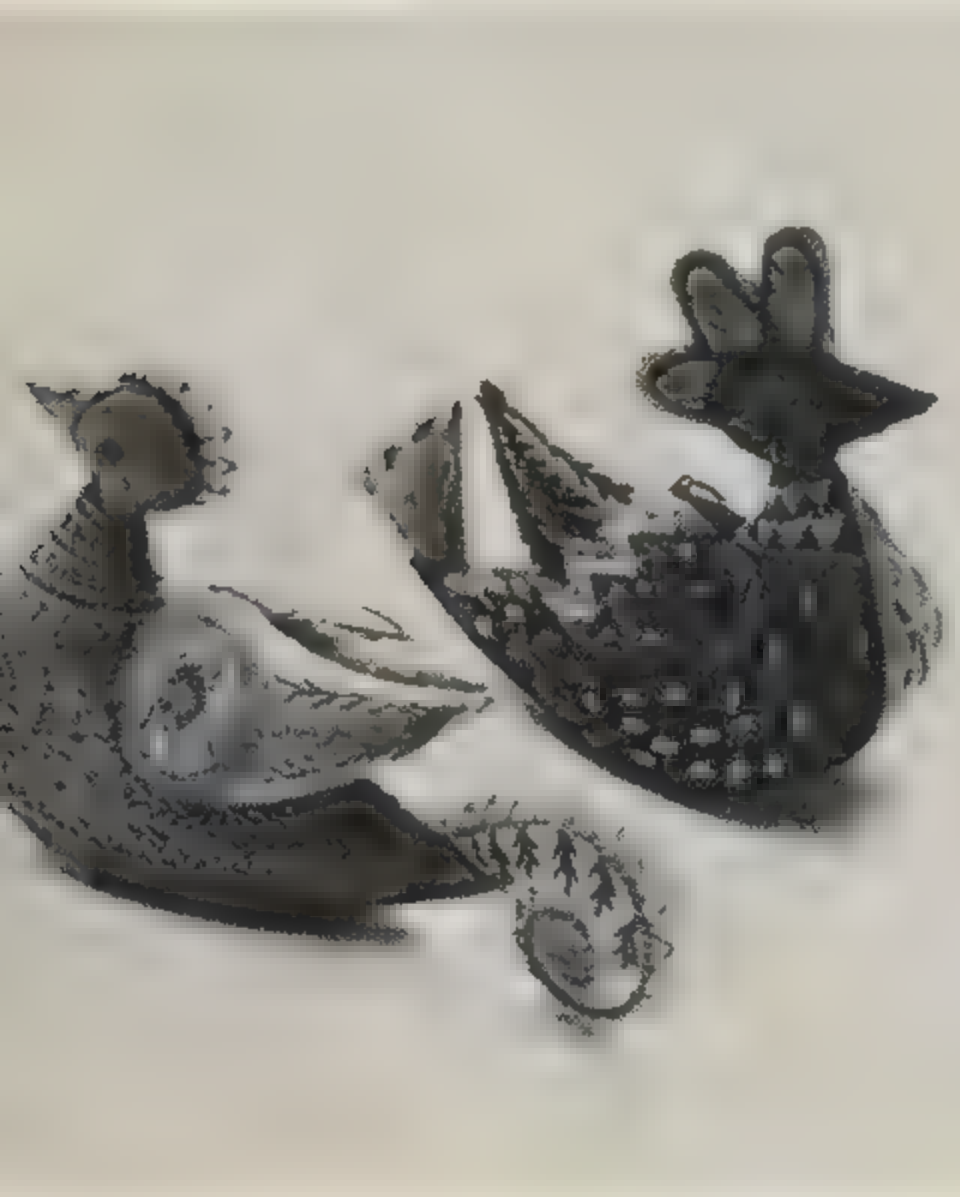
Time for a desk or a night table: 2" high brass clock has fluted base, night-glowing hands, Swiss engine. \$20 plus tax. Henri Bendel.



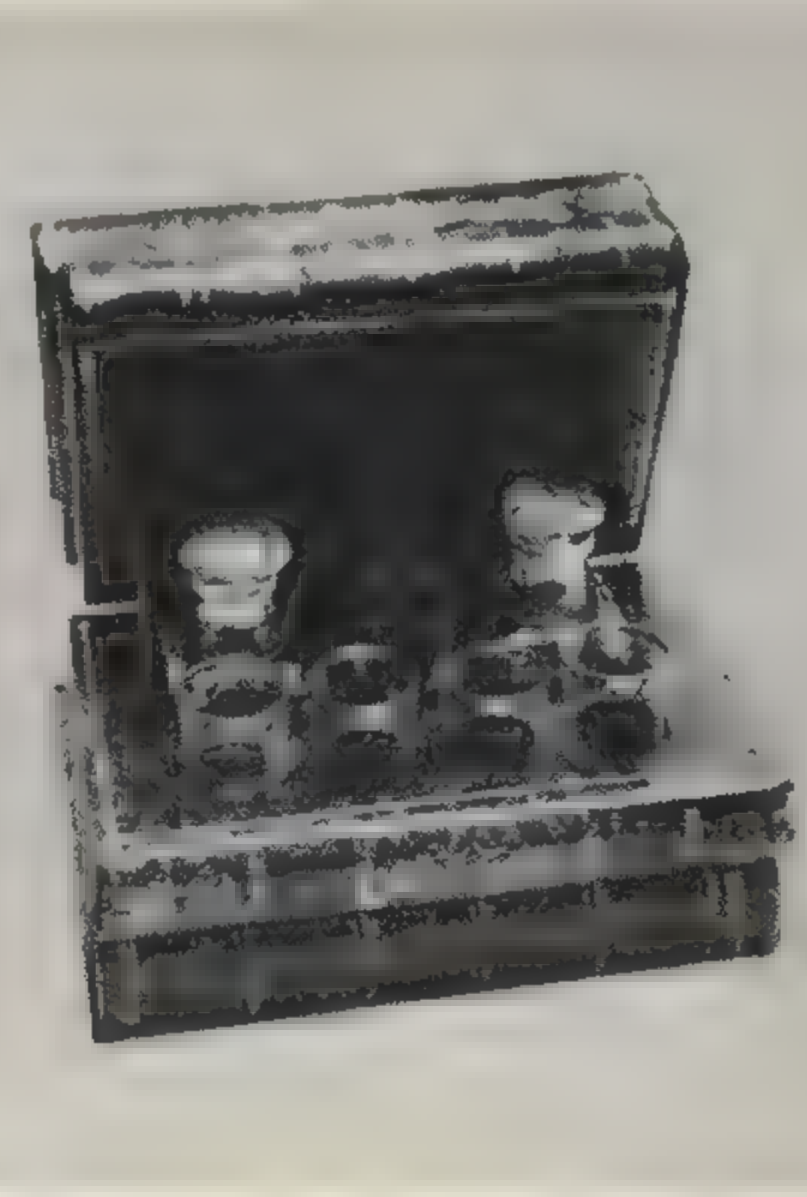
For better steakery, handsome stainless steel cutlery: carving set and six steak knives in a walnut chest. \$55, Bloomingdale's.



Birds to stick pins in or just admire; brilliantly-coloured green or pink, embroidered cotton from Formosa. \$3.50 each, Bonniers.



Four aged leather books (sample title: *Matière Medicale*) enclose five liqueur glasses, two small decanters. \$40, Bloomingdale's.



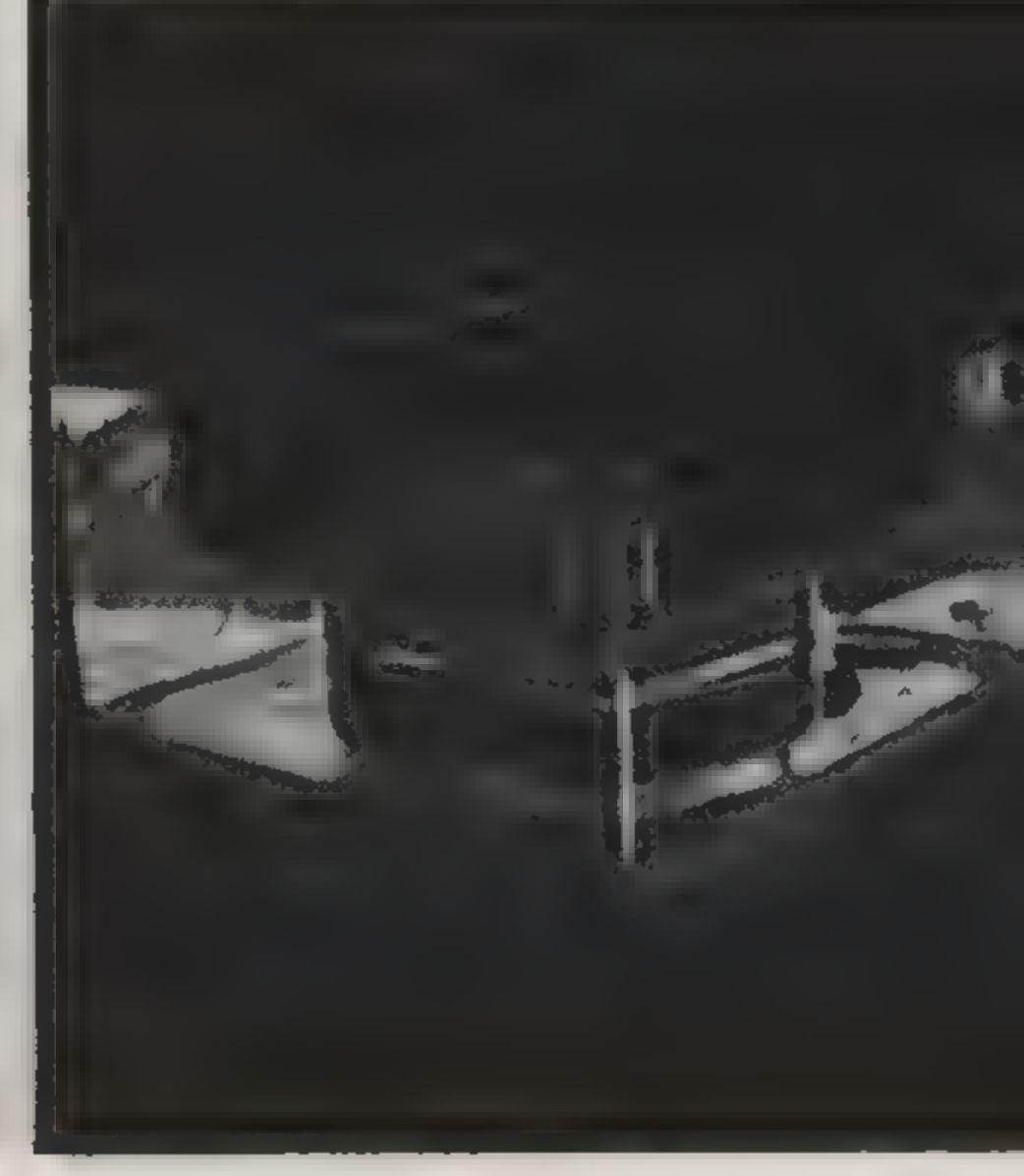
This wide-eyed brass duck has duties underfoot—his prodigious bill is a shoe horn the better to shoe a man. \$12.50, Piazza Montici.



Japanese canisters, white with red, yellow, and blue tops, spouted for contents outpouring. Twist top to close spout. Set of 3, \$4, Serendipity.



To hold down the night table of a big-league smoker, a 7" glass ash tray, big and heavy as a man could want. \$6, Georg Jensen.



To ride in a smart living room, a Spanish saddle bench with fringed red cotton velvet cushion, finger grip for carrying. \$39, Altman's.



A rose to blossom on a bathroom or a bedroom door and hook a nightgown, a robe, a towel. Gilded metal, \$7.50, Piazza Montici.



A chain frame, gilded metal to set off an oval photograph on a bureau or a dressing table; with metal stand. \$13.50, Piazza Montici.

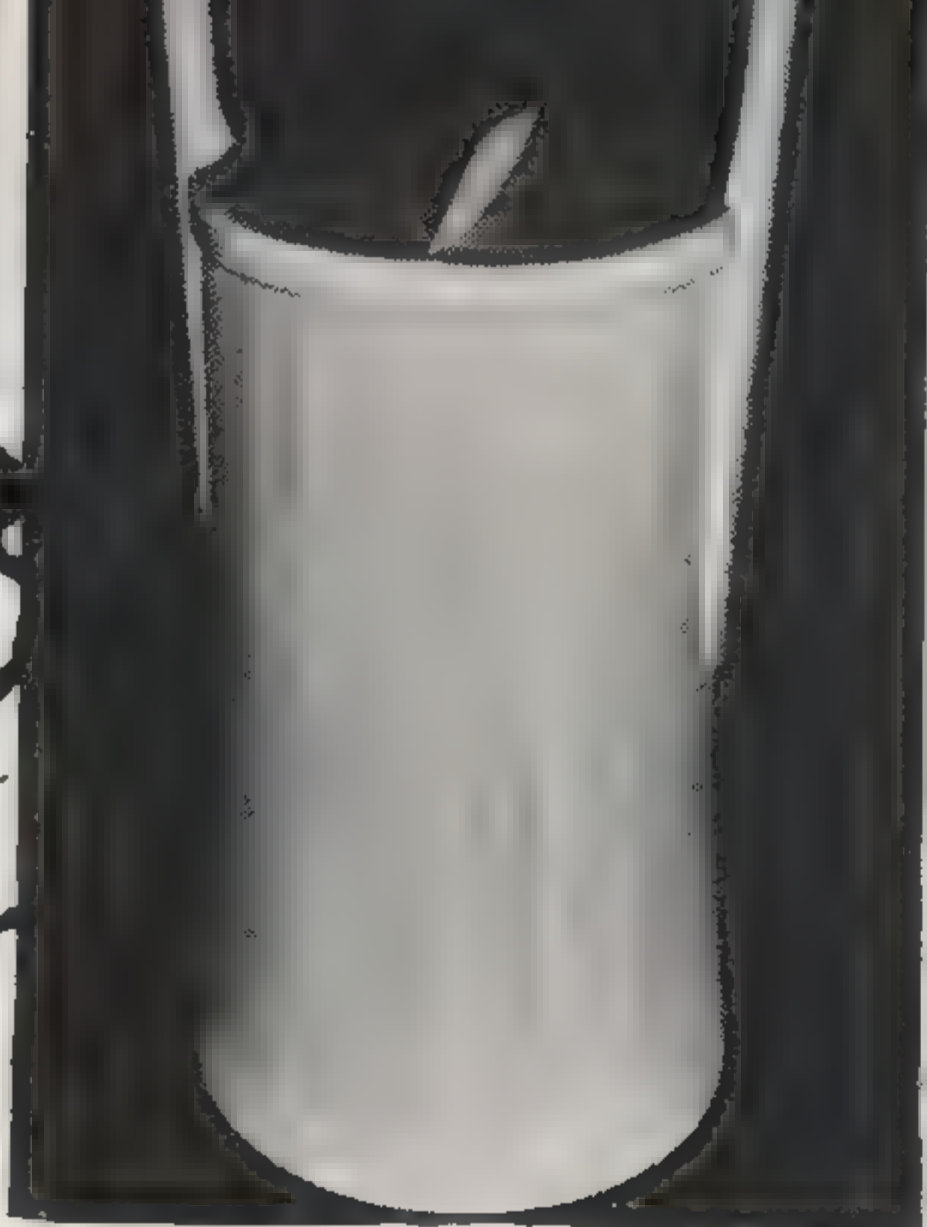


Made-in-U.S.A. wineglasses, the smaller for chilled white wine, the larger for room temperature red. \$1.50 each, either size, Bonniers.



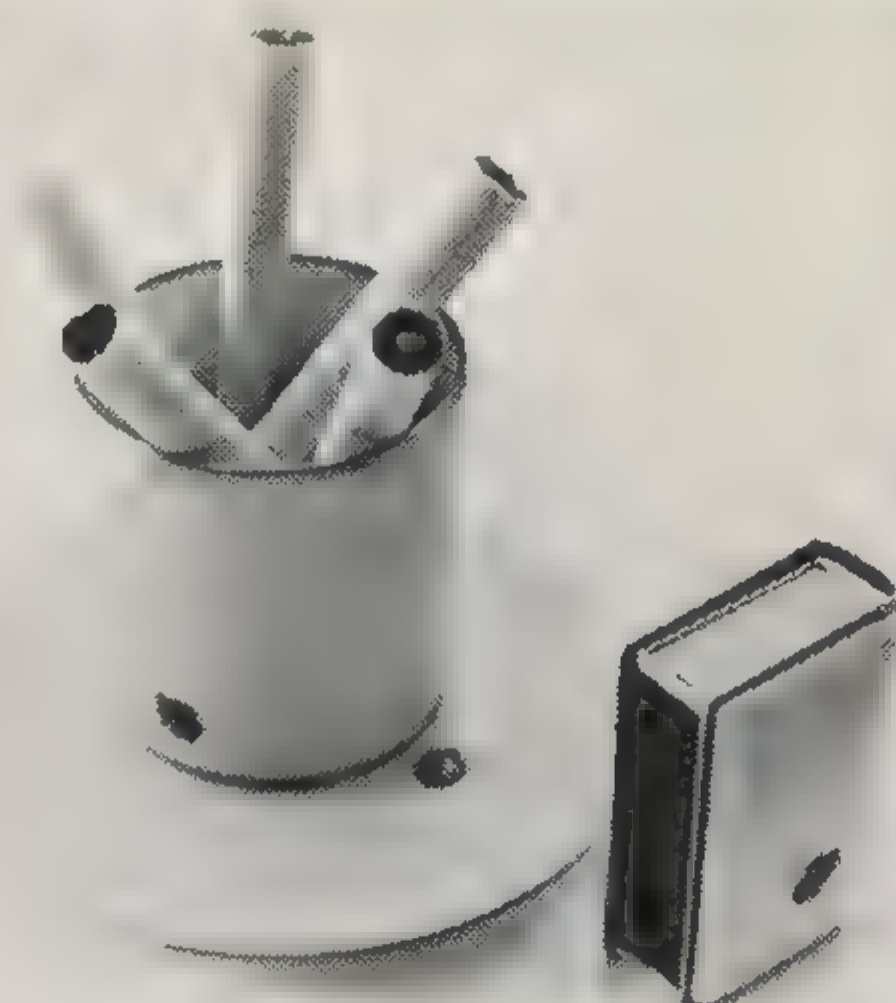
For a desk where sharpness is in order, a wooden pencil pot, to each pencil its own partition in a wooden lattice. \$5, Altman's.



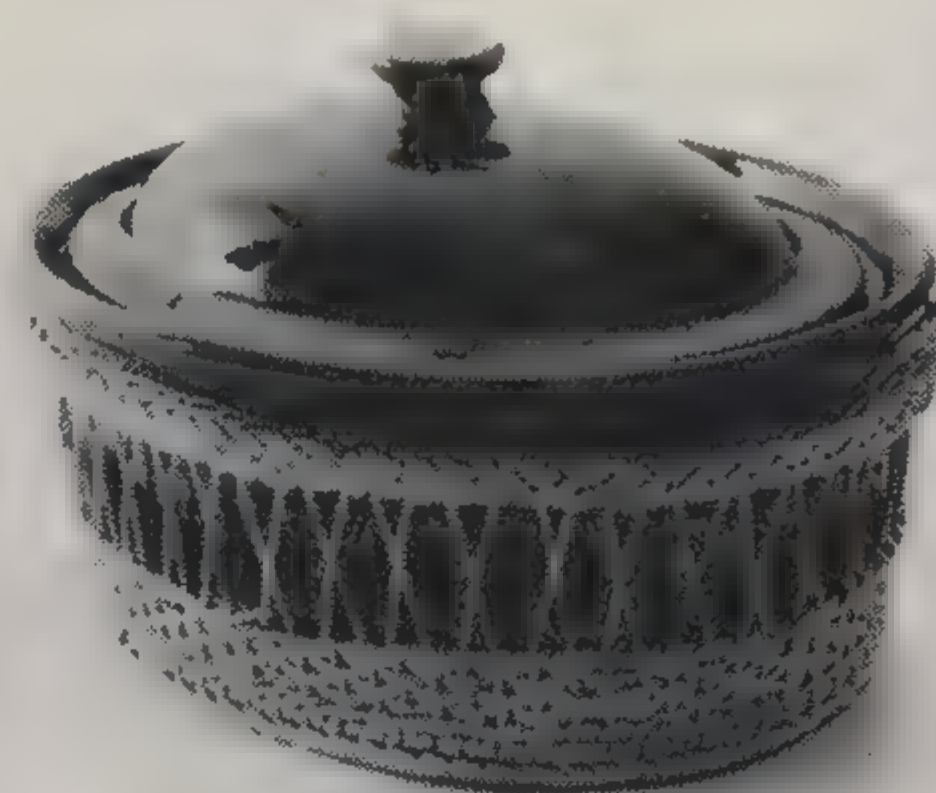


Three for smoking, in Limoges: white porcelain cigarette cup, ash tray, match case, red ladybug design. \$7.50, Bergdorf Goodman.

An ice bucket by Dansk, sculptured in palisander, a Brazilian rosewood not easy to come by; 18" high. \$45, Lord & Taylor.



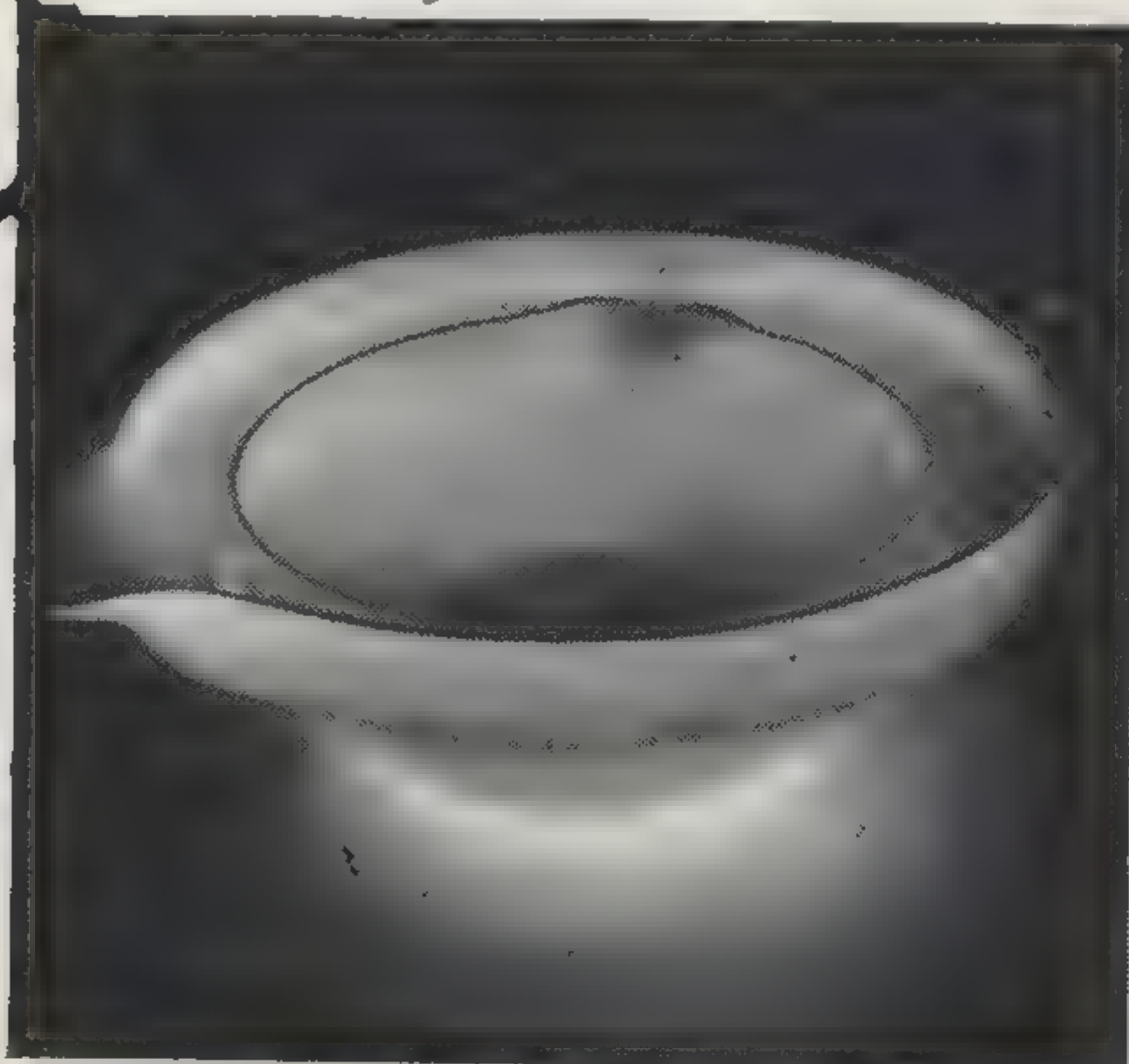
From Spain, a brown pottery covered oven-to-dining-room oval casserole in a willow basket; will cook a quart. \$12, Henri Bendel.



"Fern," a fine-chiselled Royal Worcester pattern, here in a cream pitcher and sugar bowl to brighten a breakfast tray. \$8.50 the set, McCutcheon's.



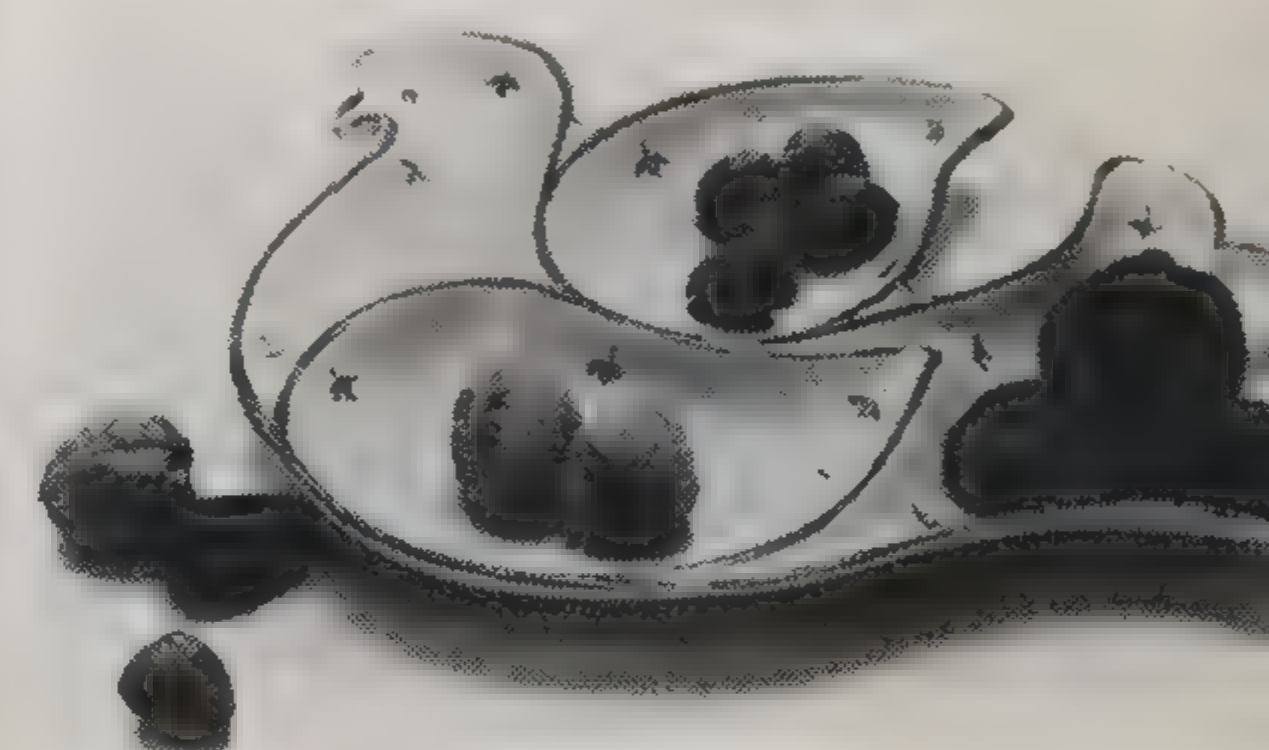
Made by Finnish hands, heavy white pottery mixing bowls with pouring lips. 2-quart size, \$5; 4-quart size, \$8, at Georg Jensen.



Exquisite, dimensional white porcelain flowers, matted with green moire, framed in a gilded shadow box. \$50, W & J Sloane.



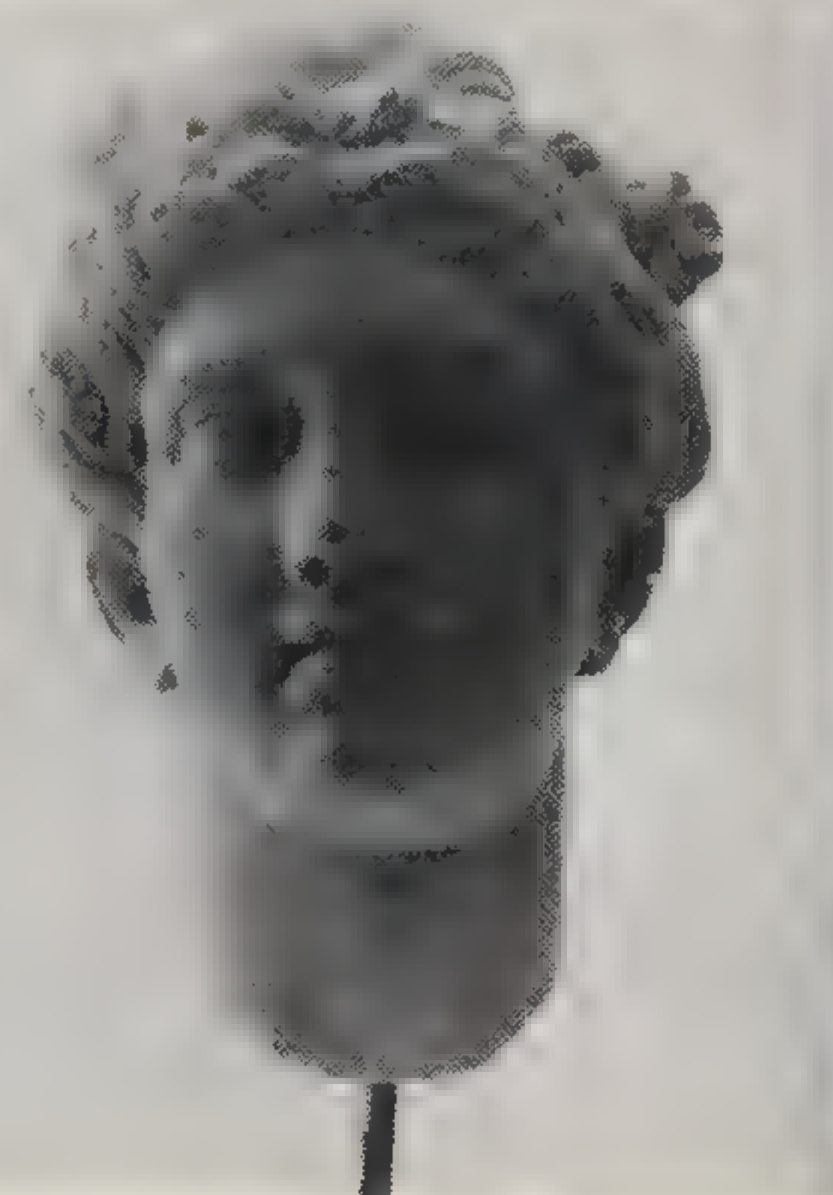
A dove that's a love for relish; four curvy compartments, white pottery from Italy, outlined and spotted with green. \$5, at Bloomingdale's.



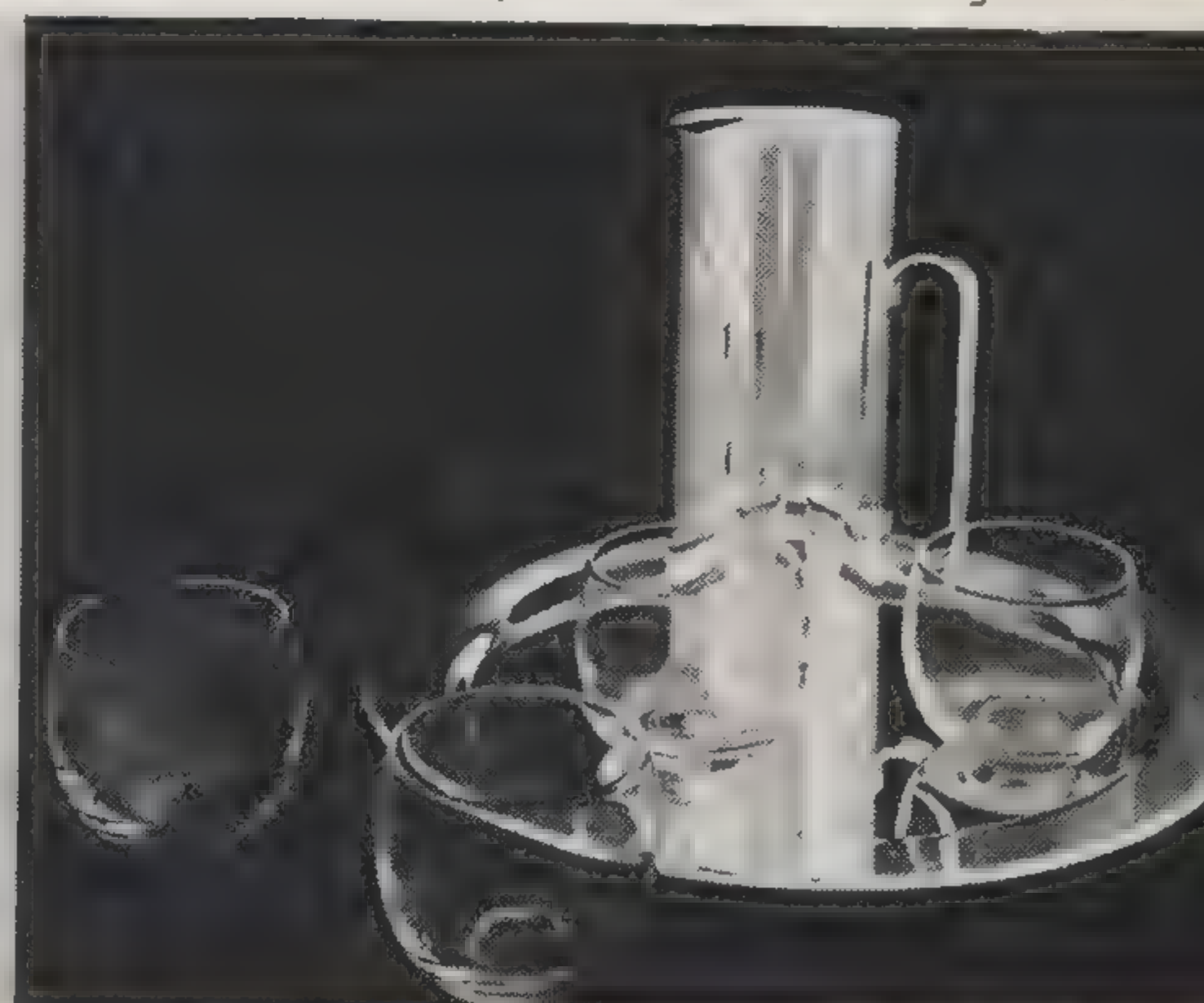
Brilliant blue Danish skillet with white cooking surface; porcelain enamel on rugged cast iron, 9" across. \$11, at Bloomingdale's.



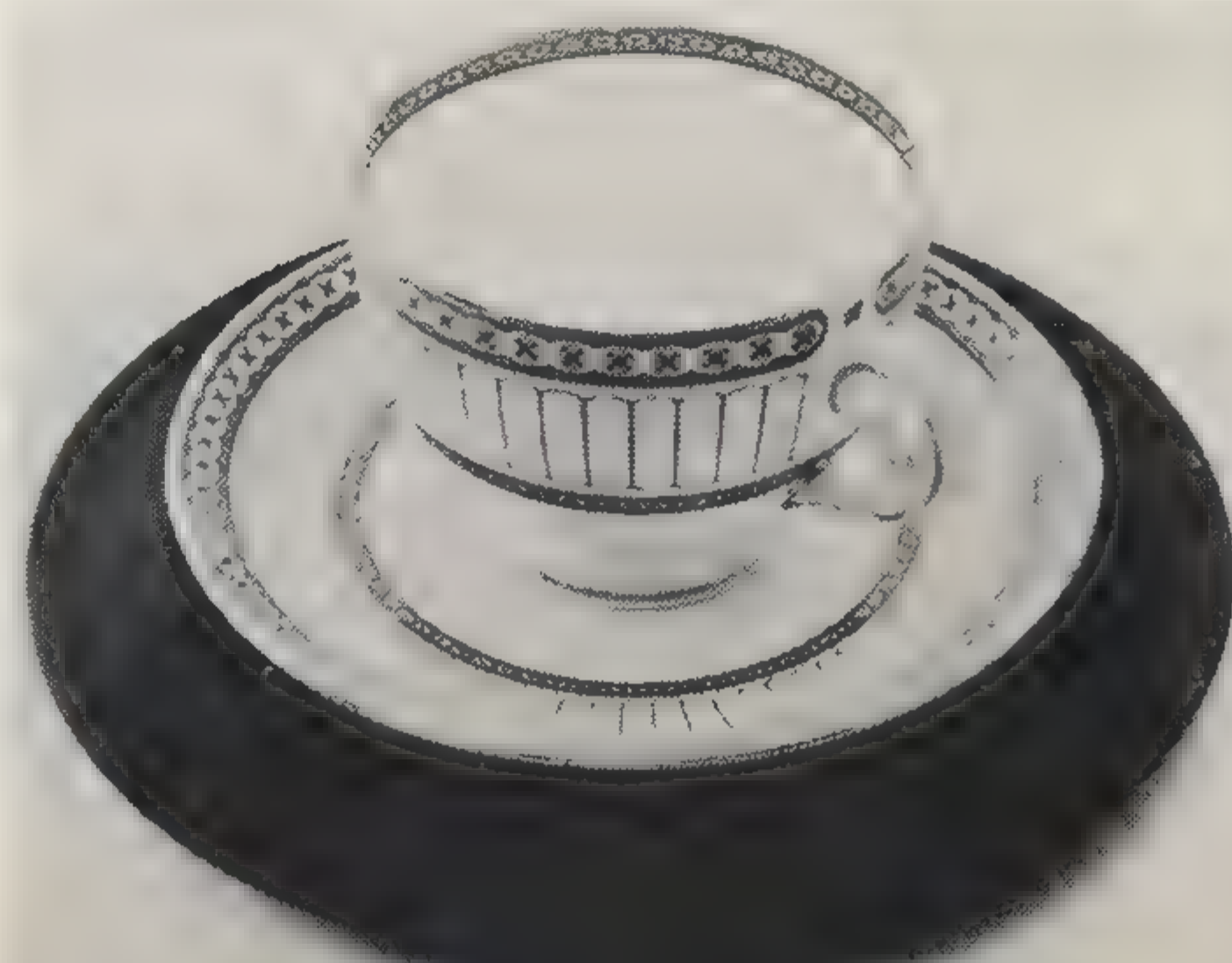
The Greek of Venus—Aphrodite, an Italian plaster copy of the Greek original, a distinguished addition to any room. 9" high. \$30, Altman's



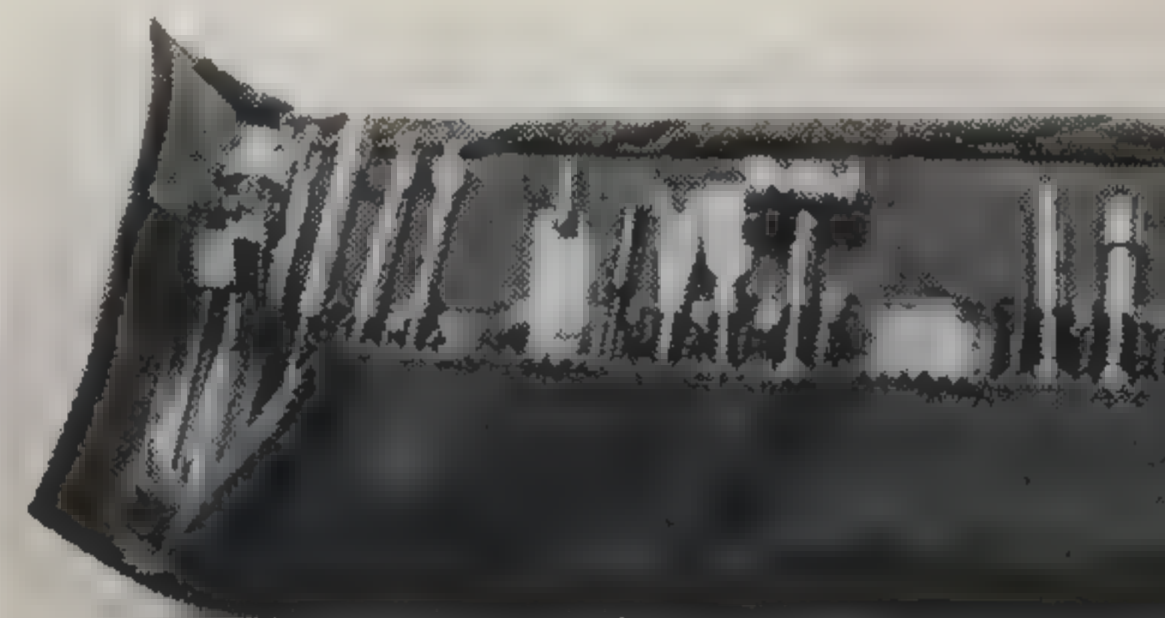
A foursome for Martinis: silver-plated pitcher and tray, four rounded glasses, muddler. All by Oneida, \$16.50 plus tax, at Bloomingdale's.



Wedgwood teacup and saucer, black, white, and gold "Colonnade" pattern, \$8.50. Black basalt Wedgwood plate, \$4. Bergdorf Goodman.



To make a man a handyman, black leather tool kit, red suede lining, 16 fine tools to meet forbidding repair situations. \$17, Mark Cross.



Two owls—the big one, a Chelsea pottery cookie jar; owl head is cookie cover; handmade in England, \$38.50. The small one, 1 1/2" high, is a gold-plated card holder; behind his ears goes a menu, a place card. \$4 plus tax, Bonwit Teller.



SKETCHES BY ANDY WARHOL

French earthenware duck, hand-decorated in blue, holds almost a quart of wine, stores it through handle, pours it from bill. \$28.50, Bonwit Teller.

Brass-handled wooden bucket has leg-erdmain: as shown, it's a cachepot; upside down and cushioned, a comfortable stool. \$34 at Piazza Montici.

A Lowestoft sauceboat and dish, copied in the old Lowestoft colour scheme—blue, gold, white; by Mot-tahedeh. \$75, Bergdorf Goodman.



Porcelain to cook in—white French porcelain saucepans have vegetable decorations, "Hors d'oeuvres" pattern. 1-pt., \$10; 36 oz., \$15. Baccarat.

Small enough to be pocketed, a re-chargeable transistor radio comes with carrying case, earphone; by Everplay. \$30, Bloomingdale's.

The tree sketched: golden balls and tissue paper flowers, red, orange, lime, and dark green; 20" high. \$25, Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hudson's.

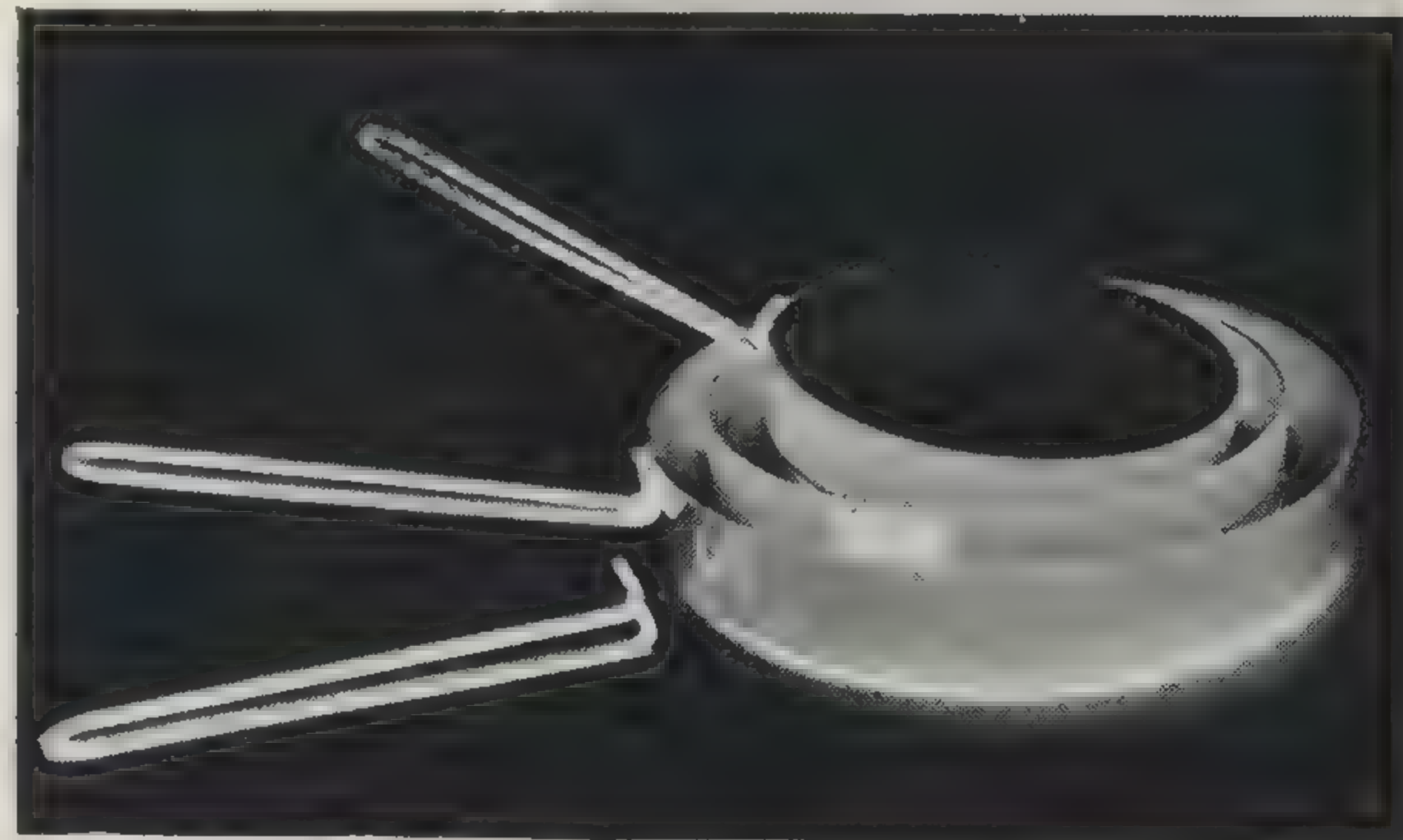


For tracking the weather, a precise, gold-plated German barometer in a leather case, 8 1/2" square; for wall or desk. \$48, Alfred Dunhill.

A skillet trio from Denmark, orange porcelain enamel lined with white, detachable wrought-iron handles. \$13 for the set, at Georg Jensen.



For the house lights to shine on *continued*

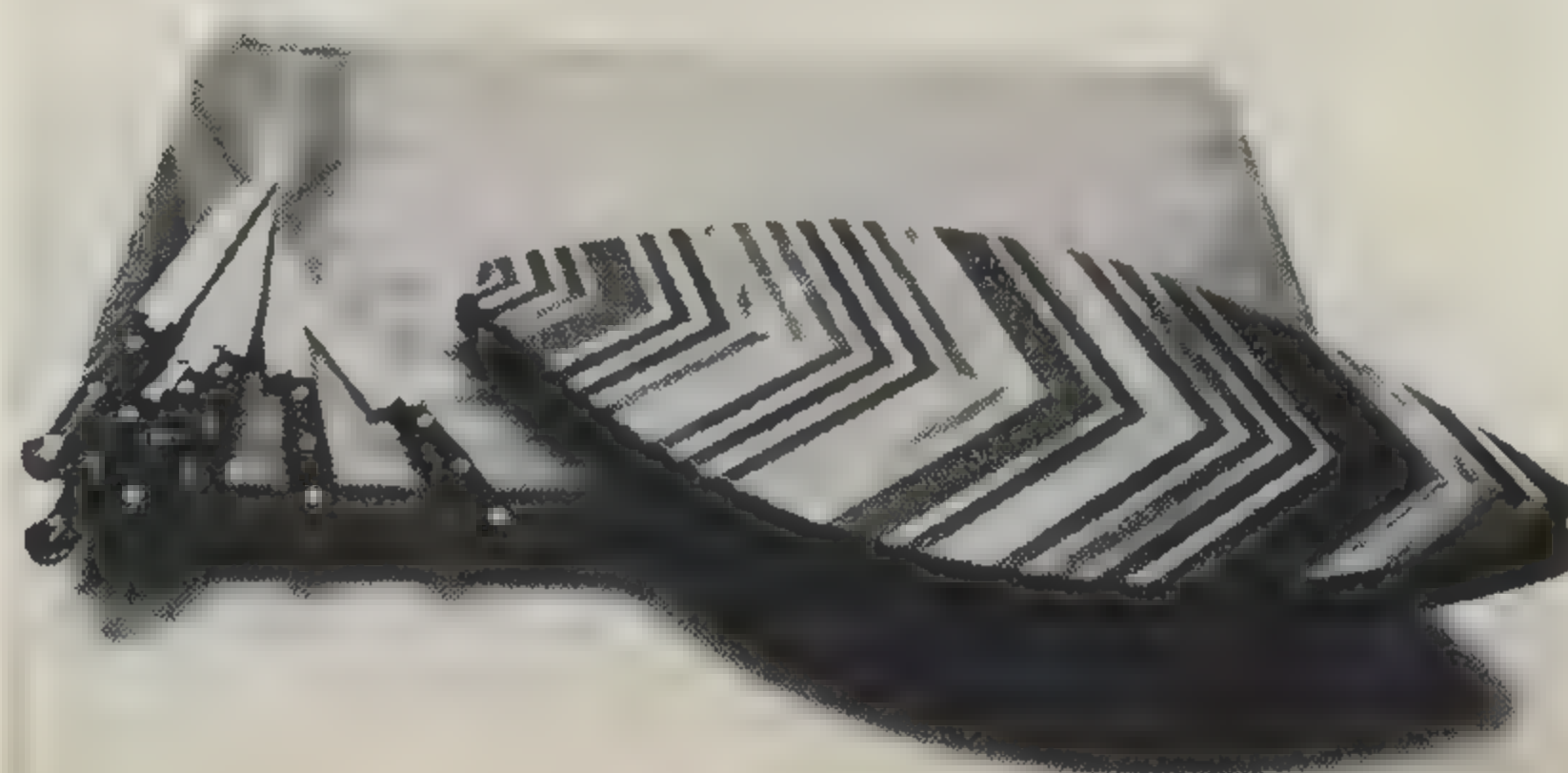


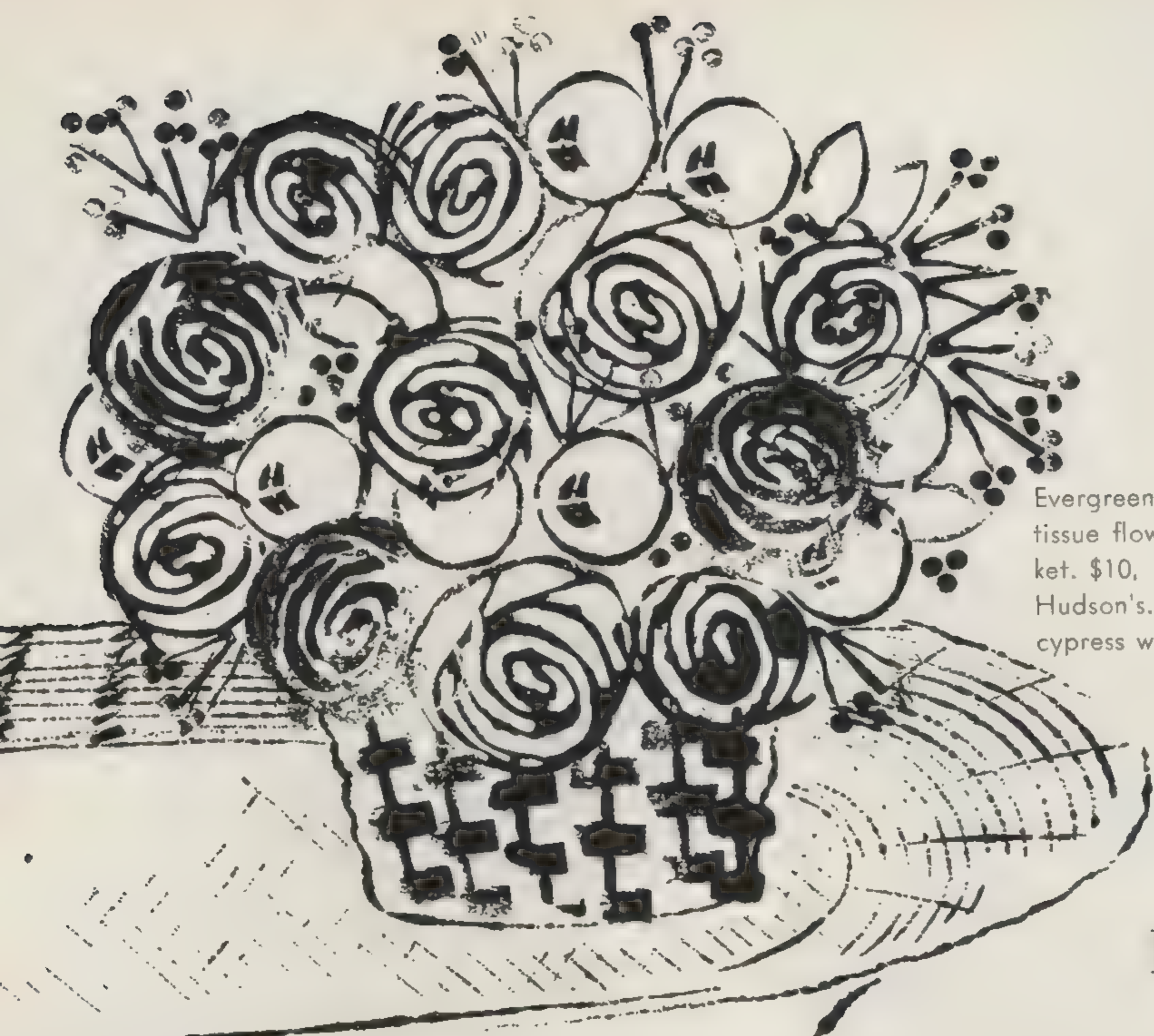
To rise to any soufflé occasion, four French faïence dishes, white with red and green flowers. From \$5 to \$7.50 each, set \$22.50, La Cuisinière.

The two boards *below*: for cutting or serving. The square, American butternut, \$21. The fish, inlaid walnut, \$25. America House. The French steak knives on the butternut board have rosewood handles, brass fittings. \$1 each, at Bonniers.

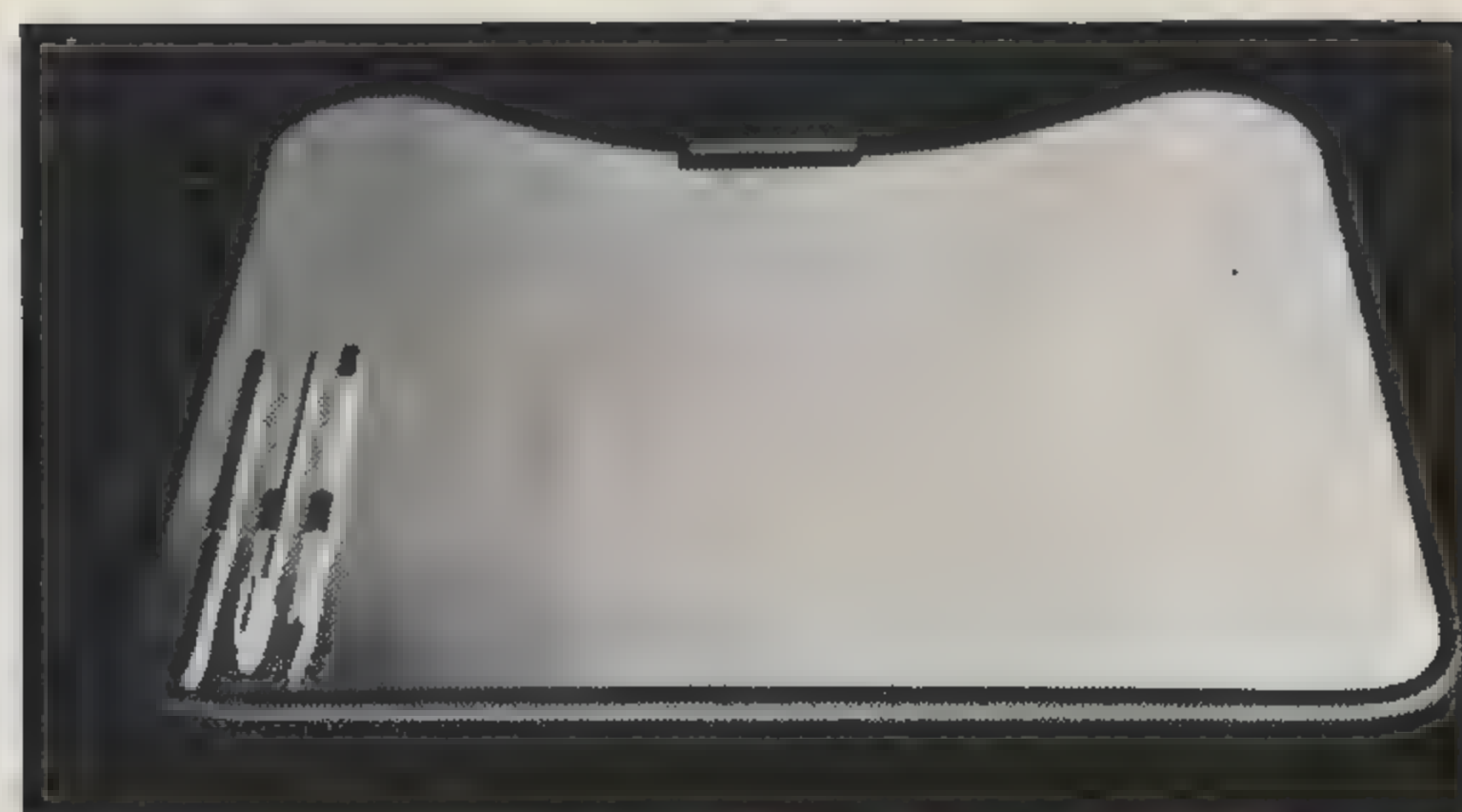


A silver-plated swan to float sauces, the bird's neck and head formed by a long-handled sauce ladle. \$25.75, tax included, at Christofle.





Evergreen, lime green, and orange tissue flowers in a gilt wicker basket. \$10, Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hudson's. Here on a tray of woven cypress wood. \$12.50, Mark Cross.



A magnetic desk for a lap, at home or on wheels; clip, pencils, pen; felt back for cards; by Eaton. \$12.50, Hammacher Schlemmer.

Sold on tôle, a brass and black tôle table lamp, 20" high, with a glass chimney, adjustable arms; by Stiffel. \$50, Marshall Field.



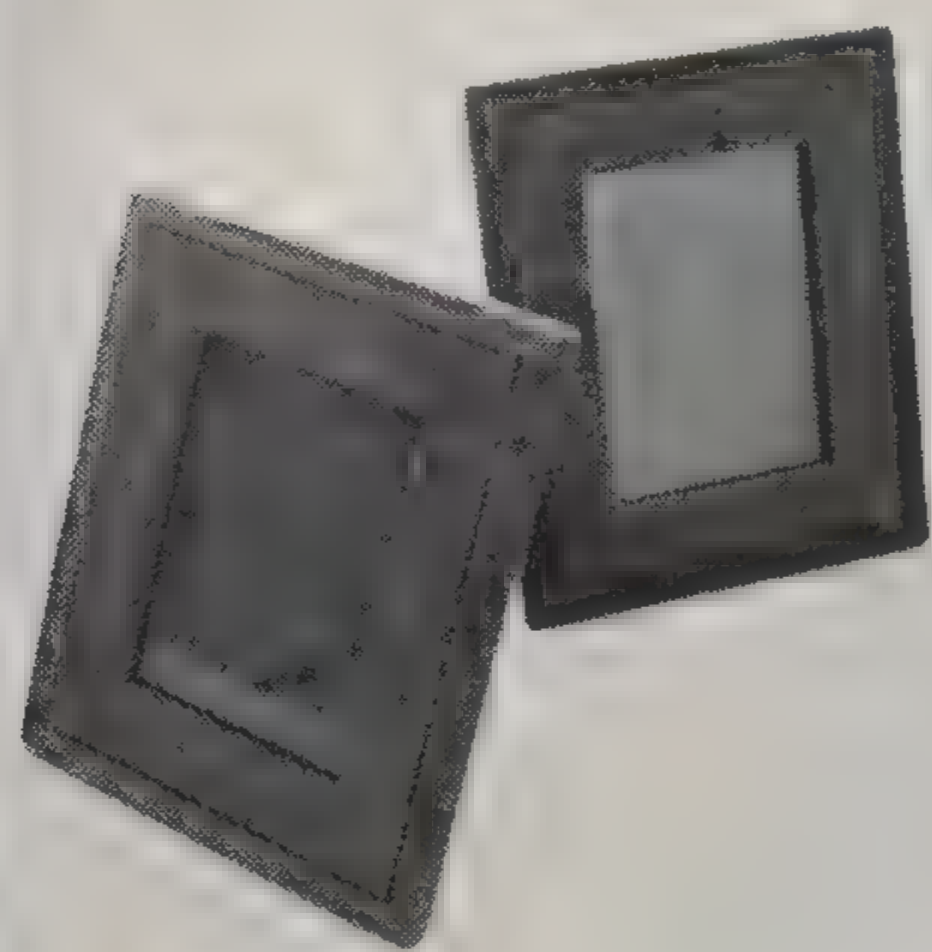
For the house lights to shine on

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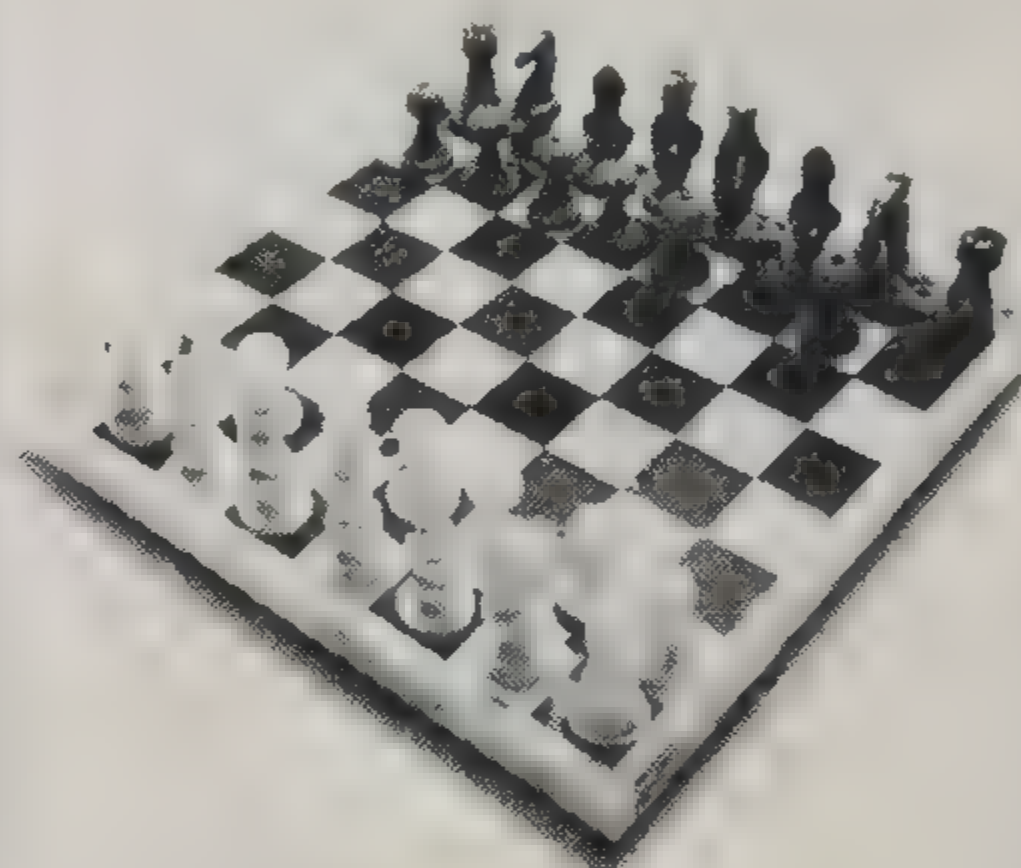
Spanish leather case takes to the road with backgammon and six other games. \$55, Georg Jensen.



The velvet line—two velvet frames, one red inset with green, one navy blue inset with green, both 7" x 8 1/2". \$17.25 each, Piazza Montici.



A smart Christmas move in a chess-player's direction: Italian alabaster chessboard, turquoise and white men. \$60, Black, Starr & Gorham.

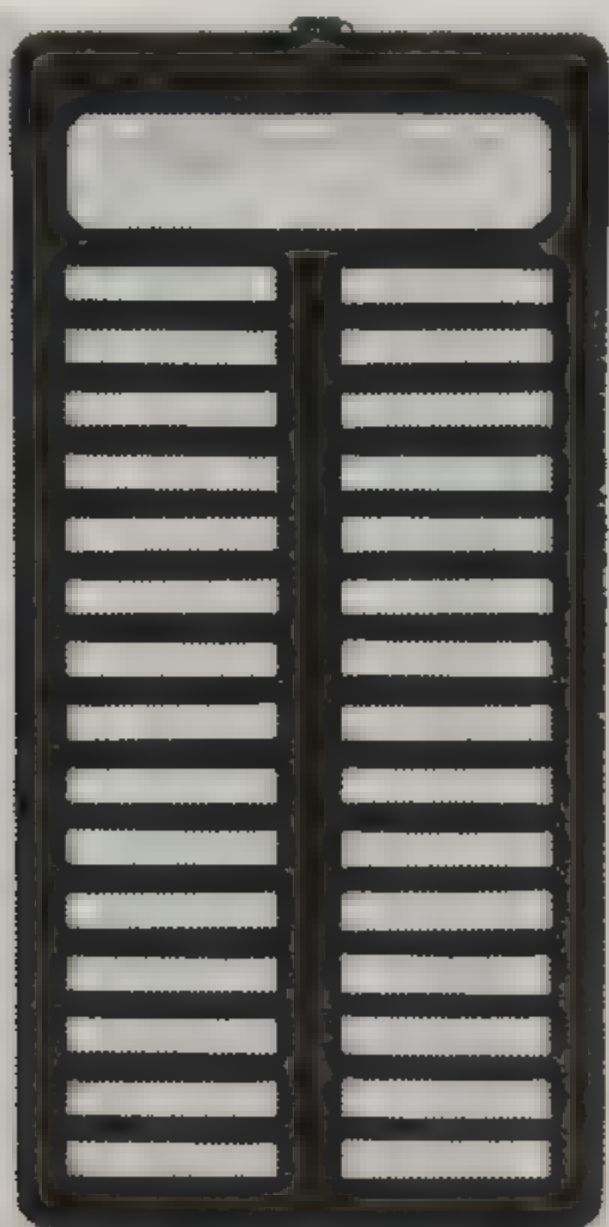


A good buy in fry pans: rugged, burnt orange Mexican ones, glazed on the inside. \$1.50 to \$3 each; \$9 for the nest of 5, Hathore House.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN STEWART

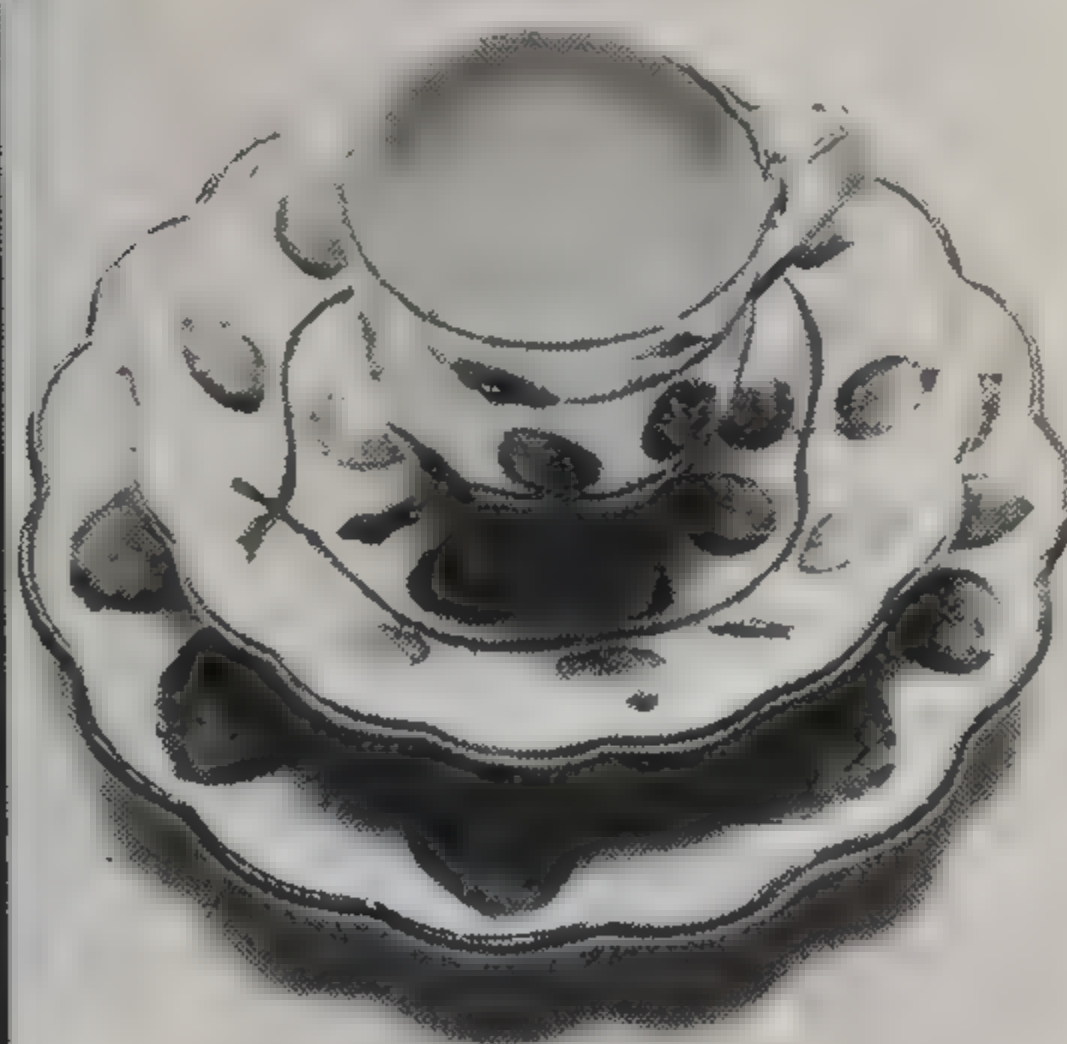
To speed up the dialling finger, a black leather telephone register holds over 30 numbers on replaceable cards. \$10, at Serendipity.



A trim-waisted glass pitcher, bamboo muddle stick, six tall glasses, all wrapped with natural rattan. \$12 the set, Saks Fifth Avenue.



Pottery reproduction of an old English pattern, pale greens and pinks on white cup and saucer, \$7.50; plate, \$7.50, Bonwit Teller.



A copy of an old French flower holder, green tôle vase and dark tulip candle holders (here we added fake flowers). \$125, Soupçon.



Voile de coton tablecloth, 72" x 90", with eight scalloped napkins, all printed with bright red anemones. \$70 the set, at Porthault.



To keep flowers' feet in the water, a white Italian pottery basket with a removable frog top to stabilize arrangements. \$5, at Bonwit Teller.



To pin down kitchen helpers, a yard-high white or coral board, fitted with 16 tools a cook likes nearby. \$27.50, at Hammacher Schlemmer.



"If you want anything, just whistle." If you want to open a bottle, use one end; to whistle, the other. Wood, brass. \$5.50, Serendipity.



SKETCHES BY
ANDY WARHOL



From Tiffany's extraordinary collection of decorative objects in Vermeil.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

ALL THAT JAZZ

(Continued from page 119)

those loyal aficionados who have dogged a particular star's traces from his greenest salad days, there are (always at the best tables, and mainly at the midnight show) the pros—agents, managers, T.V. and record-company brass, other entertainers. By and large, the Copacabana audience is hip, in an old-style show-business way. It knows what to expect; it wants what it expects; and I've seen it become mildly hostile when these expectations aren't promptly and properly fulfilled. For business and/or pleasure, this audience has come to hear and/or assess a specific singer (ex-band singer, jazz singer, blues singer, song stylist, or a teen-age recording idol attempting to enlarge his horizons). Or they've come to listen to a favourite comedian. A favourite Copacabana comedian is one with an extensive repertoire of anecdotal jokes about the mental deficiencies of wives and mothers-in-law, about the satanic precocity of children, and about the impossibly cramped conditions of the hotel room where he is presently holed up because of the incredible minginess of his current employers. (To get the full flavour of this joke, it helps to know that these very same employers are assuaging this palpable grief with weekly contributions of up to \$10,000.) Joe E. Lewis is a favourite Copacabana comedian. Mort Sahl is not. On the evening that my husband and I saw his act, it was suggested quite audibly by some of the audience that Mr. Sahl might be more happily employed elsewhere. Oddness or unfamiliarity at the Copacabana tends to breed suspicion. And Mort Sahl, with his rolled-up newspaper, his college-boy sweater, and his preference for the topical comment over the aged and ripened joke, was an odd cat indeed.

There is another—possibly symbolic—difference between the Latin Quarter and the Copacabana: you walk up a flight of wide, thickly carpeted stairs to get to the Latin Quarter. The stairs at the Copacabana are also wide, and thickly carpeted. But they lead down.

You go down a flight of stairs, too, to get to the Village Vanguard, but here the stairs are steep, narrow, and uncarpeted. The room these stairs give onto is small, low-ceilinged, and shaped

remarkably like the postal-zone map of Manhattan in the telephone directory: the stage is wedged into the Battery; at the broad end are a few, not uncomfortably spaced tables, with a bar at an angle that corresponds roughly to the Harlem River; midtown, so to speak, is an explosion of minuscule tables, and running alongside, like the Hudson, is a balcony-like affair dense with tables and slightly raised, as though the river had overflowed its banks. Most of the Vanguard's hundred-and-twenty-three-person capacity is concentrated in these two areas, and the nimbleness of the waiters as they navigate them is often remarked on. A while ago, the Vanguard was redecorated; nowadays there are murals on the walls, and carpeting on the floor. The murals were painted by the owner's brother-in-law, and represent the fruition of several years' study in Mexico, along with what appears to be a mild preoccupation with Freudian dream-theory and jazz. The carpeting has had the effect of altering the acoustics a trifle, and this gives performers an excuse to make small jokes about the difficulties of adjustment. Since the Vanguard is invariably too jammed to test the softness of the carpet, and too dark and smoke-filled to permit any critical appraisal of the murals, the patrons are not noticeably moved by these fripperies.

The Vanguard's owner is a small, round, beamish man with two sprightly peaks of white hair that quiver protectively above a valley of baldness. His name is Max Gordon, and he is unlike other nightclub owners in a number of ways. For one thing, if you ask a typical nightclub owner how things are going, he will cast a sad eye over a room packed with paying customers, and a queue of people waiting to take their places, and tell you that people just aren't going out any more. Max Gordon knows that they are, and is not superstitious about saying so. As he has been running the Vanguard successfully for twenty-six years—a statistic that also sets him apart from many other entrepreneurs—it's evident that he needn't be.

Possibly the most conspicuous difference between Mr. Gordon and his fellows is this: most nightclub owners hold with the belief that, to survive, a nightclub must have, what they call in

advertising, an identity—a recognizable ambience that some portion of the public will find congenial. Once this identity is achieved, the trick is to cleave to it for dear life: lose the identity and you lose your shirt. Mr. Gordon subscribes to this view—up to a point: the Vanguard has always had a crystal-clear identity, but never the same one for very long.

At present the Vanguard is a jazz club, its tiny pie-slice of stage, occupied regularly by those female singers whose pleasure it is to duplicate, vocally, the sounds made by jazz-band instruments. The bands themselves—like most jazz clubs, the Vanguard employs two at a time—are made up of three, four, five, or six musicians who, even when they're engaged in the lightest of musical improvisations, contrive to sound introspective, churning, and inscrutable. (To me, that is. I am always stunned when one of these broody young men announces, at the end of a set, that what we've been listening to is really a medley of "Sweet Sue," "Somebody Loves Me," and "Melancholy Baby.")

In its other incarnations, the Vanguard has been, successively:

- A coffee house with a liquor license, and entertainment freely supplied by anyone who felt stirred to sing or play or read aloud. (Early in this phase, Maxwell Bodenheim was hired to read his poetry for \$10 a week, with the promise of a raise if he caught on; by 1936, he was pulling down \$12.)

- The scene of the first successful, topical nightclub revue. This was in the late thirties, and, as students of the genre know, the group involved was called The Revuers, included Judy Holliday, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green (it also included a young man named Alvin Hammer who performed in the sketches, and John Frank who wrote music and played the piano). Reminiscing about his more famous protégés, Max Gordon recalled that Miss Holliday yearned to direct, Mr. Green was torn with self-doubt before each performance, and Miss Comden bossed them all.

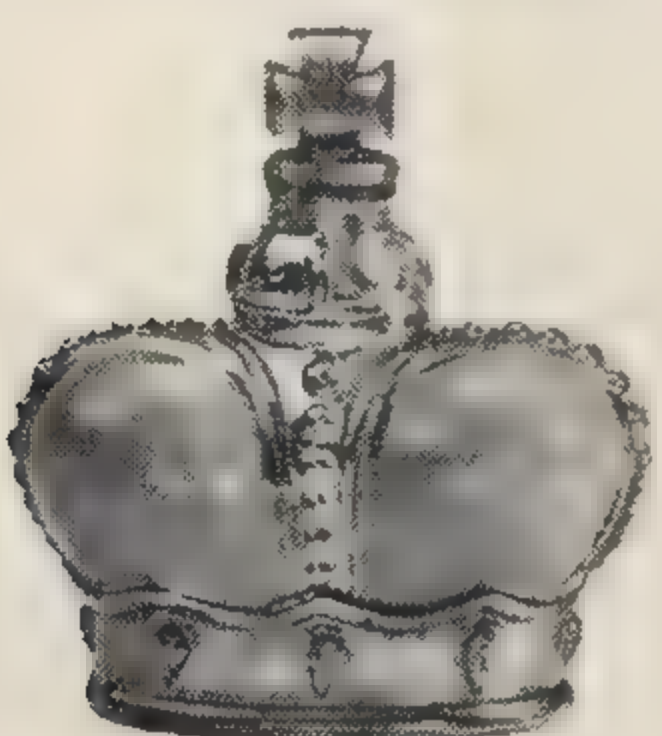
- Authentically Calypso, with singers and dancers trundled up from Trinidad.

- A port for the storm of folk singers in the forties—Josh White, Richard Dyer Bennet, Leadbelly, and the like.

(Continued on page 166)

What makes
you the girl he
can't get out
of his mind?

When Wind Song whispers your message, he can't get you out of his mind. For this is the fragrance that diffuses differently on every woman who wears it. When you wear Wind Song, it becomes uniquely your own... communicating you as nothing else can. Colognes and perfume 2.50—45.00 plus tax. Also sold in Canada



WIND SONG
by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

DECORATING WITH IDEAS

(Continued from page 157)

Gazebo uses its silk flowers, too, to trim dwarf spruce trees. After the holidays, the flowers find other housing; the spruce tree, which comes in a tub, goes out to the garden, if there is one; if there isn't, it continues to grow unadorned in a sunny living room corner.

A candelabrum necklace of nuts, berries, unreal fruits, leaves, and French silk moss roses is another Christmas love. One, or one's children, might follow an old New England recipe and make their own necklaces—for the tree, the mantel, the chandelier—by threading popcorn and cranberries together. All that's needed, besides the groceries, is a big needle and basting thread.

At Lord & Taylor there are sheets of tissue paper in glorious colours—dandelion yellows, limey greens, Nassau corals—to wrap presents in or use as basic decoration material. (A hand, for instance, might be tried at making one's own tissue paper flowers in the impressionistic style of the tissue paper flowers on page 155 of this issue.)

Presents done up thus sunnily would look doubly dashing making the trip to their destination in a laundry basket, lacquered snow white and sprinkled with silver dust. This is a suggestion of the decorator, Albert Hadley, a man bursting with ideas for the Christmas house. He would replace the curtains in one room with great lengths of red tarlatan, spattered with all-sized metallic paper stars; slipcover small rugs in another room with bright wool felt, bound with tinsel rope; frame a mirror with glittered white forest twigs and insert real fruit and glass birds in the branches; tie gauzy ribbon in a bow on the stems of fresh apples, pears, and oranges, which have been studded with stars and jewelled pins—these not only decorative but a nice extra fillip for Christmas Eve giving.

Mr. Hadley also makes a tree of multicoloured baubles tied

onto white twigs and branches, sets it in a straw hamper, painted white.

Although it became common knowledge some time ago that a poinsettia is not the only flower that does a Christmas make, some flowers get undeserved short shrift during the holidays. Some that should *not* be anemones, in the brilliant red that gave them their name (they sprang from the blood of Adonis, whose epithet was Naaman, for "darling"). Anemones make marvellously gala arrangements in bowls or buckets with sprays of red berries and mistletoe. Pale, silvery grey Statice, a dried material as light as baby's breath, can be made into beautiful table trees and wreaths, a delicate complement to the pale colours of a room given to an eighteenth-century French flavour.

In a wreath made of dark green velvet, Emmett Holcombe puts a cluster of green-striped lady's-slipper orchids, white pine sprays at the bottom, the orchids watered by florist tubes so that the prettiness will not be too ephemeral.

Luther Greene particularly likes yellow tulips and white tulips as a holiday surprise in a winter-oriented house.

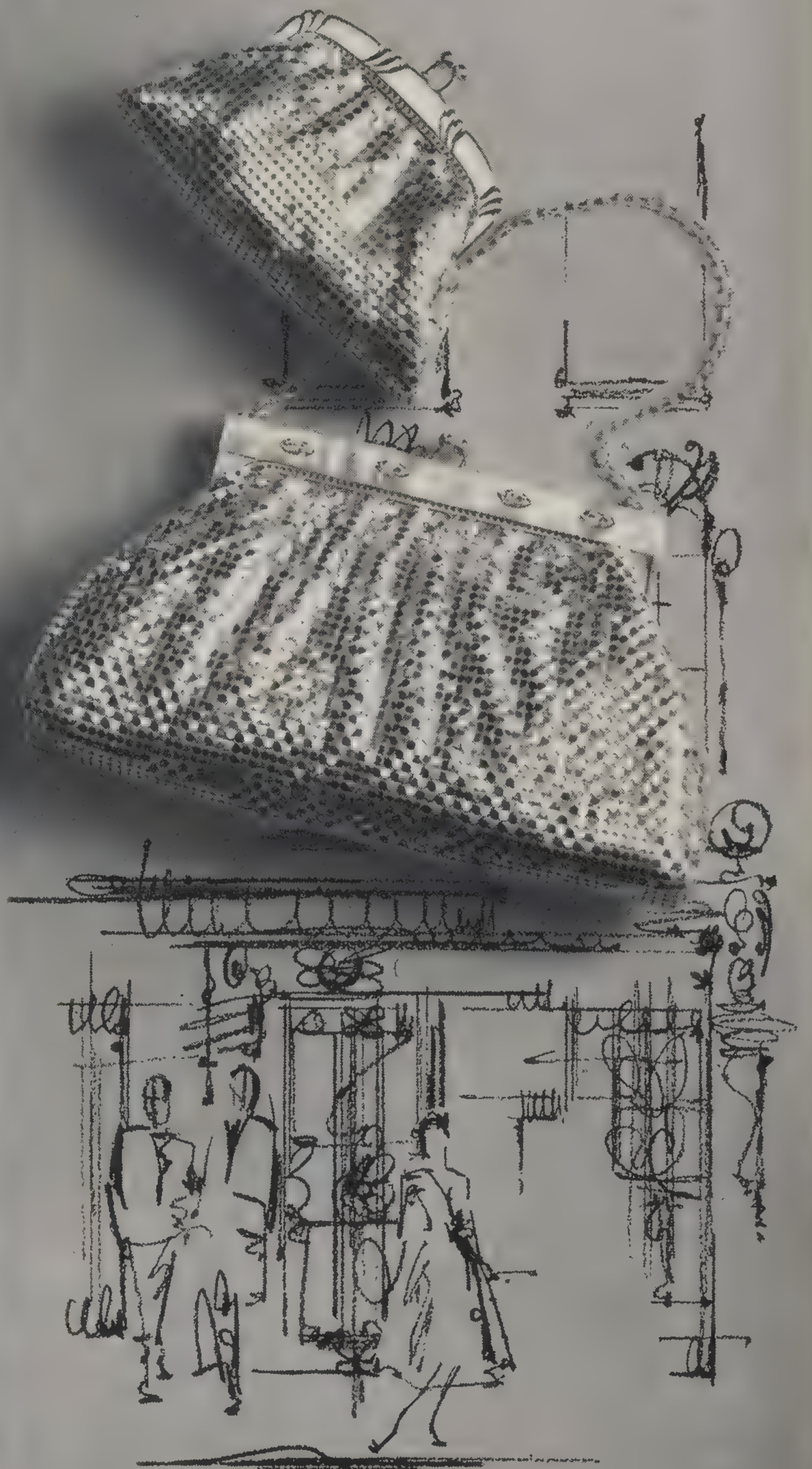
MacDonald Forbes inclines to a palette of red, green, and white—arrived at with white tulips, red anemones and, both for colour and aroma, short sprays of cedar.

Brazilian star flowers, which, dried, will stay with-it for the whole season, are naturally an oatmeal colour, can be dyed any colour. Bunched into a bouquet and tied around the middle like a sheaf of wheat, they will stand upright by themselves, a centerpiece or a hearthside bouquet to recall the Scandinavian Christmas sheaf. In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, there is a custom of putting a sheaf of corn on a pole in the gable of the house or barn. "For Santa Claus's white horse," the boys in Denmark maintain. The boys in the U. S. might copy.

the look of diamonds

Frames reminiscent of mother-of-pearl are aflash with diamondlike stones. This is the new allure in famous Whiting & Davis Oromesh® handbags in silver finish or gold color. Wherever you go, you'll find them in the proudest hands, along with their exquisite accessories, the Mesh-Mates.® And wherever you live, you'll find them lighting the nicest stores.

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WHITING & DAVIS

THIS NAME SAYS IT'S GENUINE...
DESIGNED, WROUGHT AND CRAFTED BY WHITING & DAVIS ALONE

ALL THAT JAZZ

(Continued from page 164)

• A kind of out-of-town testing field for special material singers and offbeat comedians. Having served their apprenticeship at the Vanguard, the singers (Pearl Bailey, Maxine Sullivan, Harry Belafonte) and the comedians (Wally Cox, Nichols and May, Mort Sahl) would then proceed uptown to Mr. Gordon's other club, the Blue Angel—and more money all around.

One by one, each of these corporate—and apparently thriving—identities has been sloughed off as casually as snakeskin. Mr. Gordon's explanation is that he can anticipate the appetite for something new that periodically grips nightclub audiences. Quickly and cheerfully, he sets about providing the something. He is a curable optimist, however: when, along with other perspicacious nightclub owners, he sensed that Dixieland was due for a revival, he lost no time installing a full-scale Dixieland band at the negligibly scaled Vanguard. Now, all Dixieland is loud, but to get that really thump-thumping, spectacularly rousing effect requires considerably more musicians than any of your cosy modern-jazz groups. What it required to accommodate them at the Vanguard was the removal of a clutch of tables—at which ordinarily sat a clutch of paying customers. The Dixieland experiment was hastily abandoned. (Mr. Gordon has often regretted the necessity for this; what audience there was, he felt, enjoyed it immensely, and wasn't at all disturbed by the thunderous sound. Speaking for myself, I don't think this is wholly true.)

Still, nothing goes to waste: from the ashes of the Vanguard's cast-off identities has risen the fuel for some of the freshest nightclub entertainment in New York. Greenwich Village—which is the Vanguard's backyard—teems with coffee houses where poets read from their own *oeuvres*; the Village Gate has folk singers in fairly steady supply; offbeat comedians have taken over this small part of the world; and little topical revues are all over the place. The cleverest of them would, its owner once declared, be in the Village too, had he been able to find space. As it is, Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs (a fragment of which is visible on page 119) and Downstairs at the Upstairs makes do at an opulently Victorian

duplex in Fifty-sixth Street, just off Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Monk is a dazzlingly articulate, impeccably tailored man, whose delight it has been to ignore the grimmest of show business caveats. It's understood, for instance, that you can't do a revue without a couple of big-name stars, plenty of show girls, extravagant choreography, an elaborately orchestrated score, and several changes of costly scenery. In fact, since juicy residuals—such as movie sales—are hardly ever forthcoming, it's assumed that only a producer with an unshakable death wish would dream of doing a revue. Not only has Mr. Monk—who is definitely on the side of the quick—dreamed of doing a revue, but every year since 1956, he has gone about doing it in all the wrong ways: a handful of unknowns comprise the cast, two pianists provide the music, there is no scenery to speak of, and what choreography there is exists mainly as a means of moving the performers around stylishly on a stage that's built along the lines of a modest pullman kitchen. This season's production is called *Seven Come Eleven*, and to me, the only perceptible difference between it and its predecessors is that this time around things seem even gayer, funnier, and more militantly irreverent than before. (To be perfectly truthful, I've been saying the very same thing since 1957; even then, when Mr. Monk and his troupe were pigging it in a cellar west of Sixth, it was one of my favourite forms of nightclub diversion.)

Diversion at nightclubs comes in varied ways, however: we, and everybody on the premises, were once gamely treated to all the ice cream we could eat by a new nightclub owner who had failed to notice that the liquor license she'd taken possession of expired at the stroke of the midnight show (she was equally plucky when a fire broke out in the wiring, but it didn't help; the club melted almost as rapidly as the free ice cream). And, apart from a solemn conclave of waiters, we were, one painful night, the sole witnesses to a large, peppy, and unintimate revue. Painful, enlightening—at one time or other, going to nightclubs is each of these things. Almost never—thank Heaven—is it coloured lights, and all that jazz.



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"pocket"
camera

Budget Priced MINOLTA 16-P

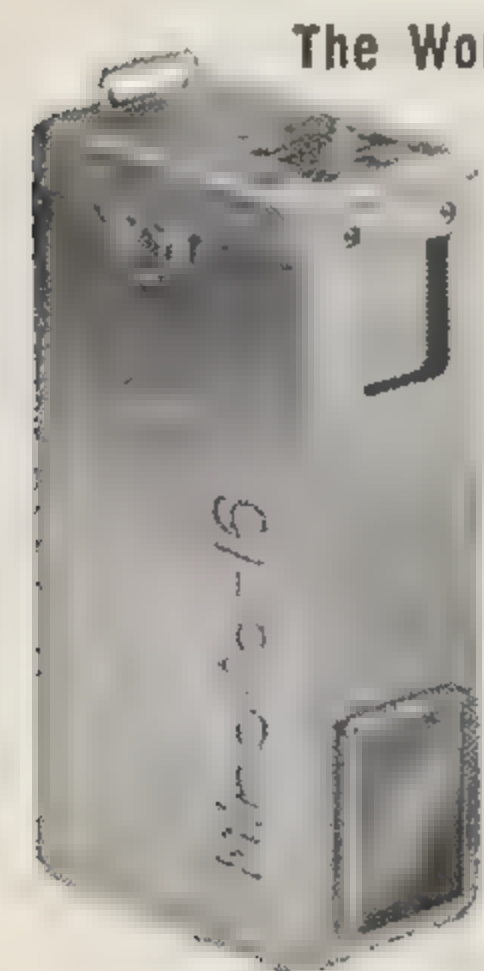
No fussing—no focusing—no figuring
Just set the "Weather Dial" and shoot

Don't you know someone who could use a pocket camera that can be carried everywhere? A camera that takes brilliant color slides...and jumbo black & white or color prints. A simple-to-operate camera where you just set the "Weather Dial" for perfect exposures.

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AT LEADING JEWELERS EVERYWHERE
WRITE FOR STORE NEAREST YOU

Be sure your cards and packages are signed, sealed and delivered with

CHRISTMAS SEALS TO FIGHT TB

ANSWER YOUR CHRISTMAS SEAL LETTER TODAY



Above, at the White House steps, President and Mrs. Prado (Mrs. Prado's evening dress by Dior); right, at Gracie Mansion, late-day suit by Dior; tall, feathered hat.



IN THE UNITED STATES...

SEÑORA CLORINDA MALAGA DE PRADO, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF PERU



At the United Nations and at the opening of the Peruvian exhibit, in a printed aubergine costume by Lanvin Castillo.

Señora de Prado, a small, slender, exquisitely tidy woman, has a fascinating accomplishment—total, personal, unfurried elegance. Her diminutive size is compact with the assets of beauty—admirable hands and legs, a Nefertiti neck, polished hair, eyes that light up, a beguiling smile.

In September, during a state visit to the United States with her husband, Señor Doctor Don Manuel Prado, President of the Republic of Peru, Señora de Prado floated through a fast twelve days—dinner at the White House with President and Mrs. Kennedy; opening the Peruvian exhibit, "Art and Life in Old Peru," at the American Museum of Natural History; dinners, luncheons, and a visit to the United Nations Assembly. She remained cool, gentle, interested, a memorable figure.

Señora de Prado dresses—as do many other elegant Latin American women—from the Paris couture houses, mulls over the airmailed *croquis*, orders by mail, and chooses contemporary fashions which she wears with complete authority.



Above, at the Pan American Society of the United States and the Peruvian-American Association dinner, and right, in Washington at the Peruvian Embassy with President and Mrs. Kennedy, Señora de Prado wore evening dresses by Lanvin Castillo.



For your Christmas list
clip here...



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a Lady Norelco rotary blade shaver.
Gentle as a powder puff on your skin!

Nothing could be more wonderful to give...or to receive...this year than the truly feminine shaver—Lady Norelco. No other shaver glides so gently as a powder puff over your skin...swiftly...softly strokes away even the finest feminine hair to leave arms and legs beautifully bare. Lady Norelco's twin heads and rotary blades can't pinch, can't pull...and there's never an unpleasant prickling feeling. So delicate you can use a deodorant on tenderest underarms immediately. Two-toned in misty pink and gray with gold fittings—so perfect for Christmas giving in a lovely Paris-styled case.

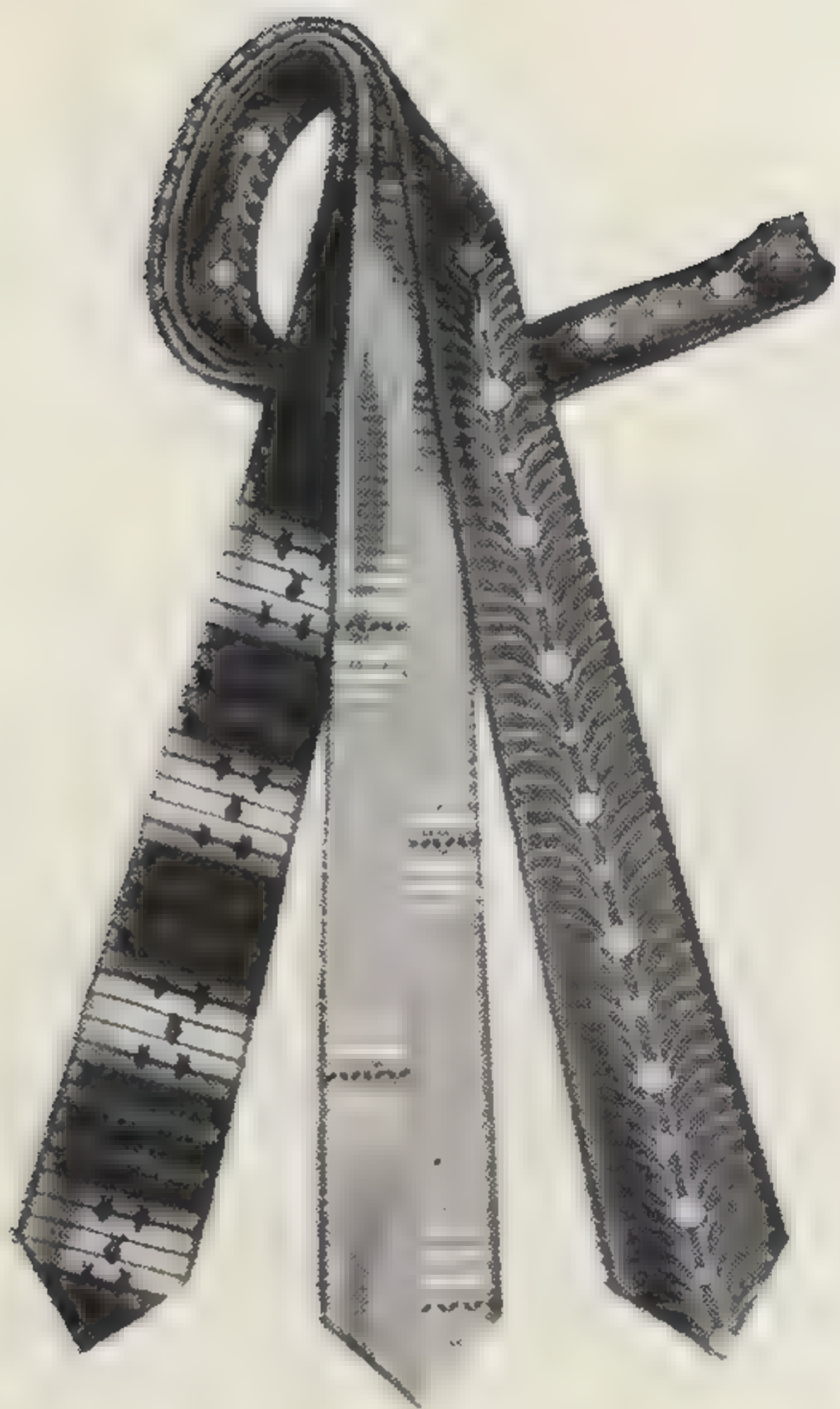
Lady Norelco®



Also...the Norelco Coquette...luxury at a little price. Pink...pretty...and perfumed! Shaped like a lipstick...works like magic on legs and arms. Just made for "gifting!" Complete with travel case.

At finest drug, department and jewelry stores. By the makers of Norelco Speedshaver®—world's largest-selling men's shaver.

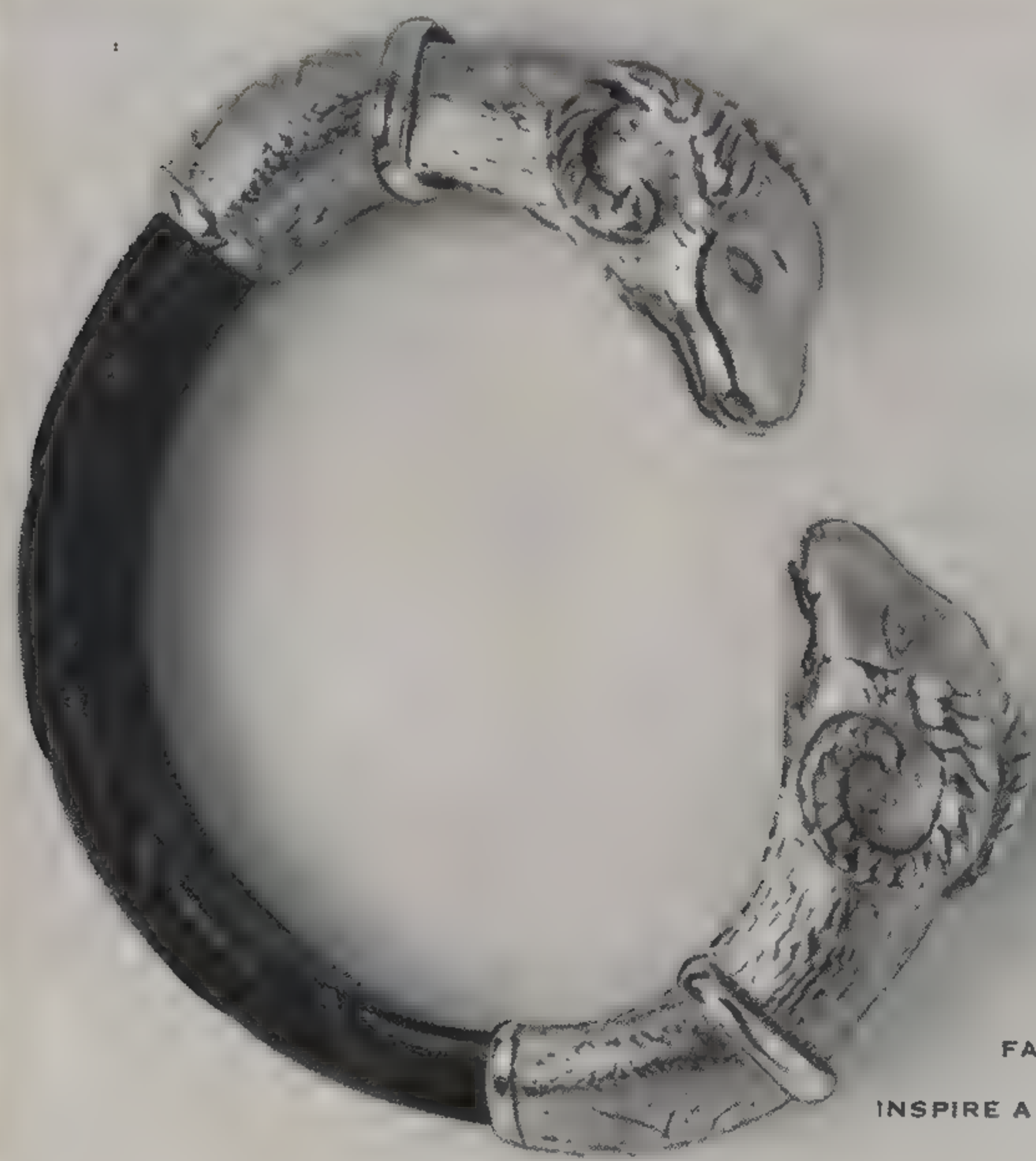
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The patterns, the fabrics, the hand-crafted details are exclusively Sulka. The all-over patterns shown here are woven in the most luxurious silks from our looms in Lyon, France. Grounds of olive, blue, grey, gold, brown, maroon, black or white. \$10.00. Sample selection and catalogue sent on request.

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FASHION'S NEW COLORS
INSPIRE A HANDSOME BRACELET.
BANDED IN JET... A DRAMATIC
CONTRAST TO THE SUPERBLY
SCULPTURED RAM'S HEAD.
OR EAGLE WITH
MOCK TORTOISE.

\$15
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THE TALKED-ABOUT JEWELRY

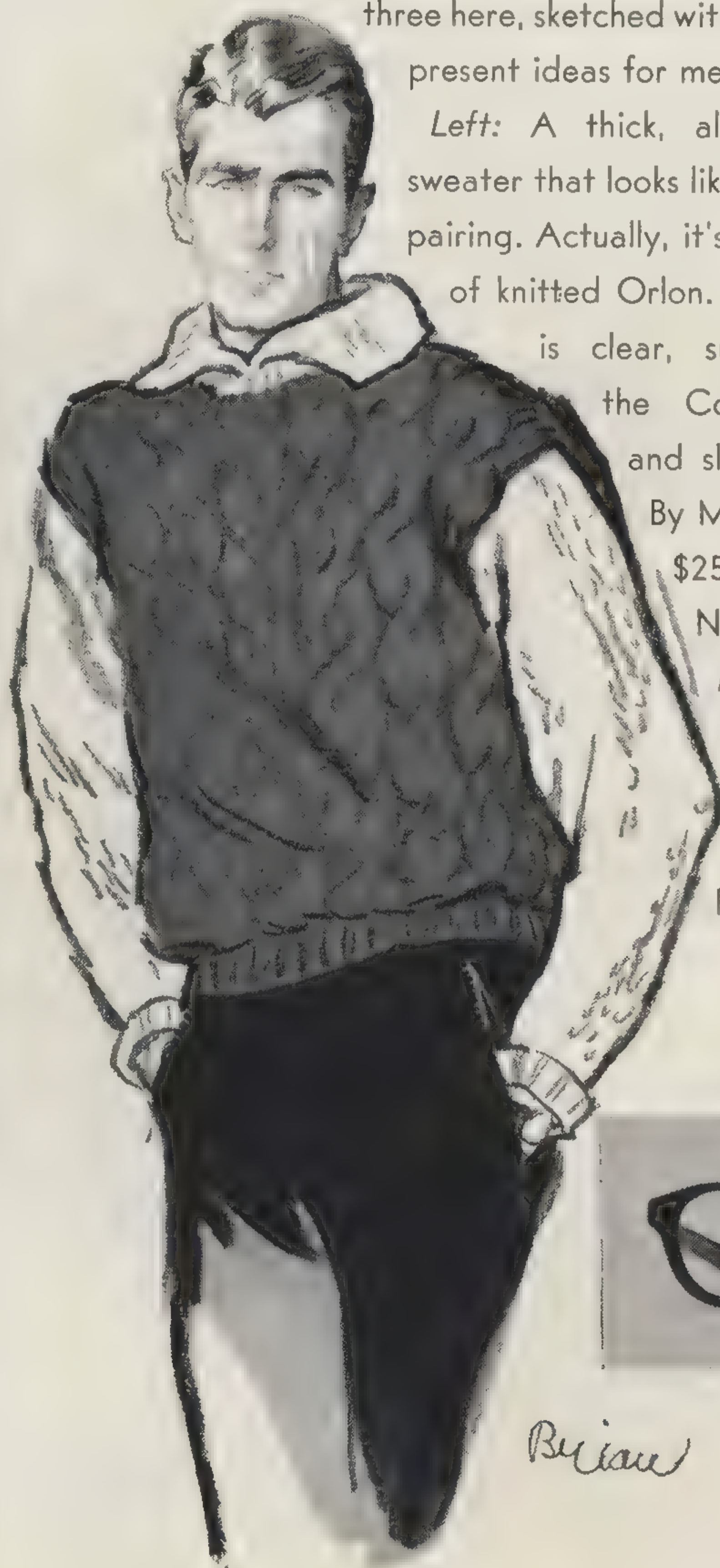
366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

design copyrighted
shown actual size

The sweater-shirt and other present thoughts

There's news now in the sweater that looks like a shirt—and the sweater that copes with shirt situations: three here, sketched with other Christmas present ideas for men.

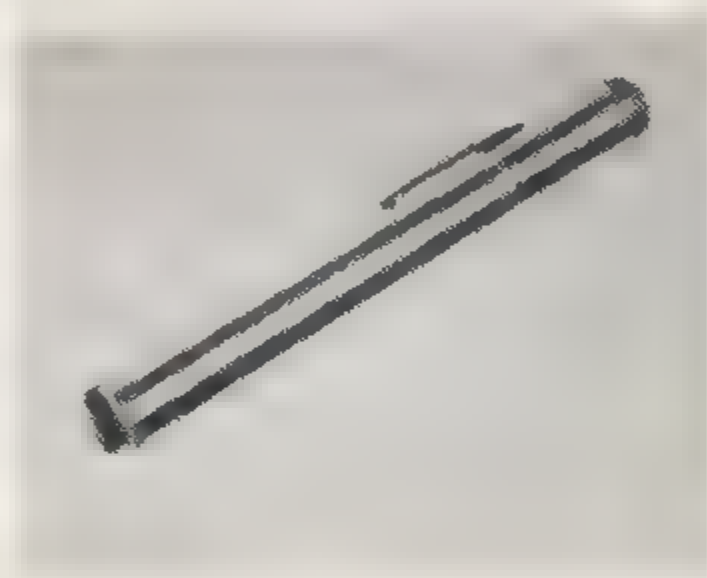
Left: A thick, almost-massive ski sweater that looks like a vest plus shirt pairing. Actually, it's non-divisible, all of knitted Orlon. The vest section is clear, summer-sky blue; the Continental collar and sleeves are white. By Mont Blanc, about \$25. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.
Below: Bold, black French spectacle frames—heavy-weights by Belz. Price, about \$15.



Belz



Sweaters that might lead a shirt's life: two here of Antron nylon, thin enough to wear as a sports shirt—indoors or in the South. The Persian-blue cardigan (above), by Hathaway, about \$15; at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Navy-blue polo shirt (below), by Izod, about \$9; at F. R. Tripler; Neiman-Marcus.



Right: Present for a golfer—the Par-Scope; you sight the cup through it and a gauge gives you its distance. Pencil-shaped, costs about \$10 at Mark Cross.

Below: Famous Lacoste golf balls—they might be the same golfer's Christmas-present dividend.

Box of a dozen, about \$15.

F. R. Tripler.



very Merry
very Bountiful



Belle Surprise

32 madly delicious Michel lipsticks
in a party-favor package

A fun gift and practical too! 32 miniature lipsticks—each an inimitable Michel shade. And the party package is so festive. What does a woman do with such treasure? She tries each glorious, subtly different color, from pale Beige Chiffon to brilliant Star Ruby. She tries them by twos. By threes. She experiments creatively to discover flatteringly individual off-color effects. Or she works seriously with her wardrobe colors in mind. Belle Surprise is no one-shot fling at the artist's life, either. Each generous miniature is good for 50 applications. Acquire your own Belle Surprise too, why not? It costs \$5.95 to feel like a woman who has everything... she could possibly want from lipstick. Regular sizes of Michel's 32 madly delicious colors, \$2.00 each. Refills, \$1.50. Also, nail lacquers to match, and Michel's latest—COLOR-IN-CREME TOTAL MAKE-UP. All prices plus tax. At Lord & Taylor and other fine stores.

Michel

Also Petite Surprise
16 floral and fruit
tones \$3.50

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A PERSONAL GIFT OF VOGUE
IS A GIFT OF YOURSELF,
A REFLECTION-IN-FACT
OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP.

VOGUE IS A PART OF YOUR WAY OF LIFE.
TO GIVE VOGUE AT CHRISTMAS
IS TO SHARE IT.

VOGUE

TO ORDER GIFTS OF VOGUE,
USE THE FORM ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.
A TRULY MEMORABLE CARD,
SIGNED IN YOUR NAME AS YOU DIRECT,
WILL ANNOUNCE EACH GIFT OF VOGUE
JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



The dress and coat at left—superb together—by no means inseparable. Both are flared. The dress is sleeveless, has a crew neck. The coat has narrow notched lapels, jet buttons. Costume by Gustave Tassell in silk-and-wool at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

More about the coat and dress on the cover



A close-up of the new drivable heel

Details of shoes on page 113

Fashion news to note here in a superb, square-toed shoe with the kind of heel shortage that makes car-driving easier. The toes are wider, flattened—long-drawn-out. The shoes are of deep red alligator (alligator tails, that is), a square throat, calfskin lacings, and a bow; on a black heel. By Pappagallo, \$30; at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in a shade that leans faintly toward plum; at De Pinna.

the Fairest of Them All...



Shimmering pearl, sparked with Aurora Borealis beads and filigree... in natural, peacock, harvest and gold. Double strand also available. \$3.00 each, plus tax. Matching earrings —\$2.00, plus tax.

by Pakula

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Marjorie Montgomery
CALIFORNIA



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in the casual manner.

Our lovely **Reltex Linen Weave Rayon** sleeveless Sheath, with matching Mohair and Wool Cardigan...accented with handmade, hand painted Lemons, Strawberries or Geraniums. Beige, Sage-green or White. Sizes 6 to 20.

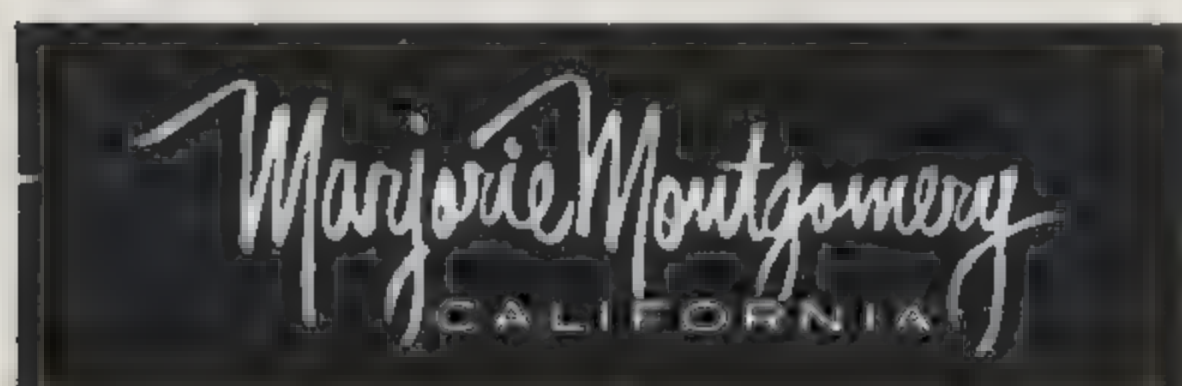
About \$55.95

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Our dress on opposite page at all stores listed here

or write we'll tell you where

Marvin Goldman Marjorie Montgomery



746 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE LOVELY FOG

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Up the Gatineau, not too far from Ottawa, there stood a lovely, rambling old house, set on a high hilltop like summer snow on a mountain peak. From the white house one could look over the acres of land, past gardens and orchards to lines of hills of assorted blue.

The house was left to my father and to my uncle Louis when my grandfather Gideon died. My father was too busy ever to occupy it but my uncle lived in it for a while, although he could never force himself to settle in it for it was too far from the bars and clubs and pretty girls of Ottawa.

The house ran down a bit. The orchards, uncared for, tossed off inedible apples. The garden went to seed and the seed sprung up vigorously and at random. Only the view of the everlasting blue hills remained intact.

One summer when my uncle had purchased a second-hand McLaughlin automobile, he spent considerable time up the Gatineau river because the car made it possible for him to find company and wine when he became desperate for it.

My uncle, having distinguished himself in a military sense, returned to Ottawa, as many heroes of war do, and expected the world to now provide him with wine, women, and song for the rest of his life.

Unlike most of the others, my uncle lived and died under this assumption and it was rather remarkable that he was always able to find a little money somewhere, a certain number of charming women somewhere else, and a great deal of wine and brandy almost everywhere.

He has been accused of being something of a light-hearted confidence man and I am not so sure that he was not. However, I am certain he was never very thorough about it, being quite satisfied with small gains with which to enjoy himself for the time being. He lived each day as it came, even if it came with a thundering hang-over. He was the fat sparrow on whom the Lord cast an amused and helpful eye.

Uncle Louis was a confirmed poet, not in what he wrote but in how he regarded the world and what his lyric comments were about it. I suppose to be a poet is to see the world with the freshness of a child and my uncle remained a child. Thus it was we were fast friends even though my strict Presbyterian Sunday school up-bringing by a firm Scot of a mother caused me to disapprove of many of my uncle's actions.

One of which I did not disapprove, but which confused me and surprised me, was the incident of the elderly Mme. Corneille.

My uncle had driven his McLaughlin about the Gatineau area visiting neighbouring farmers and lumbermen and somewhere along his route, over ordinary red wine and johnny-cake he had been told about Mme. Corneille.

Thus it happened that one spring morning he invited me to drive up the Gatineau with him in his rattling, undependable motorcar. I had, once or twice, gone along with a baker's boy in a horse and wagon over those roads and I was not too happy about the McLaughlin negotiating some of the winding, bumpy roads on the edge of unfenced precipices.

"The motorcar, in my

hands, is as safe as if it were one of those chariots that ascend to Heaven in your Sunday school, escorted by pallid angels."

"We can not count, in this case, on the angels," I said nervously.

"Ah, well. We are to do a good deed. We are to be, for once, at least, on the angels' side. We are to bring affection and attention to the aged who are often respected in this world but rarely loved."

My uncle then told me about Mme. Corneille. She had been married in the house my grandfather had later bought. It had been built with her love and an eye to beauty. Not too many years had she lived there and then business or some prosaic reason had caused her husband to leave for a nearby town and to sell the house. Mme. Corneille, now in her nineties, had never set foot in the place since her youth. She was weak, almost blind, and a recluse. She dressed in clothes that were the fashion fifty years ago, seldom leaving the small cottage in the town to which her husband had taken her long ago and where he had died, still a young man.

"How do you know all this?" I asked my uncle. I was a little upset. Ninety seemed a fearful age; remote, unbelievable, almost annoying. I pictured someone senile, surrounded by black cats, a wand, the signs of the zodiac, and possibly a broomstick.

"I stopped one day at the house of Henri Rameau. His wife told me of Mme. Corneille. He spoke of how she always speaks about the house in which she was married and how Grandpa Gideon

(Continued on page 177)



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MONEY ADVICE

FOR WOMEN WHO THINK LIKE WOMEN...

(Continued from page 151)

enough money to take care of all living expenses, that you have proper insurance, that you have a savings account, and finally that the money for investment, perhaps \$500 or much more, is *extra* money to be used for more *extra* money. Moreover, the broker keeps quiet about financial confidences.

8. WHAT IS THE SECOND IMPORTANT STEP?

It is to define your investment objectives. A good broker will go carefully into your objectives in buying securities, measuring them with your age and financial position. Do you want investment for income—that is dividends—or for increased future capital? (The Stock Exchange dislikes the word gambling, and does not think the market is a game.) The investor who, with precautions, decides to take biggish risks in the hope of bigger gain may decide to go for increased capital through growth stocks.

The younger the investor, the more often growth stocks—riskier than blue chips—are suggested. Growth stocks are those with small, more chancy dividends if any, but pretty bright prospects; they may be in such new fields as space missile fuels or electronics. At one time American Telephone and Telegraph, General Motors, and Du Pont were among the growth stocks, but now they are blue chips. The simple definition of a blue chip is a stock with the proven ability to make money, some money, no matter what the times. A blue chip, incidentally, is usually high-priced and has relatively low return. (The brokers say low yield.) Former growth stocks now turned blue mean that someone else waited for them to grow.

9. SHOULD YOU BUY SECURITIES ON A FIRST VISIT?

No. It is sensible to get advice and then leave. After the broker has outlined the prospects, talked about deeply conservative stocks, about highly speculative ones, analyzed your objectives and has given out some Stock Exchange booklets as well as the annual reports and booklets of specific companies, his own house market letter, and other aids, it is best to take time for absorption before decision. Many first-time investors go broker-shopping, learning more and more. In fact, investing is a form of shopping. (Only a fool comes into a new town and buys the first property offered.)

After all that, it is time to decide on a broker and then on the securities.

10. WHAT COMMISSION DOES A BROKER RECEIVE?

The New York Stock Exchange commissions average about one per cent of the money value of the transaction—although transactions of \$100 or less involve a commission of 6%. Generally, any number of shares under one hundred is called an odd lot.

Investors keep on learning and brokers keep on teaching for they all know that the most expensive and worthless education is the result of wanting too much for too little, of daydreaming about a big, quick killing in the market and then trying to act out the dream. The stock market is no place for fantasy. Facts are better. Annual reports. Following the financial news, reading the stock market tables in the newspapers.

11. HOW TO READ NEWSPAPER STOCK TABLES.

The tables are pretty simple once you have the key. In fact, the tables are far easier to understand than the directions for putting together some household appliances.

Newspapers list each stock traded in that day with all its data on *one* line. You just read across. At the top of the columns the newspapers put the *name* of the category: the year's high and

(Continued on page 176)

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MONEY ADVICE

FOR WOMEN WHO THINK LIKE WOMEN . . .

(Continued from page 175)

low; stocks and dividends; number of shares traded in; opening and closing prices; the net change.

The name of the stock itself is in the third column, preceded by two sets of figures that tell at a glance the high and low for the year. (No dollar signs, fractions for cents: i.e., 50 $\frac{1}{4}$ means \$50.25.) After the stock name comes a small figure that gives the last yearly dividend: if it is 1, that means \$1. The next figure is the number of shares traded in that day: let's say 70, which means, figured always by hundreds, 7,000 shares changed hands. Next comes the opening price, then the high and low for *that* day, followed by the closing price. (*The New York Times* calls the opening the first and the closing the last price.) The whole thing ends with a figure that shows the net change for the day—preferably with a plus sign. If that last number is + $\frac{1}{2}$, the final trade was fifty cents more than the final trade the preceding day. *Note:* if a small pf appears after the name of the stock and before the dividend figure if any, it means that the quoted prices are for the preferred, not common, stock. The newspapers add further explanatory details in a rather large footnote.

12. IS THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE THE ONLY ONE?

No. It is only one of thirteen registered National Exchanges on which securities are traded. These include the American Exchange in New York. *Note:* Issues not *listed* on any exchange are traded in the over-the-counter market.

13. ARE THERE LISTS OF LISTED STOCKS TO ASK THE BROKER ABOUT?

Yes. The New York Stock Exchange, for instance, puts out a variety of lists of stocks that have paid a cash dividend each year for twenty-five years or more; stocks favoured by institutions; and stocks with the longest records for consecutive annual dividend payment, et cetera.

14. WHAT IS BUYING ON MARGIN?

It is cash down and borrow the balance. The cash these days must be 70% of the cost of the shares, with the broker the banker for the remaining 30%. Since 1934 the percentage of the down payment has varied from 40% to 100%, with the margin rates set by the Federal Reserve Board.

15. WHAT ARE INVESTMENT TRUSTS?

They are investment companies which exist only to invest in other companies, have no end-product of their own. There are two kinds. One is the closed-end trust with its capitalization fixed, like a shut box top. They are mostly listed and are traded in on the various exchanges. On the other hand, the open-end trust does not have a fixed capitalization, and its top yawns like an open paper bag. Loosely but not accurately both kinds of investment trusts are called mutual funds. An open-end investment trust, a true mutual fund, sells its own new shares to investors, is ready to buy back its old shares, and issues more shares as desired—that is the open end. Such trusts are not listed and are not traded in the open market.

16. WHAT ARE INVESTMENT CLUBS?

They are primarily study groups with money to back their studies in securities. There are about 25,000 such groups with an average of fourteen members in each one, all learning about investments, with the group as a whole usually deciding on which stocks to buy,

(Continued on page 178)

THE LOVELY FOG

(Continued from page 174)

promised to keep it forever the same without building on useless porches and foolish domes. *Voilà!* I called on this dear old woman for I said to myself, she must long to see once more this lovely house and recall the days of her marriage. Believe me she was grateful. It filled my heart with warmth, a thing that does not happen too often. She said that indeed she had longed to see the place again, the orchards, the hills, the flowers, the rooms, and so forth; the place she had not seen in all these long sad years."

I was touched. "But you told me she was blind."

My uncle stopped and held his cigar aloft, puzzled. "Yes. Not completely. She sees, maybe, a few feet or so, vaguely. When she made me tea there was some trouble finding this and that, and putting it in the proper place. But she manages to move about with the

aid of a cane and . . ."

"But how can she see the house and bring back the memories if she is nearly blind?"

"It does not matter," my uncle said. "We shall have her for a glass of wine in the house she wishes to visit. After that it is in the hands of your angels."

"*Eh, bien,*" I said. "I will go with you. But do not drive like at the races."

I must say that the McLaughlin made the hills with exuberance, coughing and sputtering only now and then. My uncle, smiling benignly, drove with care and assurance. As a matter of fact he was forced to because there slowly built up great billows of fog or land clouds so much so that one could hardly distinguish the trees at the side of the road. More than once my uncle carefully and slowly failed to see a turn and drove into a farmer's field.

In time, however, we arrived at the small cottage of Mme. Corneille. She was ready for us, dressed in her ancient clothes, smelling of lavender. I was pleasantly surprised at her appearance. She was not a witch at all, but a little, shrunken doll with the voice of a young bird. She spoke gently, sweetly, and gratefully. It was so kind of my uncle to think of this. It was so thoughtful of him to come for her. It was an additional pleasure to meet his small nephew.

She was, obviously, no longer gifted with good sight, for she bumped against things and could not find what she had put down. I whispered this to my uncle and he whispered back, "It does not matter. If she sees at all, she will see fog. Fog covers everything. Fog is the great leveller. Fog gives to everything the same loveliness. If it were not for the fog and if it developed that she

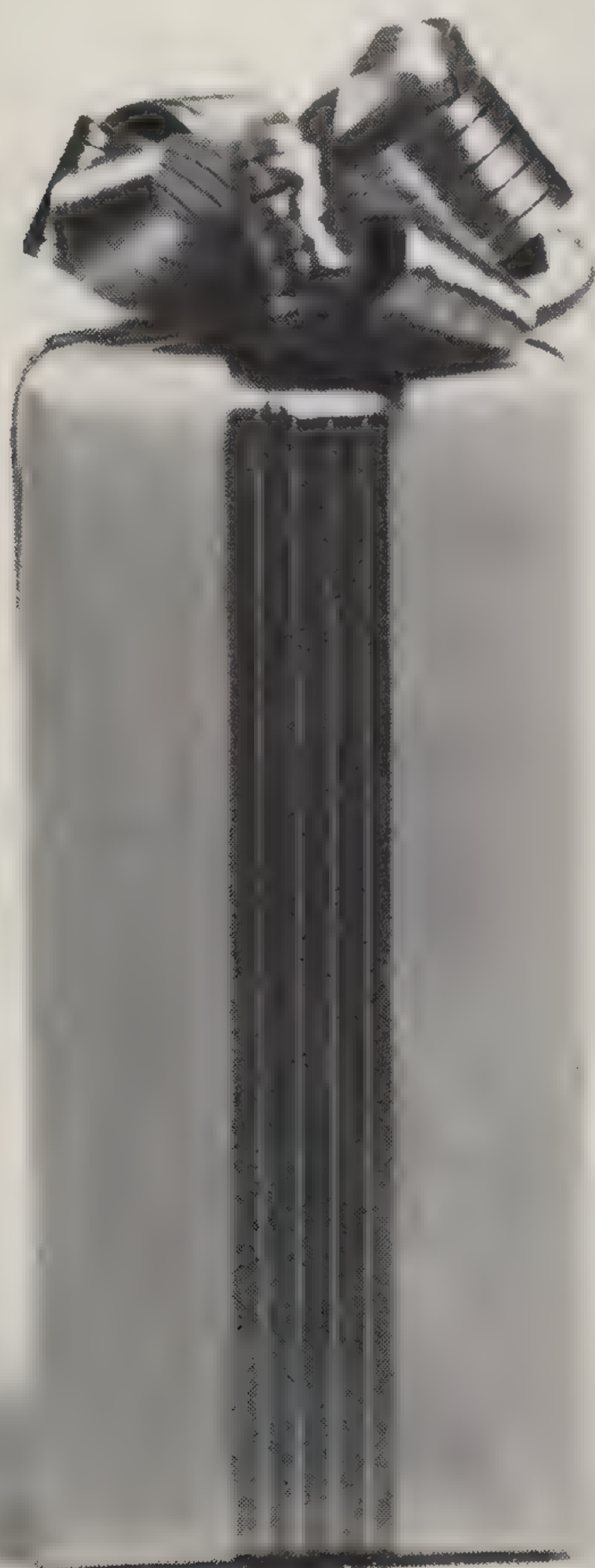
sees better than we think, what would she see? The apple trees withered. The flowers growing wild and stunted. The grass uncut. The whole thing grown old and decrepit as she."

We had placed Mme. Corneille in the back seat as we conferred prior to cranking the motor. After our exchange of words I went in the back seat to make sure Mme. Corneille stayed safely in place.

When we arrived at the house my uncle took Mme. Corneille by the arm and led her through the fog up the path and into the house. She smiled all the way, looking about, nodding, making little birdlike sighs of pleasure as if approving of everything.

She stumbled momentarily on the steps which were in need of repair, but recovered and went into the house. My uncle led her

(Continued on page 178)



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THE LOVELY FOG

(Continued from page 177)

around the rooms on the first floor and, in each one she smiled, clapped her small, wrinkled hands, and said, "Yes, yes. I remember it all well. How lovely to be here."

Afterwards we sat down and my uncle and Mme. Corneille had a glass of wine and some biscuits. While they talked I wandered to the big porch that ran about the house. It was an eerie feeling; all about was white fog enclosing the house as if it were separated forever from the world, from space, from time. I am sure I did not think of it in those terms then. I imagine I thought only of the exciting and yet frightening isolation.

I heard footsteps and turned. My uncle was guiding Mme. Corneille to the edge of the porch. She stood there with her arms outstretched, exultant. "Yes. Yes. Nothing was changed. The orchard in bloom; the flowers so bright and neat; the hedge, the path, the great maples. Oh, and the hills! The view of the hills! There they are as they were that first day of love; row after row, a dozen shades of blue."

Afterwards my uncle and the woman had more wine and then we took her back to her little home and we left. I sat in the car puzzled and somehow irked. My uncle, on the other hand, was serene and smiling.

Even the fog, which was now heavier, did not bother him.

I could not contain myself forever. I said, "She is crazy, that woman. She is a nice old lady but she is crazy."

My uncle's face darkened and he looked away from the road and glared at me. "How crazy?"

"She saw the orchard, the flowers, and the hills. Fah! She could see nothing but fog."

My uncle slowed the car. "You are so smart for one so young. How can you tell what she saw and what she did not see?"

I spoke sharply. "I looked. I looked myself. All over. Nothing but clouds of fog."

"How did you look?"

"How? With my eyes! With my eyes wide open I looked."

My uncle reached out with one hand and slapped me sharply across the face. "Mme. Corneille looked with her heart," he said.

MONEY ADVICE

FOR WOMEN WHO THINK LIKE WOMEN . . .

(Continued from page 176)

when to sell, how to diversify. Like group therapy, it is group learning, and has been going on for almost thirty years.

17. WHAT IS THE MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN?

It is simply regular payment to a broker for New York Stock Exchange listed shares with the investor getting the advantage of something called "dollar cost averaging." Under that formidable name lies a pretty simple operation.

"Dollar cost averaging" means that the investor buys stock by the dollar—as he buys practically everything else—instead of by the share. In this way if the stock goes up, he gets fewer shares, if it goes down he gets more. In the long run his investment is worth more and his dollar has bought more stock if the eventual trend of that stock is up.

Under MIP, the investor sets a sum by the month or quarterly—as high as \$1,000 or as low as \$40—and can quit when he wants, keeping or selling his shares. Moreover, he can even miss a month or two. Many institutions, by the way, love to buy on the principle of "dollar cost averaging."

The Less Deceived, but it was well worth its ten years of gestation. He is a journalist of genius; he describes anything and everything in verse that seems light but has the range and imaginative accuracy to carry it far beyond the humdrum realities which are its catapults. It is as if Larkin, out of some British politeness, shied away from the portentous, even the intense, only to hit home the more devastatingly in his offhand, out-of-the-corner-of-the-mouth way. In "Born Yesterday," Larkin addresses Kingsley Amis's infant daughter, and says, should greater things fail:

*May you be ordinary;
Have, like other women,
An average of talents:
Not ugly, not good-looking,
Nothing uncustomary
To pull you off your balance,
That, unworkable itself,
Stops all the rest from working.
In fact, may you be dull—
If that is what a skilled,
Vigilant, flexible,
Unemphasized, enthralled
Catching of happiness is called.*

No two poets could be more different than the young Americans, James Merrill and W. D. Snodgrass. Merrill started out as a baroque poet, filling his poetry with brilliant, glittering, often cruel objects and descriptions; his style was elaborate, sometimes obscure. But even in his *First Poems* he was at times able to write lines as sumptuous as these from "Foliage of Vision":

*As landscapes richen after
rain, the eye
Atones, turns fresh after a
fit of tears.
When all the foliage of vision
stirs
I glimpse the plump fruit
hanging, falling, fallen
Where wasps are sputtering. In
the full sky
Time, a lean wasp, sucks at
the afternoon.*

*The tiny black and yellow
agent of rot
Assaults the plum, stinging
and singing. What
A marvel is the machinery of
decay!
... The plum lies all brocaded
with corruption.*

How good that is. Moreover, Merrill's second volume shows a chastening and greater straightforwardness auguring well for his art.

On the other hand, Snodgrass is the poet of ingenuous self-revelation, of unaffected breast-

baring; he brings out the bitter-sweetness of life with freshness and grace. No other young poet can make simplicity sound so rich.

The almost unbearably moving "Heart's Needle" (the title poem of his volume) is perhaps the best poem sequence by a younger poet. It tells, in ten parts, of the poet's relationship with a daughter from a previous marriage whose visits with him are all too few and brief. Part seven runs:

*Here in the scuffled dust
is our ground of play.
I lift you on your swing and must
shove you away,
see you return again,
drive you off again, then*

*stand quiet till you come.
You, though you climb
higher, farther from me, longer,
will fall back to me stronger.
Bad penny, pendulum,
you keep my constant time*

*to bob in blue July
where fat goldfinches fly
over the glittering, fecund
reach of our glowing lands.
Once more now, this second,
I hold you in my hands.*

One must acquire *Heart's Needle*, whatever the price: not to own it is more than one can afford.

In 1927, two other poets of distinction were born in America: James Wright and W. S. Merwin. Both see anguish or madness lying in wait; in Merwin the anguish usually strikes from without, say from the unleashed sea, but in Wright it is more often a violence from within. Merwin is remarkable for his spacious poems, sometimes overlong, but generally proof of an uncanny ability to sustain length through description which rubs so close to its subjects as to strike sparks as it goes. Wright is at his best in lyrics in which the world is almost sweet and uncomplicated, nature almost benevolent and beautiful. But, as into Wright's diction, the jarring, the convulsive, the tragic, irresistibly intrude.

Among poets under forty, Wright has the purest gift of incantatory lyricism—as in this stanza from "Eleutheria":

*We lay and heard the apples
fall for hours,
The stripping twilight plundered
trees of boughs,
The land dissolved beneath the
rabbit's heels,
And far away I heard a window
close,
A haying wagon heave and catch
(Continued on page 180)*

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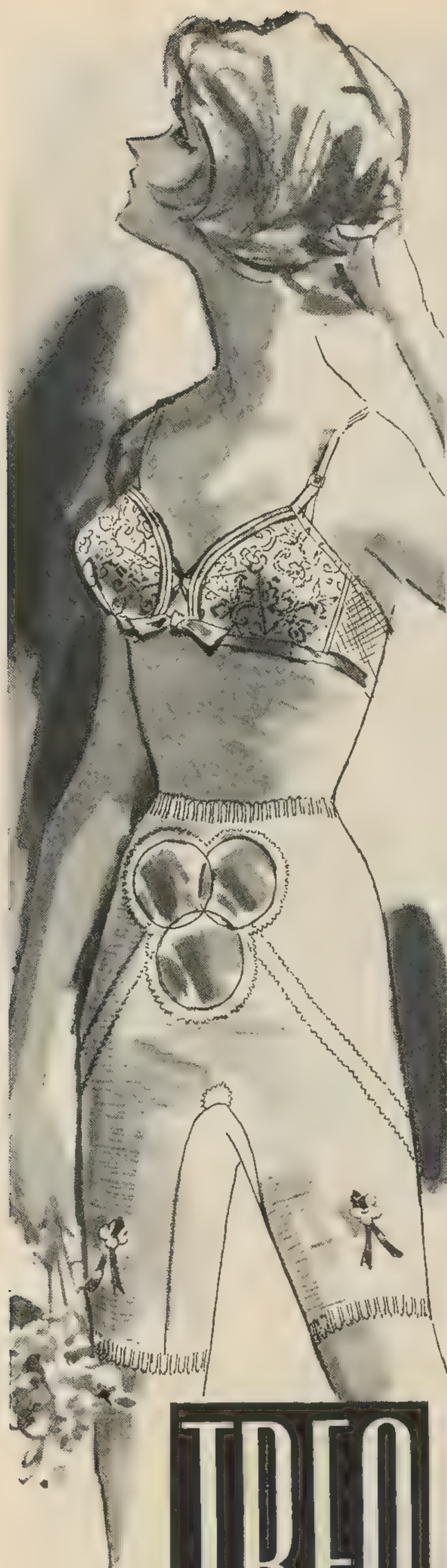
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MODERN POETRY (Continued from page 179)

*its wheels,
Some water slide and stumble
and be still.
The dark began to climb the
empty hill.*

In his second volume, Wright grows more moving, if perhaps less lyrical. Here is the conclusion of "The Cold Divinities," about an encounter on the shore between the poet and his estranged wife and child:

*But slowly twilight gathered
up the skiffs
Into its long grey arms; and
though the sea
Grew kind as possible to
wreck-splayed birds;
And though the sea like woman
vaguely wept;
She could not hide her clear
enduring face,
Her cold divinities of death
and change.*

Merwin's sea frightens in a different way. In "The Portland Going Out," a sailor who had been among the last to see the doomed ship speaks for himself, his fellow mariners, and mankind:

*... How near we were: brushed
by the same snow,
Lifted by her wake as she
passed. We could
Have spoken, we swear, with
anyone on her deck,
And not had to raise our voices,
if we
Had known anything to say. And
now
In no time at all, she has
put
All of disaster between us: a
gulf
Beyond reckoning. It begins
where we are.*

The most prolific of the younger poets, Merwin last year, at thirty-three, brought out his fourth book of verse. His fluency is a trifle uncanny: one feels that he could write creditably on any subject, could win jingle contests

if need be. At times there is something showy, unfelt in his work. Nonetheless, such poems in Merwin's third and fourth volumes as "The Master," or "Burning the Cat," or "Fog-Horn" show an advance, as does "Luther," which ends with a pointed appropriateness sometimes missing from Merwin's closings:

*... Then I flung the inkwell.
And every man may know the
devil
From this day forth, who can tell
Black from white, for the devil
Is black. He is black. I have
Made him so.*

Finally, there is the English poet Thom Gunn, whose two volumes, *Fighting Terms* and *The Sense of Movement*, show both his curious and penetrating turn of mind and his exceptional ability to sustain a single metaphor throughout a poem. He is a metaphysical poet for whom, as for his illustrious predecessors, the physical very much exists. An eloquent mouthpiece for the split personality, Gunn is fascinated by evil in its most contemporary manifestations. His is the only responsible poetry to have explored the world of the hipsters. The diction shuttles adroitly between starkness and elegance. Because of its extended conceits, his verse suffers from fragmentary quotation; moreover, Gunn tends to flaw individual stanzas, but to overcome such deficiencies by the strength of the whole.

Larkin, Merrill, Snodgrass, Wright, Merwin, Gunn: these six, to my mind, are the poets of tomorrow. But poetry is ratified, as it were, by bicameral legislation. If both houses approve—the upper house of poets and critics, and the lower house of poetry lovers and likers—and if time, which is above both, does not veto it, the poetry stands. And we stand to be immeasurably enriched.

ONE GREAT LOOK

(Continued from page 104)

of a woollen suit that's only an evening suit—Mainbocher showed green-almond wool, lined it with green lamé, added a blouse and an evening bag of the same almondy lamé. (In a similar vein, this idea: a really red red wool suit, sashed and frogged in black satin; to wear with pearls, black satin shoes, pear-drop earrings.) The look of a suit with the wit to be silk matelassé, and, therefore, right on top of the latest late news. As it happens, one of the

most successful dress-records we know has been run up in this very same blistery sort of silk: a clean, young whisk broom of shape, unsleeved, and bright red, its evenings have been clocked as early as cocktails. This way: black velvet calot, black broadtail coat, shoes of dulled black silk. Same dress, hours-later observation: diamond earrings (or reasonable facsimiles), red silk sandals, white kid gloves past the elbows, and a fluff of white mink beret.

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double-strength if there's a suspicion of dandruff or dryness; and triple strength if the hair in question is seriously starved for affection. After "disturbing your hair as much as possible" (which is Coiffeur-Americanese for a thorough hair and scalp exercise that involves brushing, tugging, gripping, and squeezing), Ultrasol is rubbed into the hair, a handful at a time, then massaged in, and then scrubbed out with three soapings of an eggy shampoo that's part of the Ultrasol régime. Finally, several rinsings, a quick flick of the brush, and the hairdresser takes over. Spent: around forty-five minutes. Gained—according to one recent Ultrasol convert: more bounce, more gloss, and, seemingly, more body.

If you've an idea that aching feet are, somehow, an almost sentimental feature of the season—like street-corner Santa Clauses and impromptu eggnog parties, you could do no better than to argue the point with Lucille Bouchard. Miss Bouchard, who runs a small salon in the Delmonico Ho-

tel, knows perfectly well that these are difficult times for feet and legs, but she's firmly convinced that, even here, life can be beautiful. And in an hour, she will probably have you believing it too—one hour being the time it takes for a Bouchard foot massage and pedicure.

The massage starts with a footbath in warm, pine-green suds, moves to a stool-high vibrator that sends its pleasantly prickly message from toes, to calves, to thighs. From the vibrator, you ease up to the massage table, and twenty minutes or so of handmade massage along arches, toe-joints, knees, and the muscles of calves and thighs.

Before you can quite test the suspicion that your legs have turned to spaghetti, they are briskly revived with another—hand-size—vibrator. The pedicure that follows also starts with a foot-soaking, winds its way through a mild pumicing of rough spots, cutting, filing, tending and mending of cuticles, polish. Finally, a smoothing lotion if you've dry skin, a tingle of cologne if not.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the patterns shown on pages 152-153)



Above, left: Dress and coat designed by Jacques Griffe. Vogue Pattern 1114. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, dress and coat, 5 yds. 50" napped fabric; bow and binding, 1½ yds. 39" fabric (with or without nap); dress lining, 2 yds. 39" fabric; coat lining, 2¾ yds. 29" fabric. \$3.50.

Above, right: Dress and jacket designed by Guy Laroche. Vogue Pattern 1112. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, dress and jacket, 5½ yds. of 39" fabric; jacket lining, 1¾ yds. of 39" fabric (without nap). \$3. Vogue Patterns 1112 and 1114 will be available in retail stores Nov. 25.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA.; AND IN CANADA, AT P.O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax. Patterns will be sent first-class mail. Please add 10¢ for each pattern ordered.

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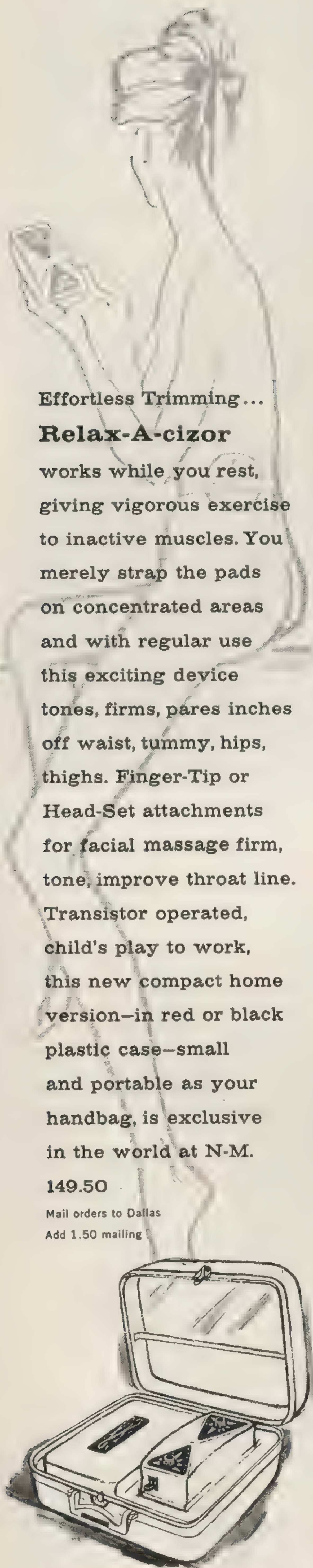
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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Iva S. V.-Patcévitch, Greenwich, Connecticut; Editor, Jessica Daves, Greenwich, Connecticut; Managing editor, Carol Phillips, Greenwich, Connecticut; Business Manager, William S. Cox, Greenwich, Connecticut.

2. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut. Stockholder: The Patriot-News Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: The Patriot-News Co. (Note Holder), Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 477,862.

(Signed) William S. Cox, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1961.

(Seal) Betty M. Thompson, Notary Public.
 (My commission expires March 30, 1963.)

LATE-DAY GLITTER PLACING

(Ideas for the jewels on pages 92-101)

Putting the glitter knowingly in your late-day life depends first on the glitter, its mass and volume, its light energy—all of which are considerable this season. Secondly, it takes a sense of jewellery balance or proportion, the kind illustrated on pages 92-101.

This year the big pearl chains and collars look somehow off-kilter without exaggerated stone-encrusted clasps or pins nuzzled in among the ropes, perhaps one of the great dazzling dragon flies, turtles, or flowers that are part of the jewelled nature motif emphasized in some of the most enticing collections. With theatre suits, chains and ropes of glitter look wonderful treated almost as ascots or scarfs, worn inside the jacket. When necklaces are massed or elaborate with stones, bunched like grapes or fringed wildly to a point in the front—as the newest ones are—earrings should be understated little buttons. There are some marvellous small pavé ear buttons around, so finely executed that they look like the real thing, which is how the workmanship of much of the new costume jewellery comes off. (However, no fake jewel on these pages would be caught putting on real airs or pretending to look like anything but a beauti-

fully worked phony.) Big dramatically overstated earrings are still in fashion power, chandelier balls in the shape of miniature egg-plants, or immense flat muffs twined with stones and gilt, these to wear preferably without the competition of other jewellery, unless it's one of the high pyramided evening rings, or a bracelet or two.

The sense of glitter balance we're talking about is deliberately asymmetrical when it comes to bracelets; they're going in pairs, sometimes crowds, on one arm only, whether worn high on the upper arm, which is where the most advanced bracelet thinking puts them, or in the usual wrist position.

Un-cliché pin placing is over the base of the rib cage (see page 99) or slipped back over the shoulder of one-shouldered dresses. The bar pin is back much larger than life size, a tailored streak of gilt, perhaps centred with one plum pearl for day, and later, crusted with stones and glitter. Many of the newest pins have pendants—one big pearl or jewels slung from the base.

Whatever the jewel for late day, pin, necklace, earrings, whether to wear or to give, its glitter should be strong, the wearing filled with fashion conviction.

HAIR CARE— CUSTOM MADE

The smooth and shapely coiffure by Michel Kazan on page 145 has that elusive, doesn't-look-like-a-permanent quality that most contemporary hair is striving for. The Kazan salons (among others) achieve this enviably effortless look—even for unenviable hair—with Bonat permanent waves.

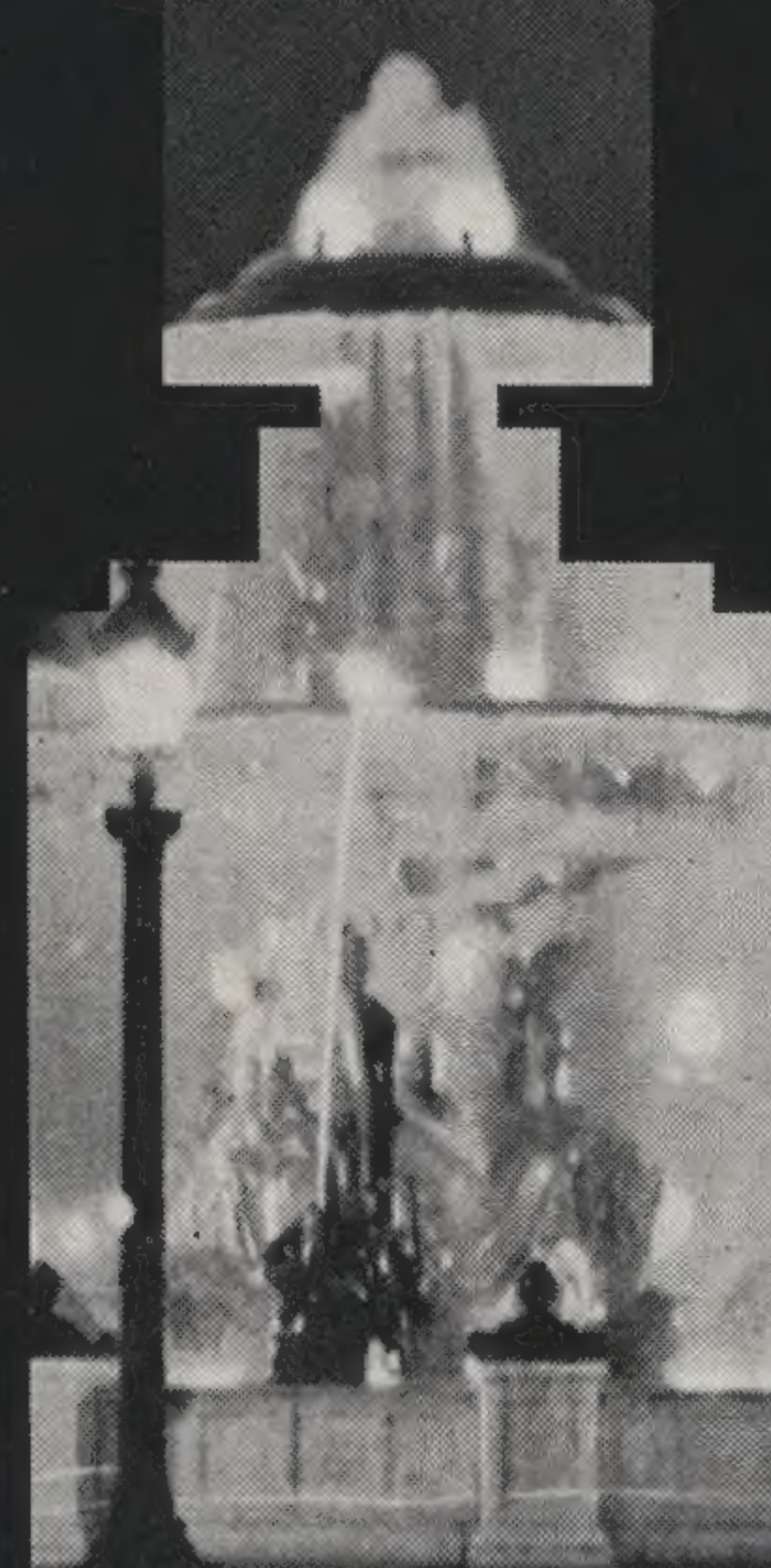
Bonat has been in the hair business since 1903, developing permanent waves from the machine age to the present better-all-the-time cold waves. The new Bonat waves are “made-to-order”—give body and suppleness through the use of neutralizing lotions that adjust to the idiosyncrasies of various kinds of hair—oily, coarse, wiry, damaged.

Bonat Promise Waves are given in salons only by professional people qualified to evaluate hair types and select the wave especially designed for each one. The newest wave, Flowing Oil, has conditioning properties that impart sheen, prevent dryness. It gives body and a soft reliable wave. There are individual versions of Flowing Oil for specific hair types (tinted, bleached, or original colour).

Custom hair care is not limited to a good permanent wave. Several Bonat shampoos and creme rinses (also exclusively for salon use) are designed with specific hair types in mind. For holding and conditioning, there are Bonat hair sprays that can be purchased at salons. All Bonat services are available at Michel Kazan salons across the country.

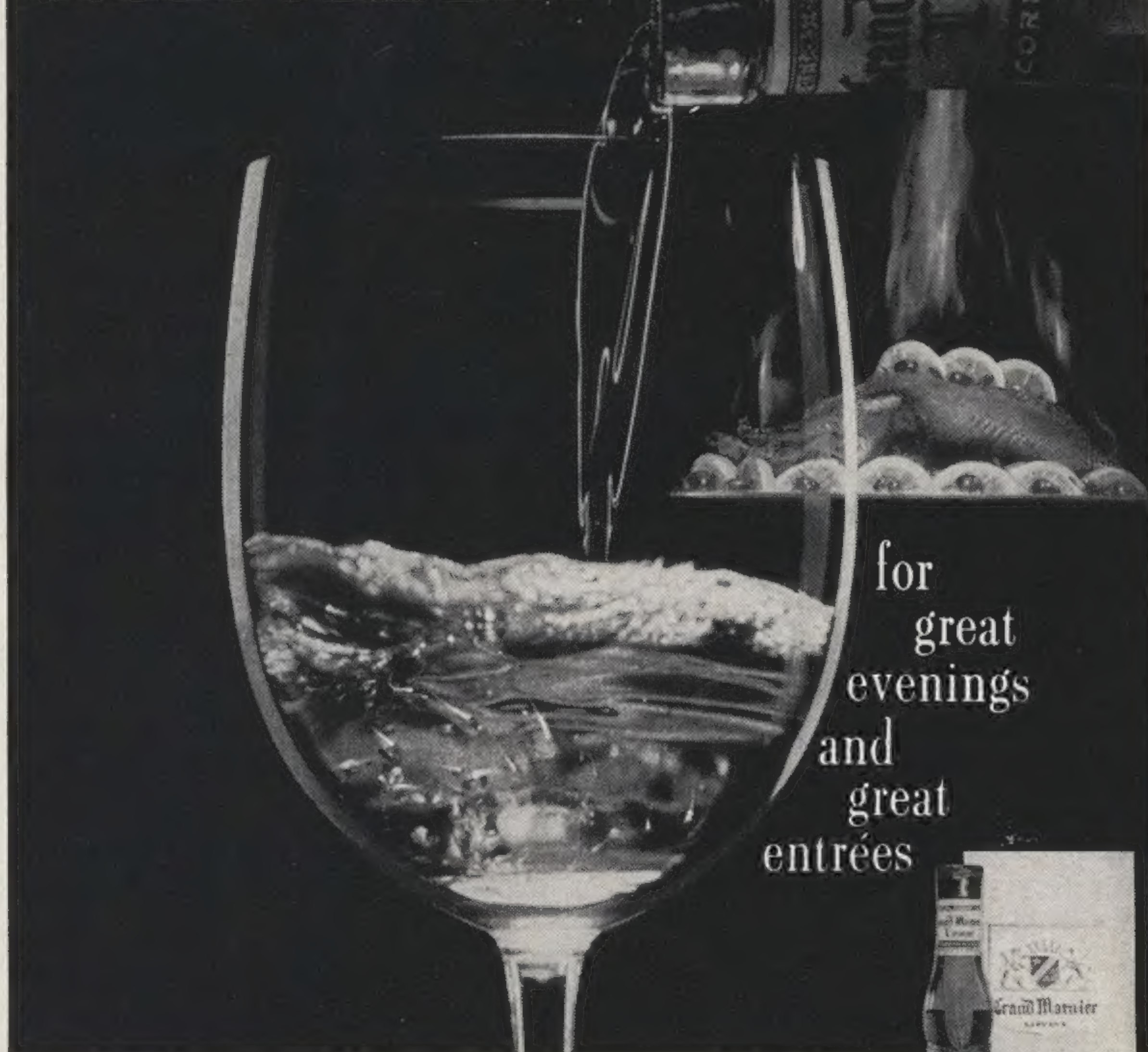
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HARBOUR ISLAND

(Continued from page 154)

into a bar. Open all year, Pink Sands has cottage arrangements from \$18 to \$24 a day with meals for each of two; during *the season*, February and March, rates run \$4 more for each person. A 10% addition on the bill covers tips. Children must be accompanied by parents and, at Pink Sands, even college students are children.

About to open on the Atlantic, pink-beach side of the island, Run Away Hill, an old house turned guesthouse. Mrs. Patterson, who once made the waterfront Up Yonder famous for good food, will do the same at Run Away Hill. **Clothes data:** Casual, washable. There is no cleaner on this island, but guests pay hotel maids to wash and iron on their time. Although men and women may lunch in shorts and pants, men wear jackets and ties for dinner; women, simple afternoon dresses with stole or sweater. In January and February, warm shorts and slacks for the brilliant, breezy days, and coats for evenings; all year, flat shoes.

How to go to Harbour Island from Nassau: two ways. One way: A thirty-minute flight to Northern Eleuthera on Bahama Airways (round-trip, \$15.10), then a two-minute bus ride across sugar fields to the boat-taxi jetty, for a twenty-minute crossing (round-trip, \$1.50). The island people use this boat-taxi as a shuttle to Eleuthera, where they have farms within the six-thousand-acre

Commonage, a 1783 grant to Harbour Islanders.

A more direct and more expensive way is by chartered plane: only thirty minutes on a Bahama Air Traders amphibian four-passenger Widgeon or a six-passenger Goose. (A Widgeon costs \$84; a Goose, \$126, round trip. On charter planes, one-way passengers pay round-trip prices, unless the company has a return booking.) The amphibians, the yellow of bumblebees, come down with a gentle splash in the bay, then waddle up the ramp like determined ducks. Waiting for the guests, at either the ramp or the pier, is Pink Sands' Mrs. Malcolm, dressed in pink shirt and slacks. She drives the surrey bus, with its candy-striped benches, back to the hotel, a two-minute ride past the cheerful waterfront and a sunny, old cemetery—only a stone wall from the Pink Sands grounds.

New York to Nassau by air is two-and-a-half hours on B.O.A.C. and Pan American jets. Now to December 15, the thirty-day round-trip excursion fares are \$190 first-class, \$147 economy; later, first is \$232, economy \$157.

By ship, sailing every Saturday from New York to Nassau, the M.S. "Italia," two-and-a-half days. Now through December 16 sailing, and again in January, one-way fares from \$90 to \$260; other sailings, \$100 to \$290.

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